

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXXII., No. 2

"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.

FEB., 1902

1901

The first year of the twentieth century which has just

closed can hardly be taken as a forecast of what is to come, yet it saw a number of intellectual and industrial achievements which may be considered to have given it an unusual character. Chief among these in the progress of events were the formation of the United States Steel Company, early in the year, followed at its end by the formation of a great committee of representatives of capital and labor to settle differences between those two elements by means of arbitration. The details of the great steel "trust" as it has been called are too well known to need repetition. With more than a billion dollars of common and preferred stock, it linked together the greater part of all the iron and steel industries of the country into a giant corporation such as the world has never before dreamed of. In the first year of its existence it met with a strike among its employees, but they had not been organized to contend with so comprehensive a concern and were worsted in the encounter. The steel corporation, on the contrary, actually seemed to have profited by the enforced curtailment of production, which affected only a portion of its enormous plant. It must have been more than evident to the labor leaders that their only hope in a competition with capital organized upon so stupendous a scale was either in an immense enlargement of their own resources, or in seeking some permanent basis of understanding with their old-time foe. At all events, as the year came to a close the unexpected announcement of the formation of a National Civic Federation was given out. This Federation was a result of conferences held between representatives of capital and labor, and a board of thirty-six men was named, which included twelve representatives each from the ranks of capitalists, labor organizations and the public at large. This standing committee comprises such men as Senator Hanna, Charles M. Schwab, H. H. Vreeland, John D. Rockefeller, Charles A. Moore, Lewis Nixon, James A. Chambers and half a dozen other leading capitalists; Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, Frank P. Sargent, Theo-

dore J. Shaffer, James M. Lynch, James Duncan, James O'Connell, Edward E. Clarke and other well-known representatives of organized labor; in conjunction with Oscar S. Straus, Bishop Potter, Archbishop Ireland, Grover Cleveland, Cornelius N. Bliss, President Eliot of Harvard, ex-Controller James H. Eckels, and others, acting for the general public.

The purpose of this conference was to substitute a board of arbitrators for the compulsory determinations of circumstance, to substitute peaceful for agitative methods in the determination of labor troubles. The introduction of a third party representing the public was an act of great wisdom, and has doubtless done more than all else to popularize the idea. While the formation of this body guarantees nothing, it is the first step in a conciliatory direction. It is no exaggeration to say that the public is heartily tired of the strike, the lockout and the foolish waste of energy used to propel the adjustment of differences now. A hopeful step toward the use of intelligence and reason, toward peaceful rather than aggressive methods, is to be hailed as among the most important events of the opening year of the twentieth century.

The Panama Canal

The canal question has taken a decidedly new turn by the offer of the French stockholders in the Panama route to sell their interest in that undertaking to the United States for the sum of \$40,000,000, at which price it would, according to the report of the Isthmian Commission appointed in 1899 to consider the various routes, make it the cheapest of the various schemes considered. The Commissioners' report may now be said to distinctly favor Panama, since they found the "physical advantages, such as a shorter canal line, a more complete knowledge of the country through which it passes, and lower cost of maintenance and operation in favor of the Panama route."

These physical advantages consist in a saving of 134 miles in length over the Nicaragua route, the passage being only 49 against 183 miles; a saving in time of transit, because it would have only 12

against 33 locks in the other, and a saving in curvature, the Panama route being more direct than the other. Eventually the Panama route could be made a sea-level canal, which would not be possible with the Nicaragua route, while the annual cost of maintenance and operation has been estimated to be \$1,300,000 less by the Panama canal than by its rival. From every practical and business point of view the Panama route seems the more desirable.

Even aside from all these questions there is a point which ought not to be lost sight of. The Panama Canal has already been partly built. It has cost millions in money and an endless number of lives. Had it been successful it would have been a monument to those who had the courage to undertake it, and its famous engineer would not have spent his tremendous energies in vain. The selection of the Nicaraguan route means the practical abandonment of that at Panama and the waste of all the work done there. This sacrifice could, perhaps, be overlooked were it manifestly the superior route, but the Commission records its belief that it is not. This being the case it is difficult to see how Congress can do otherwise than see whether the difficulties existing in the Panama concession—the only point raised against the undertaking—cannot also be overcome, and the labor and human sacrifice put into that undertaking saved to the world.

China Once More The return of the Emperor and the Dowager Empress of China to Pekin occurred on the 7th of January. Great preparations had been made for the event. Palaces, pagodas, walls and temples were put in a state of repair and festooned as for a great festival. The progress of the Imperial family was marked by every sign of honor and magnificence known to an Oriental people, the plaza between the Temple of Heaven and Agriculture being filled with an immense throng of natives who prostrated themselves as the Emperor and his tyrannical mother appeared. The Dowager Empress was more than usually attentive to the foreign element, repeatedly bowing to the representatives of those who not many months before had caused her to gird up her skirts and flee with her court into the distant interior. The return is under trying circumstances, perhaps, for the "foreign devils" have left behind them a disagreeable imprint upon the national finances. Special houses were assigned the representatives of the Powers from which to view the entry of the royal party, and privileges have been accorded which were before thought to be too sacred to be profaned by the presence of foreigners. While circumstances are

greatly changed since the Empress was doing all she could in her Oriental way to inflame the people against all foreigners, she returns to all appearances still at the head of affairs, having possibly given her subjects satisfactory evidence that she re-enters Pekin more like a victor than vanquished. She at least has learned to respect the capacity of a foreign army, and doubtless a few only of the more intelligent among her forty millions of subjects have been able to grasp the true meaning of the events of the past year. Recent reports indeed state that the attitude of the Chinese toward foreigners is one of even more bitter hatred than before. Such a statement is made by Mr. Gammon, one of the agents of the American Bible Society in Northern China, who found that the edicts of sorrow of the Chinese Government were so subtly worded that they could easily be interpreted as approval of the anti-foreign feeling. Such a condition would be no surprise to those who followed closely the events which led up to the Boxer rising. At that time the Dowager Empress was thought to be at the bottom of all this duplicity. She still continues nominally at the helm, though she has been obliged to make humiliating concessions to retain her position. Europeans and Americans would feel a bit easier, though, had she been frankly sent into exile or shorn of her power. In speaking of this phase of the matter the New York Evening Post says that

We know that for the moment the court has been reorganized upon the basis of friendliness to the foreigner. What we do not know is how sincere this attitude is, and it is certain that no more in China than elsewhere is it grateful to kiss the hand that smites. If the Empress Dowager and the Emperor really fear the foreigner, we may suppose that they will put down relentlessly the anti-foreign societies which, as things go in China, will always be a possible cause of disturbance. But it is quite as likely that the court feels that the return is virtually a triumph, that the sojourn at Singan, the ancient capital, proved that the Powers, Russia excepted, can do no more than touch the empire at its borders. It should be remembered, too, that the court returns in its own time, and, on the whole, upon its own terms. Certainly the excessive indemnity which was imposed after the war is not calculated to win friendship, and it is significant that the first payment is already in arrears. Credible reports assert that the provision against the importation of arms is openly violated, and it is certain that the secret societies would still, with a little studied neglect from the court, be capable of carrying anti-foreign agitation to open

revolt. In fine, it is perfectly conceivable that the history of the summer of 1900 may repeat itself in China.

Carnegie's Latest.

The month of December witnessed two very great gifts to the cause of education. Mrs. Leland Stanford conveyed property of the value of thirty millions of dollars to the Leland Stanford University of California, and Andrew Carnegie made an offer of ten millions of dollars for the founding of a national university in Washington. The Leland Stanford University has long since been established, but until now had not taken title to the full estate left to it. Much of its property is in real estate situated in California, which with the developments of the future is bound to increase enormously in value. At its present valuation the Outlook says that it is the largest single gift ever made to education. It would not equal, however, the aggregate amount by many millions of the gifts which Mr. Carnegie has made to the same cause. Mr. Carnegie's money has been scattered over the largest possible territory and has mainly been used in the establishment of libraries. His recent gift of ten millions for the national university at Washington is something of a departure in his scheme, first in the abandonment of the idea involved in so many of his gifts whereby he has obliged localities accepting his money to raise a fund for the future maintenance of his gift, and second in his apparent abandonment of the "library" idea, to which he has clung, for a more purely educational scheme. The general idea of the national university as outlined by Mr. Carnegie would seem to make it a sort of a post-graduate institution where the ablest scholars from any of the colleges or universities would have both facilities and means placed at their disposal for higher research at a point like the national capital, which is particularly favorable to such a scheme owing to the Government's special resources. The Outlook says of this:

The material for research in various directions in the National Capital is practically unlimited. The Department of Agriculture, for instance, spends about four millions of dollars per year in strictly scientific work; the Interior Department spends more than one million, and the Treasury Department as much more along the same lines. The Navy Department, War Department, Fish Commission, the Botanic Gardens, Smithsonian Institution, and the Library of Congress spend eight million dollars in the aggregate. The Government, in order to carry on its scientific work, the extent and importance of which are simply suggested by

these expenditures, is compelled to train the great majority of its own specialists. The Smithsonian Institution has made it possible for students to carry on advanced work within its own walls. There is a kind of training school under the direction of the Department of Agriculture, a group of men receiving nominal pay being permitted to use the laboratories for their own investigations; in the Geological Department a group of field assistants enjoy the same privileges; and there is another group of students in the Department of Agriculture to whom are extended the same facilities. The Librarian of the Congressional Library has shown great zeal and energy in putting the resources of that institution at the service of working men of letters and students in all departments. It will be seen, therefore, that a beginning has been made toward the utilization of what the Government has to offer in the way of opportunity and material for advanced work.

As to the organization of the plan a strong Board of Trustees has been appointed including several members of the Cabinet and a number of prominent educators, so that while under Government auspices the control of the institution will be free from all possible political entanglements.

The Duel

Every now and then a rumor comes from Germany to the effect that duelling is to be stopped altogether, or that the code of ethics is to be changed so as to make its victims less subject to the charge of engaging in murder. Recently the subject has been given great prominence over the deliberate killing of Lieutenant Blaskowitz by one of his fellow officers under peculiarly sad and disgraceful circumstances. As related by a correspondent of the Times:

Lieutenant Blaskowitz had invited his fellow officers to a farewell bachelor dinner at a casino. He was compelled by the customs prevailing in the mess room to empty each glass after the score or more of toasts had been drunk to his welfare as a benedict. After the casino festivities had come to an end Lieutenant Blaskowitz and several companions repaired to a neighboring restaurant for a parting drink. Under the eyes of his fellow officers the young lieutenant held himself as erect as possible under the circumstances, and it was not until he reached the outer air that he sank to the pavement in a dead stupor. There he was found by two artillery officers, one of them Lieutenant Hildebrandt. They guided the young lieutenant to within a few paces of his home and then took their leave. But they returned a few minutes later to see if their charge had safely reached his apart-

ments, and found him lying on the ground where they had left him. Without mincing words they attempted to raise Lieutenant Blaskowitz to his feet. The latter struck out with his fist, encountering Lieutenant Hildebrandt's eye. Next morning the young prospective bridegroom journeyed to the home of his sister, nearby, where the wedding ceremony was to take place. Arriving at the place, he was handed a telegram demanding his return to Insterburg to appear before a "Court of Honor" and reply to the charge of assault preferred by the two artillery officers. Late letters prove that Lieutenant Blaskowitz had not recognized the artillery officers, but was under the impression that he was being robbed or subjected to ill-treatment. The "Court of Honor," however, decided that the only outlet was a duel. Monday, the day after the proposed wedding, Lieutenant Blaskowitz succumbed from the bullet wound administered by his adversary.

The "Court of Honor" here mentioned is a body known as the Ehrenrath, and is a peculiar creation which governs among German officers, a body which is apparently not amenable to ordinary law. The German Emperor's recent edict upon the question of duelling is so mild that no one could dream that these words were intended to do anything but encourage the practice:

I desire that duels between my officers be avoided more than heretofore. The causes are frequently of a trivial nature, such as private quarrels and offenses for which a peaceful adjustment is possible without a sacrifice or injury to honor. An officer must regard as unjust the attacking of another's honor. Has he committed an error in this respect, either through haste or excitement, he proves his chivalry by not clinging to his error, but by arriving at a mutual understanding and proffering his hand. No less is the one who has been subjected to mortification or offense obliged to accept the offered hand as far as honor and good morals permit.

If duelling is to be stopped it is evident that something more vigorous than such a decree is needed. An article in the Army and Navy Journal cites some examples which proved effective, as follows:

Frederick the Great was much opposed to the practice of duelling. When he found that duelling was increasing, he issued orders for its suppression. A little later an officer asked permission to fight a duel. The king granted it on condition that he be notified of the place and time of the meeting. When the duelists arrived, they found him present

and near by was a new gallows. When one of them asked what it meant, the king replied: "It means, sir, that I intend to witness your battle until one of you has killed the other, and then I will hang the survivor." Needless to say that the duel was declared off and that but few duels occurred afterward during the king's life. A similar story is told of Augustus Adolphus, the great Swedish king. Having given permission to two officers to fight a duel, he went to the place of meeting with the public executioner. Just as the duelists were about to fire, the king said: "Do not be surprised, gentlemen, for, according to the laws of the country, your lives are already forfeited. You may now proceed; but mark you, the moment that either of you falls, the executioner strikes off the head of the survivor by order of your king." Although forgiveness was asked and granted, the king said that similar mercy would not be shown again, adding: "It is my wish to have soldiers under my command and not gladiators." Joseph II. of Austria was also much opposed to duelling. "I will not," he said, "suffer this practice of dealing in my army, and I despise the arguments of those who seek to justify it." He ordered the arrest of two officers who had decided to fight a duel and directed the more guilty to be made an example of.

Wireless Telegraphy

It seems to be a generally accepted belief that if Marconi did not actually receive wireless signals across the Atlantic, a distance of 1,800 miles, such a thing is not an impossible development of the near future. Mr. T. Cummerford Martin, who is considered one of the leading authorities upon electrical science, takes it for granted, in the New York Times, that the Marconi experiments developed all that was claimed for them. The apparent fear which impelled the Anglo-American Telegraph Company to seek to restrain Marconi from further experiments seems to have been needless, for there can be no question yet of competition arising out of the wireless field with the old established system of using cables. The Electrical World sums up the situation as follows:

Whatever may be the future as regards ocean cable telegraphy, there can be no doubt that short lengths of ocean can be, and, in fact, already have been, bridged by wireless telegraphy to the exclusion of cables, and that with even existing methods, the advantages of wireless telegraphs in the future to sailors and to shipping must be enormous. Although our Navy is still ponderously investigating wireless telegraphy, sufficient light has appeared to British naval authorities to seemingly justify the

serious adoption of the system, about 50 vessels of the British Navy having been already equipped with wireless telegraph apparatus. The system appears to be in the course of rapid adoption in the mercantile marine, and a number of wireless stations for communication with vessels at sea have been installed on the coast of England, and also at Gibraltar, Malta and various European ports. At this rate it will not be long before all important stations along the routes of trade will be equipped with Hertzian signaling apparatus.

If signals have actually, as Mr. Marconi intimates, thus been sent across the Atlantic, it is reasonably certain that an increase in power in the sending apparatus can insure their being sent regularly. We expressed long ago the opinion that most experiments in wireless telegraphy labored under the disadvantage of inadequate input of energy. But if signals can be so sent we are inclined to think that the ordinary conception of the mechanism of transmission must be materially modified.

Of course, the whole theory of the matter is in a tentative condition, but such a result should shake it up not a little, and lead to some very interesting developments. To return again to the commercial possibilities opened by wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic, it must be remembered that while a great deal has been heard about tuning the sending and receiving apparatus, very little seems really to have been accomplished, although some of Slaby's results look promising. Even if tuning can be carried out successfully on a small scale, it is by no means certain that equal success would attend it when large amounts of energy were involved. We are unpleasantly familiar with harmonic complications even in ordinary apparatus, and the reduction of the impulses used in wireless telegraphy to an uncomplicated form is a rather formidable problem.

To look at another aspect of the matter, what would be the effect on wireless telegraphy in France and Germany of transmitters pounding away on the ether in hurling messages at America? What would the hypersensitive German Government say if the staff messages during its sacred army manœuvres were broken in upon by John Bull vociferously ordering pork in Chicago? The idea certainly involves the possibility of international complications of a highly interesting sort. Meanwhile, even the short-range land work is not having an altogether easy time of it. We have not heard that the portable sets sent to South Africa have materially helped in locating the elusive De Wet. The best results yet attained have been reached in communication with incoming steamers, and

during naval manœuvres. The whole matter is obviously in an early stage of its development, and one must not expect too much at first. But the commercial possibilities are even vaguer than the scientific ones, and he would be rash who would hazard a guess at their magnitude.

A New Light

It has been reserved to Mr. Cooper Hewitt, son of the

Hon. Abraham S. Hewitt, to announce the discovery of an electric light which does away with the carbon filament, and which he claims will produce a far cheaper electric light than the one now on the market. His lamp is a glass tube with a bulb at one end into which he introduces gas generated from mercury. This gas acts as a conductor for the electric current, which is connected with it as in ordinary lamps, and the current flowing through the gas lights up the entire tube.

These lights were shown at a recent meeting of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers. In addressing these scientific people Mr. Hewitt explained that electric lights obtained by mercury gas were eight times as efficient as those obtained by ordinary incandescence. The drawback to the light, if any, is in the absence of red rays. With regard to this Mr. Hewitt says:

The light produced by pure mercury gas comprises orange-yellow, lemon-yellow, green, blue, blue-violet and violet, and although all shades of these colors may not be present, their absence would not be so seriously felt were it not for the absence of the red. For some purposes the lack of red in the spectrum is objectionable, but for many uses it is a positive advantage.

For shop work, draughting, reading and other work where the eye is called upon for continued strain, the absence of red is an advantage, for I have found light without the red is much less tiring to the eye than with it. It is possible to transform some waves of this light, especially the yellow light, into red light, and thus in a measure to overcome this defect where required for general indoor illumination.

Other modifications of the electric light have recently been devised, such as the Nernst light, which has before been described in Current Literature. As yet, however, none have threatened the ordinary incandescent lamp as this seems to do.

It will be very widely hoped that the young scientist who has evolved this new application of electricity, with its promise of cheapening the use of electric current very appreciably, may reap the reward of so brilliant and valuable a discovery.

The Larger Politics: *Affairs of the Nations*

Our New Horizon

Writing under this title of the present masterful, not to say aggressive, commercial enlargement of the United States, Mr. Frederic Emory, Chief of the Bureau of Foreign Commerce at Washington, says in the World's Work some things that are very enlightening. He dwells on the causes, outworking in various ways, of the marvelous material enterprise shown by our manufacturers and tradesmen at this hour, raising, however, a note of caution at the end. He says:

Given our natural advantages, with a busy, restless, inventive people, and it was inevitable that, sooner or later, the time would come when we should cease to be satisfied with merely domestic interests and begin to look abroad for a wider exercise of our energies. The time came even before the Spanish war. We had long reached the limit of continental expansion except at the cost of gratuitous aggression upon our neighbors, Canada and Mexico. Though far from having occupied all our own territory, in the sense of reducing it to tillage, and still with plenty of elbow-room in the West, we were suffering from a sense of constraint, a vague feeling that we were not exerting our full powers. We had been in the habit of regarding ourselves as a great people, but we felt that we were doing little to impress this fact upon the rest of the world. Still unconsciously we had been getting equipped for the rôle we were to play. Our very absorption in the task of internal development was the best preparation for a triumphant entry upon international competition. Economy of production as the result of cheap and abundant raw materials, the application of machinery and labor-saving tools to almost every form of mechanical effort, the invention of improved processes and methods of manufacture, and above all the superior industry, ingenuity and adaptability of our artisans were gradually brought to a point of perfection which has thus far defied all rivalry. Without knowing it, we were fashioning the master key that was to unlock for us the markets of the world and thus provide a new channel for national expansion, the national dream of greatness to be seen and admired of all. That key was the latent force, already at the point of eruption, which gave such momentum and energy to the war with Spain and controlled the final settlement of the terms on which peace was made. We needed not more territory, but commercial expansion had become a matter of pressing urgency if we were to advance along the existing lines of our industrial develop-

ment. We were producing more than we could market at home, and if we wished to keep our factories going and our workmen employed we must seek new outlets abroad. It was not mere greed of political aggrandizement that moved the great body of our people to accept and approve the territorial expansion following the war with Spain, but the gradual perception of the fact that the results of that war were likely to contribute immensely to our commercial influence and prestige. We were undoubtedly therein animated to a large extent by indignation and sympathy with a people we believed to be cruelly oppressed, but underlying this popular sentiment which might have evaporated in time, with ameliorating changes in the Spanish policy, was the settled conviction that so long as Cuba remained a dependency of Spain our economic relations not only with that island but with the entire West Indies, and to a greater or less extent with all Latin America, would be impossible of adjustment on any safe or permanent basis. Cuba was a stumbling block, a constant menace to the southward movement of our trade. To free her from the Spanish incubus was a commercial necessity for us, and as we became more and more keenly alive to the importance of extending our foreign commerce, the impatience of our business interests at such obstruction was waxing so strong that, even had there been no justifying cause of an emotional kind, such as the alleged enormities of Spanish rule or the destruction of the Maine, we would doubtless have taken steps, in the end, to abate that economic nuisance with the strong hand. It was seen to be necessary for us to find foreign purchasers for our goods and also to make access to foreign markets easy, economical and safe. Hence the quickened popular interest in projects that had languished for years for building up our ocean marine, for cutting an isthmian canal, establishing better banking facilities in foreign countries, the improvement of the consular service in order to make it a more efficient instrument of trade, and the modification of our tariff relations with the view to enlargement and greater freedom of exchange. However widely men may differ as to the method in which any one of these objects is to be attained, there is practical unanimity in the opinion that our commercial expansion must go on; that the industrial supremacy which is now conceded to us by all the world must be maintained and strengthened by every means in our power; that there can be no turning back to the position of isolation and exclusiveness which,

now that we are producing more than we can consume, would inevitably mean repletion, stagnation and, finally, decay. It is this feeling which has converted us from a quiet, self-centred people, absorbed with our affairs, into a strenuous force among the nations—not necessarily aggressive or militant, but determined to avail ourselves to the full of our new and constantly widening opportunities, and to safeguard the novel interests which are springing up in the spread of American commerce throughout the world.

Then, after pointing out the marvelous expansion in trade lines of the United States, which if it continue unchecked, Mr. Emory thinks "it is not too much to claim may easily develop into a vast ethical force," he goes on to speak of some of the perils lying in wait. The expansion must continue for one thing. To stop its pace may destroy what is gained; and if the tariff is in the way it must be changed. President McKinley's word at Buffalo is quoted: "We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade." There is danger of pressing Europe too hard. The nations may retaliate.

Europe, he says, has been taking our goods, tools, machinery and textiles, in increasing quantities, because she has found them better and relatively cheaper than her own, even with the tariff duty added; but European purchases from us are dependent upon the ability to pay, and in periods of depression, such as that which has overtaken Germany, the consumer would be forced to economize and content himself with an inferior article at the lowest price. In that event the European manufacturer might be compelled to dispose of accumulated stocks at a sacrifice that would make competition difficult for us if we continued to be handicapped by discriminating duties.

The very prosperity we are now enjoying from the ever-widening popularity of our goods in Europe at the expense of the European product may thus prove baneful if we persist in refusing fair exchange; for is it not clear that, if we keep the door shut against European manufactures while at the same time encroaching more and more upon their natural markets, we must, in the end, dry up the sources of wealth, which are mainly industrial, in those nations which are our largest customers, and thus deprive them of the means of buying so freely from us? What does commerce mean but give-and-take, and how can a nation hope to profit permanently by draining the life-blood of

those to whom it sells? The perils which beset our future expansion are neither fanciful nor speculative. At any moment they may become urgent. Great as we are, with unequaled capabilities as an exporting nation, we are not great enough to set aside the natural laws of trade and make the whole world a passive instrument of our will.

Downing the Anglo-Saxon

"The yellow peril," in the estimation of the European Continental Powers, is noth-

ing to the "American peril." That is the way it seems to "Calchas" as set forth in his widely read article in the *Fortnightly Review*. The latter peril, in fact, in the view of Germany, is something more than American. It arises from the combination for furthering their own interests in the world against all the rest of mankind of the two great English-speaking nations—Britain and America. The Anglo-Saxon then must be put down. That is the way Germany feels, and that accounts for the bitterness, particularly toward England, found in Germany to-day. There is more in that bitterness, "Calchas" thinks, than the public mind generally thinks. The Briton should be on his guard. The matter is thus set forth:

The solidarity of the continent against the United States or England, or both combined, could mean nothing more nor less than the economic supremacy of Germany upon the Continent and the naval leadership of the Continent by Germany. The limitation of military budgets might be effected by arrangement and the European powers would be free to concentrate all their resources upon the otherwise almost hopeless problem of the successful development of their fleets against the Anglo-Saxon. Now, if there be any ultimate purpose behind that activity of Germany at all points of the compass which suggests simultaneous designs upon China, Asia Minor, South America, and upon sea power generally, and is well calculated to confuse the judgment of other countries, that master aim will not be disclosed until the work of creating the fleet is complete. It will be the second or third navy in the world. And if we are not insured by that time against possible danger from Germany, it may be too late.

War in Europe would be an inconceivable catastrophe to industrial Germany. To avoid that must be the supreme object of Teutonic statesmanship, and to that end the cultivation of amicable relations with Russia and France is indispensable. Such can only be effectually secured by promoting European solidarity against the two great Anglo-Saxon powers. War at sea, however hazardous, would

be far preferable for Germany to a death-grapple with her great neighbors in the heart of Europe. If it were a war against England waged in concert with Russia, Germany would lack neither food for her people nor a market for her products. The land route to Asia would be open to her troops, and compensation might be found there to any extent for the probable loss of the comparatively insignificant colonies she at present possesses. All this may appear fantastic looked at from the point of view of England's relations with Berlin alone, but regarded in its possibilities in another way it is obvious that a breach between the British empire and France or Russia would drive both those powers into the arms of Germany at once, and consummate the crowning ambition of Berlin. If, indeed, we were worsted at sea by the dual alliance, the work a European coalition might attempt would be done without it. But if, which is the greater likelihood, we should defeat France and Russia, they would resort at once to Germany. She then would be able to form the European league at her own price. But it is hard for any sane politician to believe that she would wait to see their fleets destroyed before taking action. Her only good chance of emancipating her naval power from our supremacy would be to strike at us in concert with them. They would open negotiations at the first sign of danger for her assistance. If she gave that assistance, whatever the immediate fate of her fleets linked with those of her allies, the compensation would be overwhelming. Her industry would be supreme within the continental blockade; and the military force of Russia, Germany and France together might hope to redress on land the worst chance at sea, and to find their account in a new partition of Asia from which the English flag would have disappeared.

England in 1901 Under this heading a striking presentation appears, in the January Atlantic, of the state of things prevailing at the close of the Victorian Era among the English people. The writer, Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, notes in opening the remark current that the monarchy in recent years in England has risen much in popular estimation, while parliaments are every day held in less esteem. Barely the general statement, contained in a part of the introductory portion of the article, is here given, not the interesting details which go to support the position taken:

The Queen's influence throughout her reign was no doubt in great part due to the fact of her being so essentially typical, both as woman and as sovereign, of the inner spirit which permeated the Vic-

torian era—the spirit of complacent pride in conventional respectability and material progress. She assumed, as did all our fathers, that we were everywhere on the right path, and that by going on we must necessarily be going forward. The attitude, of course, was an inevitable sequel to the leaps and bounds in scientific discovery, commercial enterprise, and external civilization which characterized the nineteenth century. At any rate, Englishmen of those days have not forborne to fancy themselves continually marching in triumph along the highroad of human perfectibility. Indeed, the comparatively sudden advances in profound learning of all sorts, combined with an equally marked universality of some education and general knowledge, had been sufficiently dazzling to warrant the assumption that we need only be and do more thoroughly what we had been and were doing to become better, wiser and happier. One can well understand how few have stopped to doubt and question if this marvelous "progress" by which we have been intoxicated were aught less than an adequate ideal for immortal humanity.

Imperialism is the latest and grandest phase of this optimistic complacency. We can only pray that it may be the last. The pride of intellect, morality, and commercialism—in one word, the pride of success—has acquired the enthusiasm of the missionary. Its prophets are inspired by that subtle combination of the lust for power in the exercise of administrative ability with the magic illusion of philanthropy by which a man is led honestly to believe that he is conferring a benefit on others by shaping them after his own image. So have the Western civilizations, with England for pioneer, become the forerunners of the great new gospel, the gospel of success—in time, holding on by lip service to the golden keys of eternity.

It is an honest enough creed, presenting many a warrant for noble heroism and high enterprise. It has brought us the legacy of clean thought, strenuous ambition, and a fairly clear-headed code of honor. The secret of success is no idle possession, no fruitless power. Stripped of cant, and admitting its spiritual inadequacy, the era behind us shall yet emerge in the pages of world history as a good record. The Victorian deserves his epitaph:

"He was a man, taken for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

But imperialism to-day is stepping from the region of the ideal to that of the practical. It is becoming the instrument of administrators, the field for men of action. Its problems are among the facts of every-day life, for the moment maybe the most pressing; demanding technical knowledge,

personal resolution, and the ruling instinct. Politically speaking, democracy must cease to theorize, and evolve the expert. The party landmarks of our infancy are vanishing before our very eyes, and the scaffoldings of new platforms cloud the horizon. New men, new morals, is a sound enough executive maxim, and the electorate must turn its energies to acquiring a grip of "affairs."

Meanwhile the inevitable is also happening. Always as soon as a people have really got hold of an idea and are honestly endeavoring to live up to it, when the gospel has become a convention and the messiahship is bequeathed to stage managers, there arises somewhere the analyst, the critic, the questioner. Imagination, far ahead of action or mass emotion, looks backwards and forwards at one glance; accepts the lessons of the past, and reads a warning for the future. There is ever a handwriting on the wall.

So it is that thinking men to-day, confronted, for example, with the problems of China and South Africa (the settlement problem, not the war problem), are determined that the claims of imperialism shall not involve a reckless destruction of patriotism, or a foolish process of remoulding nations on Birmingham patterns. Without precisely declaring that Western civilization has reached its climax, they are firmly convinced that as itself an all-sufficient motive power its influence is on the wane. In other words, it is now recognized to be valuable only as a means, and it behoves us to consider the end it may legitimately encourage. For the moment, however, the pressing necessity is to check popular enthusiasm from mistaking it for an end; to convince the body politic that the consciences and ideals of other people are at least as permanent and as valuable as our own; that their ways are not our ways, nor our ways theirs. Nations make poor lecturers, and the arena of diplomacy is an unsteady pulpit. Civilizations are not one, but many, and of to-day's survivals few are barbarous. The danger of forgetting this truth is both theoretic and practical. The call to arms in Christ's name denies the doctrine we are professing to inculcate; the habit of interfering provokes interference.

To-day the condition of England, and of other European countries, provides abundant evidence that modern progress is not only inefficient to remove the evils it triumphantly set out to conquer, but is actually creating a new group of most deadly and paralyzing despairs. The close of the Victorian era does not find us a happy and contented people, banishing disease by science, starvation by machinery, or crime by a zeal for humanity. The extension of the franchise has not liberated the

sons of toil, education has not demonstrated the nobility of labor, a love of art is not the master passion of the cottage. And every day shows more and more imminent the lust of power excited by acquiring new territories, the loss of honor entailed by speculative commercialism, the moral indifference encouraged by the denial of individual responsibilities, and the stagnation involved in capitalist tyranny. Externally it would seem that these are not new evils; but they are assuming new forms, and becoming cruelly intensified by three modern forces of infinite potency: the revival of slavery (on the one hand over so-called inferior races for whom our idol of Success has no significance, and on the other over all home laborers), the numberless and intricate dangers attending life in large towns, and the practically anti-religious materialism—or cash code—which is ruling the civilized world of to-day, as the natural though undesigned outcome of daily increased power to regulate environments. Although of late public attention has been accidentally drawn most forcibly to the first of these, it is the two latter which may be more advisedly attacked. For by such means alone can we readjust our ideal and prepare ourselves in any measure for imperial or international responsibilities.

United Latin-America

Shall Spain have its renaissance in the New World, asks the San Francisco Bulletin, and shall the struggle for supremacy between Saxon and Latin be fought out again? Three times have men of English speech crushed the Latin hope for world dominion. The defeat of the great Armada, Quebec, and Waterloo each at its time seemed to settle forever which should be master.

Strange things may yet come of the Pan-American Congress. One may be a balance of power in the Western Hemisphere. Latin-America distrusts the United States and suggests a supplement to the Monroe Doctrine which will say diplomatically to Uncle Sam: "Hands off."

The United States tells the European powers it will permit no aggrandizement of territory by any one of them in the Americas. Not so broadly asserted, the Spanish-American Republics ask guaranty for the preservation of their existing boundaries. A sort of pact of the Latin Republics seems foreshadowed. If Diaz were a younger man he might seize the opportunity to unite the several Spanish-speaking countries. The United States of Latin America would be at once a great power. Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador,

Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Brazil, Paraguay, Uruguay, and Argentina under a strong central government might bid defiance to Europe and perhaps the United States as well.

The Spanish-Americans are sensitive, and although they may recognize that the United States has preserved their independence, they believe this has been done out of self-interest, and they are beginning to object to further wardship on the part of Uncle Sam.

With Brazil, Spanish-America has 50,000,000 of people and an independent area of 8,000,000 square miles. Two European nations exceed it in numbers, Russia and Germany. Three world powers surpass it in population, the United States, the Russian and the British empires, and of these the latter two have larger areas. None of these possesses all the natural resources which may be found in the continent of South America, Central America and Mexico.

The future of the Spanish race in America seems at present to be in the keeping of three States—Chile, Mexico, and Argentina. Of these Mexico, under Diaz, is the best governed and shows the most aptitude for political development. Industrially Argentina is far in the lead. It is receiving a large and constant immigration from Europe. From Spain and Italy kindred people are coming which readily adopt the customs of the land, and in the next generation are indistinguishable from the native stock. British and German elements are solid factors in the nation's wealth and betterment. Chile is the aggressive, forceful State. Self-assertive, confident, warlike, it stands ready to proclaim its leadership. If a Spanish confederacy is ever to be established it should be under the hegemony of one of these three. Under which flag shall it be—the lone star of Chile, the Mexican tri-color or the sunburst of Argentina figured on a white field with the blue heavens above and the blue sea beneath?

Seemingly endless difficulties stand in the way of union, but these may be more apparent than real. English critics declared that the Southern commonwealths of the United States could never be reconciled and would always be a source of weakness to the union. Many men in the North accepted this prophecy. Its fallacy has long been demonstrated.

So the belief that the Spanish-Americans lack the genius of government, that the Indian infusion is too strong to permit of progress, that the jealousy between the States is too great to admit of union may have to go the way of other errors, and the vision of Bolivar may, after all, have its realization. The descendants of the Conquistadores

may so shape things that one of the great powers of the future shall speak the Spanish tongue.

Sentiment and race patriotism should in good time work for a Latin Zollverein in America. The people are as yet more homogeneous than those of the United States. Though of a mixed stock Spain has fixed her type on the inhabitants. A greater force than sentiment is at work, however, and that is industrialism. To-day there are large railway systems throughout Mexico, Chile, and Argentina, and the less progressive nations are rapidly extending their rail communications. Much of the surplus capital of Europe and the United States is finding investment in the Southern Republics.

To the immigrant South America offers great inducements. The necessities of life are cheap and abundant, labor is in demand and wages for the skilled workman are high and land is to be had for the asking. The conditions which existed in the United States fifty years ago are repeated in Latin America.

The latent resources of the land of Señor Mañana are greater than those of the American possessions of John Bull and Uncle Sam combined. Spanish America has a more fertile soil and for the most part a more equable climate than the United States and Canada.

When the national spirit shall have been quickened there should arise a strong empire reaching from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn and ready to take its part at the councils of the powers.

The time will come when a man may ride in a Pullman from Vera Cruz to Buenos Ayres. When it does it is not unreasonable to suppose that the community of interest will have become so great that federation will then be an accomplished fact. Had Canada been an independent nation it would long since have been incorporated in the American Union.

Loyalty to England, the mother country, is the sentiment which keeps the Dominion from becoming States. No such attachment exists toward Spain on the part of the Republics which speak her language. Sentiment there may be and is, but there is no political tie to be severed. In fact, a Spanish union in the New World would tend to closer relations with the Iberian peninsula.

Some day a city on the bank of the Amazon will rival Chicago as a great mid-continent center. Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Ayres will become the New York of the Southern Hemisphere, and the New World may find its Paris in the city of Mexico. Valparaiso may fight San Francisco and Sydney for supremacy on the Pacific, and Cuzco may become the Denver of the Andes.

Contemporary Celebrities

Marcelin Berthelot

A great day in France among scientific men and all interested in scientific attainment and progress, was the twenty-fourth of last November. Very recently a great gathering of men of science occurred at Berlin to commemorate the eightieth birthday of Dr. Rudolph Virchow, the distinguished German pathologist, and a month later, at the date above mentioned, there was a similar gathering at the Sorbonne, in Paris, to honor the great French chemist, Berthelot, on the fiftieth anniversary of his first publication. That day marked the completion of a half century continuously devoted by him to science under the official recognition and patronage of the French Government, and it was a jubilee such as rarely has been observed in any country, creditable alike to French genius and to the far-seeing munificence of the French administration which has made a career of the sort celebrated, in the service of government, possible.

Pierre Eugène Marcelin Berthelot has lived his days in Paris, where he was born on October 25, 1827. In his undergraduate days, he early gained distinction, not alone in scientific studies, but in history and philosophy as well. At the age of nineteen, Berthelot won an honor prize in philosophy. From that time on, however, he devoted himself to natural science. He was appointed, in 1851, assistant in chemistry at the Collège de France—a position which he held for nine years.

Berthelot's work during this early period is to be traced in the successive memoirs that bear his name. He was chiefly concerned with the artificial production of natural products. Before Berthelot's time, it had been assumed by chemists that the so-called organic substances were the products of a mysterious "vital force," that they were quite incapable of reproduction by physical agencies acting under mechanical laws. Berthelot set out to prove, by actual experiment, the hollowness of such an assumption. While acting as M. Balard's assistant at the Collège de France, he succeeded in producing alcohol from illuminating gas and water. This was followed by a series of important experiments, known to chemists as the synthesis of the carbures of hydrogen. From mineral substances he was able to produce compounds that had been regarded by the earlier chemists as the exclusive handiwork of Nature.

It was in 1858 that Berthelot made public the results of these experiments, and three years later the Academy of Sciences awarded to him the

prize founded by Dr. Joecker, a Swiss physician who practiced his profession in the city of Mexico, for the encouragement of researches in organic chemistry. In the following year, Berthelot effected the direct combination of carbon with hydrogen, forming acetylene. In this experiment he passed a current of illuminating gas between the poles of an electric arc light.

Meanwhile, Berthelot had been appointed to a professorship of organic chemistry at the College of Pharmacy. In 1863, however, a similar chair was founded by the Government in the Collège de France, with Berthelot's incumbency especially in view, and on that endowment his researches have been carried on almost without interruption down to the present day. How fruitful have been these researches is barely indicated by the fact that modern science looks upon Berthelot as virtually the creator of that branch of chemical mechanics which is now known as thermo-chemistry. He was a pioneer, for example, in accomplishing the liquefaction of gases. Few chemists have seen the results of their studies developed so extensively in the world of commerce, but not a dollar of profit from it all has come to Berthelot. Not one of his discoveries has been patented. At present he is engaged in experiments dealing with the electrical stimulation of plant growth.

During the Siege of Paris, in the Franco-Prussian War, Berthelot rendered important service to his native city, assisting in the making of cannon and of nitro-glycerine, dynamite and gunpowder. He became president of the commission on explosives that served the Government in that hour of distress. He had seen two revolutions before the Commune of 1871, and had never been identified with the radical element in French politics. On the other hand, such political preference as he has had in his long life he owes to the present republic. He was made a life Senator in 1881, and five years later he became minister of public instruction for a few months in the Goblet cabinet. It was at that time that he visited Algeria in the interest of colonial education. In the Bourgeois cabinet of 1895, Berthelot had the portfolio of foreign affairs. He has traveled in Germany, Italy, England, Denmark, and Sweden, and is a member of the principal academies and scientific societies of Europe. Only recently has he been offered a seat among the Forty Immortals of the French Academy. The memoirs that he has written number more than six hundred, and his contributions to general literature have been by no means slight.

*The Nobel Prize
Takers*

Not without reason a good deal of interest has been felt in the recent yearly award of prizes coming from the Nobel Foundation, a fund created by the will of Alfred Bernhard Nobel, of Sweden, consisting of several millions of dollars invested in the public securities of England, France, Italy, Russia, and Sweden and Norway, and, also, in landed estates in France, Italy, and Sweden, the income of which, on the 10th of each December, the anniversary of the giver's death, is to be distributed as definitely prescribed, in prizes which are only to be for work achieved "during the year just passed." The money value of the full prize to each recipient is over \$40,000. There are five of these prizes, and no nationality is to be taken into account in the awards. The names of the winners are to be published, to each of whom a check for the value of the prize is to be handed as well as a diploma and a gold medal bearing the effigy of the donor, with an appropriate inscription.

*Henry Dunant and
Frederic Passy* In the first award of these prizes, officially announced December 10th, 1901, the committee in charge reported to the Norwegian Storthing, at Christiania, that the prize for the encouragement of peace and arbitration had by them been equally divided between Dr. Henry Dunant, the Swiss physician whose name had been presented for the honor by the Swedish Rigsdag, and Frederic Passy, the venerable French advocate of international amity, and founder of the Universal Peace Union. M. Passy, who is now in his eightieth year, has been active in the cause of peace since he was twenty-five years old. When the announcement of the award was made, Dr. Dunant, to whom half the prize, or \$20,212, was given, was reported as ill and destitute in a Swiss hospital.

Dr. Emil Behring The medical prize was awarded to Dr. Emil Behring, long a professor at Marburg, Germany. His name has been before the public and he has gained renown in all lands as the discoverer of antitoxin for diphtheria.

Dr. J. H. van't Hoff In the department of chemistry the award of distinguished merit went to a native of Holland who has held, however, a professorship for the past six years in the Berlin University, Dr. J. H. van't Hoff. The importance of the latter's work came to be known to the scientific world about the year 1887. While for some years a modest professor of physical chemistry at Amsterdam, he contributed largely to the world's knowledge of molecular physics and is regarded as the founder of the new science of stereo-chemistry. He has received honorary

degrees from Harvard and the University of Chicago. Last summer he visited the United States, is now in his fiftieth year, and spends most of his time in research under the patronage of the German Government. Dr. van't Hoff is interested especially in an inquiry into the saline constituents of sea water.

William Roentgen Like van't Hoff, Roentgen is also of Dutch blood, and is honored as the recipient of the prize in physics. Now in his fifty-seventh year, Professor Roentgen became famous the world around six years ago by his discovery of the X-rays. For more than twenty-five years he has held a professorship at Marburg, Germany.

Sully-Prudhomme This distinguished man of letters, the French poet, Armand Sully-Prudhomme, was born March 10th, 1839, and for twenty years has had a seat in the French Academy. He has shown himself an accomplished poet from the day of his first publication, *Stanzas and Poems*, in 1865. The Paris correspondent of the *Evening Post*, acknowledging that Sully-Prudhomme, as claimed, better represents what the founder of the prizes called "idealism in literature," remarks: "Perhaps all our idealism, which flourished during the first half of the century now closed, has been drowned in the waves of material prosperity. Perhaps, too, here lies the reason why our literature in its present representatives is so little known among the peoples of the Continent and exerts so little influence. In France Channing has been known since 1848, and Emerson has more recently been the object of a light fad; but Edgar Allan Poe alone among our authors seems to have risen to the rank of a universal classic, owing in part to the literary merits of his translator, Baudelaire. But it remains certain that the English language, at the new century's beginning, has no candidate for the Nobel prize in the literature of the ideal. Sully-Prudhomme has, indeed, more than fulfilled the first ideal of the average French youth, of whom it has been said that, before he lies down like a sheep in some decorous profession, he must needs bleat like a kid in verse. He is a Parisian of Paris, the son of a merchant of honorable position, for whose commerce he had little taste. He kept on at the university in law, and then attempted the special mathematics. All these influences are shown in his life-work, but he has been through all the poet and philosopher."

Santos-Dumont July 20th, 1873, San Paolo, state of dense, impenetrable red dust in the south of Brazil, gave birth to the greatest flyer who has ever looked down upon the great earth from above, Alberto Santos-Dumont;

in token of which fact, it is said the Comtesse D'Eu, Princess Imperial of Brazil, has lately bestowed upon him a golden amulet sacred to the memory of St. Benedict; which he wears suspended from a chain bracelet on his left wrist, apparently, to judge from his numerous escapes, as a veritable "porte-bonheur." His father, that Brazilian coffee planter in San Paolo who is generally known as the Coffee King, was to some extent responsible for the mechanical and airy tendencies of the youngest of his ten sons; for, as a child, his chief playthings were the locomotives on his father's plantations. He made his first balloon ascent, only four years ago, with the late M. Mucheron. He made twenty more in the same year; after which he built his own balloon, the Brésil. There followed five Santos-Dumonts, and at last in Number Six he has attained a Deutsch success. Eminently adapted by nature for an aeronaut, he has the agility of a cat, the feet of a climber, the hands of an engineer, and the airiness of barely seven stone. He is, as the French would say, "fort sérieux"; but he is also "très sage," for he has but one mistress, the Air. Yet he has a shrill and merry laugh, much wealth that has been borne by the family coffee plants that also bear his name, a smartly dressed, diminutive person and a tiny voice: despite all which he is still unmarried. For he has but one love, and one ambition, the conquest of the air. Ashore he is a good whip who can drive a tandem; and he is popular with many, in spite of two or three members of the Aero Club. His soaring success has made him so famous that, it is said, he has received two offers of marriage; but he has now gone to Nice to prepare for a voyage thence to Corsica. A brave if rather flighty person is he who has scored a triumph over unnatural, as well as natural, difficulties. M. Santos-Dumont is no longer a member of the Aero Club.

Seth Low The political character and position of the present Mayor of Greater New York is fully as widely known, perhaps, as is that of any other man in the entire country. Dr. George R. Van de Water, who was chaplain of the Seventy-first Regiment of New York Volunteers throughout its campaign in Cuba, and a clergyman prominent in Episcopalian circles, gives recently in the Congregationalist another side of the man's life more private and intimate, but of worthy interest to the public. Those who best know Seth Low know him not only as a model Mayor of Brooklyn for two successive terms, and as the President of Columbia University for twelve years, and as an earnest advocate of reform municipal and political, but also as a strenuous church worker, a man of deeds in that rela-

tion as well as of words, right in practice as well as in profession. He early became a communicant member of the Episcopal Church, and from the outset strove to make the life of the church available in ministering in the fullest way to the moral and spiritual life of all. He has been an advocate for years of free seats in churches. In Brooklyn he was superintendent of the Sunday-school of St. Ann's, and vestryman there, and since coming to New York he has made his church home at St. George's, passing by churches more attractive nearer his home because of his conviction that a church to be a church of the people must be wholly free. There he meets as a teacher his Bible Class every Sunday morning. Early as president he secured the abrogation of the old statute making chapel attendance compulsory for the students, believing it better to have five men pray because they wanted to than five hundred because they were obliged to do so. Yet he himself, despite his many and pressing duties as head of the university, was habitually present at the daily chapel exercises. Dr. Van de Water adds: "Seth Low is a man in whom is no guile. Modest to a degree, he is a lighthouse of goodness to a community. He is built four-square. He will make a good mayor because he is a good man."

Denis Mulvihill The significance of the election of a coal shoveler or engine stoker to the mayoralty of Bridgeport, Conn., is not what perhaps many will incline to esteem it. Denis Mulvihill, of name unmistakably Irish, is in truth a workingman, but he was not chosen as a representative of that class of men. He represents unfortunately no class. He was elected Mayor of Bridgeport because, for four and one-half years, as an alderman in the council of that city, he had been so singular. He was "*sui generis*" or stood in a class of his own. As an unskilled laborer, coming from the south of Ireland in the early sixties, without education in the common meaning of the word, employed since 1871 in the Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine Manufactory, most of the time at \$1.50 for a day of fourteen hours, starting his fires at 4.30 in the morning and stopping at 6 in the evening, this man was elected to a place among the City Fathers. There he was staunch for one thing above all, namely, the honest—that is, economical—expenditure of the people's money in the administration of the city. That made him peculiar, and because of that he is now Mayor of Bridgeport at a salary of \$3,000 a year. He is expected to make a good mayor: he has the stuff for that sort of thing in him. Denis was a Democrat when first elected, but he stood by the Republican mayor of that time. Why? To a reporter he

explained: "Mayor Taylor brought no politics with him to the City Hall, neither did I. That was the reason we stood together. He was honest." After two years another mayor, also Republican, came in, but for him Denis made trouble. "My particular objection," said he, "was little junketing trips all the time proposed. I didn't see the use of these excursions at the city's expense." The voters of the city looked at the matter in the same way. The idea seemed ridiculous to his party and social friends, but Mayor Hugh Stirling was overwhelmingly beaten by this old Irishman of the coal shovel.

Denis was born fifty-eight years ago. The party leaders could not seem at least to take the latter's candidacy seriously, but he was elected. The candidate made no speeches. Friends knowing his poverty sent him checks to aid in his campaign, which aggregated about \$1,700. These checks he returned after election. He was able, he said, to pay his own bills. It cost him \$470 to be a candidate, as shown by the list of expenses filed when election was over. Sitting in his office in the City Hall of Bridgeport the new mayor said to a reporter of the New York Times: "I am not overcome by the importance of myself in this job. What I feel most is the great responsibility of the work." Again he said: "I have never read many books. All my reading has been of the newspapers. I have read them closely for thirty years. But I have associated with men, and I think I can size up my man pretty well."

Thomas S. Pierce

If the bearer of this name is not a celebrity, all that is needed is to have his story told to give him a unique place in this roll. His fame, it is true, will be posthumous, but once noted it will likely be remembered. Thomas S. Pierce is known locally as the benefactor of Middleboro, Mass., having left by his will \$500,000 to this his native town. The facts of his life, and of the life of his father and family, are contained in a letter written from Middleboro to the Boston-Record, and as given in the Springfield Republican are substantially as follows: Peter Pierce, the father, was a wonderfully keen business man. A combination of the old stage road and the rum of his day gave him his start. Travelers, in frosty weather, looked forward for hours to a smoke and a glass of toddy at Pierce's. Investing his money in woodland, in West India traders and later in railroads, he became well-to-do. No store or family in the country was better known than Pierce's. Incidentally he married and raised eight sons and three daughters, every one of them as excellent people as ever lived. He knew it. When about to die he whispered to the parson: "I leave behind me a fortune

equally divided among eleven very queer children." The fortune was nearly a million of dollars. Of the eleven only three married, and none of these had children. As each died the original share of property was left to the other brothers until at length Thomas alone was left. The rest of the story is about him, now Middleboro's benefactor.

Thomas S. Pierce received his early education in Middleboro, and then went to Brown University. Graduating there he returned to his old home and to the village grocery store. Well educated, worth a million dollars and more, yet he took his old position behind the counter. The store to-day is in every particular precisely as when set up by the father in 1826. Across the road is the rambling old-fashioned white house, filled with wide, comfortable feather beds, yet he persisted in his old habit of sleeping in the little room at the rear of his meal sacks. Two old housekeepers lived alone in the house, and once a week conscientiously dusted the horse-hair furniture and the odd pictures on the walls. This strange man, living a life so strange, was short of stature, rather thin, with iron-gray beard and mustache, of stern but kindly face. He did not invite friendship, yet could, on occasion, glow with a genial warmth that always brought children toddling fearlessly to his side. He dressed simply and always wore a silk hat. Whether on his way to church, or perched upon his high stool in the store, the silk hat was always on his head. He cared nothing about its style. It mattered not whether it was modeled in 1800 or 1900 so long as it was a silk hat. He was temperate in all his habits, except that he always had a cheroot in his mouth. He was not always smoking it, but he always had it in his mouth. Some one asked him once why he continued to run this store. "Because I always have," he replied tersely. It was not an especially good reason, but it really was the true one. It had become a habit with him, and he would have been unhappy if he could not have indulged it. He always himself kept his accounts, often remaining up until midnight to finish the task. But this once done, he retired to his room, lighted his cigar, and settled down to his books, of which he was passionately fond. He read a great deal, principally in the current magazines and papers. He never checked a subscription to a magazine in his life. Papers continue to come now to all the brothers, though they all are long since dead. Then, alone in his den, he smoked and read, and dreamed. He was always alone because he made no friends. Not because he could not, or was selfish, or miserly, but simply because he was happier this way. His

contributions during his life and the will left behind him at his death prove that he was as generous a man as ever lived.

As far as can be learned, there was no romance in his life. He always received women pleasantly, but cared no more for their company than he did for that of men. His store furnished his work, his books his play, and he wanted and needed naught else. Once when very sick he was asked if the store had better not be closed. "No," he answered firmly, "whatever befalls me, I want the boys to keep on drawing molasses." He was not a religious man in the strict sense of the word, though he contributed much toward church support, and even, when a youth, sang in the church choir. When at another time he was thought to be dying, the parson asked: "Have you made your peace with God?" "I will do so when I meet him," he answered. "I deal with no middlemen." At another time he met the deacon on the street. "Good morning," he said pleasantly. "How are you and God getting along?" The deacon was somewhat angry at what he thought was a sacriligious question. "Very well," went on Thomas Pierce, "if you don't like that question, what is the price of hogs?" and passed on, leaving the deacon dazed.

His likes and dislikes he kept to himself. No one ever suspected this silent business man of being passionately fond of nature, until some of the citizens went to him with a request for a flagpole. "All right," he answered, "I'll contribute." "But you have some beautiful tall trees on your woodlands," they suggested. "Yes, they are beautiful," he replied. "You go ahead and buy one somewhere else, and I'll pay for it. They are beautiful." Occasionally his acquaintances met him wandering thoughtfully far out in the woods. He bought all his firewood, though he owned hundreds of acres of woodlands. Passers-by, late at night, occasionally heard coming from the store the bird-like notes of a flute. Old airs were played with a feeling and skill that always held the listener until the last note had died away. Only when alone did he ever take this instrument from its case. And so this strange man, with the fortune of a king and a good education, lived out his solitary life in this country grocery store. He was never melancholy, and apparently happy, but whether he was in reality happy or not, none will ever know. At any rate, he was a whole-hearted gentleman, generous and kind and good.

With entire accuracy it may be said

May Wright Sewall that no woman in the world has a larger following than the president to-day of the International Council of Women. This organization is found existing in sixteen

different countries, and claims to have 5,000,000 members. The Council has three great purposes. The end of its being or what it labors to accomplish is (1) to prevent war and spread peace through the earth; (2) to find out and publish to the world the laws affecting the relation of women in all the countries represented; and (3) to collect and distribute accurate information concerning the status, activities, industries and labors of women in the different nations. Mrs. Sewall framed the petition for peace, the only one officially commended by the Peace Commission at The Hague. She is the leading club woman in the world and the projector of one of the first women's clubhouses in the country. Her sympathy with the latest methods of education is shown in her writings, her lectures, and in the classical school in Indianapolis, to which she devotes her morning hours for three parts of the year. Here she holds a weekly salon, famed alike for its hostess and its guests. This strong, serene white-haired woman is a great power for good in the progress of the world.

Joseph Henry Thayer A prince of New Testament criticism and interpretation, acknowledged to be such on both sides of

the sea, has passed away. Born in Boston in 1828, he graduated from Harvard in 1850 and in 1859 became a pastor in Salem, the town in Massachusetts made famous by the early persecutions for witchcraft and later by Nathaniel Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter. There he remained until 1864, when he was chosen Professor of Sacred Literature at Andover. Here he won wide recognition as an authority in New Testament criticism. Upon the controversy over the Andover Creed arising in 1882, Professor Thayer resigned rather than afflict his conscience by the seeming acceptance of dogmas he did not believe. Shortly after he took the Chair of New Testament Criticism at Cambridge. About a year ago the professor's health failed, and he gave up active work. During the Civil War he was chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment. Later in years he was secretary of the New Testament Company of the American Revision Committee, and for some years was a member of the Corporation of Harvard University.

A successful man in a high sphere and in a very high sense, beyond ordinary, also gracious in manners and of a serene temper, yet Professor Francis G. Peabody, in the funeral address, said of him that he was tried "by domestic tragedy" and carried his cross "with bleeding feet," an instance of how little the mass of men know often of the real lives of those who live immediately round about them.

Brigandage in the Balkans

Everyday Bulgaria.....Chicago Record-Herald

Bulgaria is about as big as Pennsylvania, has a similar shape, and reminds one very much of that State, because of the resemblance in topography and other physical features. The forests and the rivers watering rich valleys, the mountain ranges, the rocky ledges and the landscape generally is very much like the Quaker State. The population is about 30 per cent. less.

The Danube River forms the northern boundary of Bulgaria, and much of the produce of the state goes out, and much of its imported merchandise comes in upon enormous barges towed in strings from Budapest and from Vienna. Austria monopolizes the trade in manufactured merchandise.

During the summer season the passenger steamers on the Danube offer a very pleasant voyage through Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria and Roumania to the Black Sea, but at this season of the year the water is low, fogs are frequent and the air is too cool to sit on the deck, hence a trip by train is more agreeable. You can go from Vienna to Sofia by rail in twenty-four hours in comfortable sleeping cars and good dining cars, in which table d'hôte meals are served, at city prices, but the fares are very high.

Brigands of Macedonia.....Era

In a country where poverty is the sole safeguard against plunder the brigand is the only hero, and he is the only dandy. He comes into the semi-weekly market where the women chaffer over their wares, or strides through a railroad car, known by everybody, with his snow-white fustanella standing out about him like a ballet dancer's skirt, his heavily tasseled cap, his embroidered tunic stiff with gleaming metal, twirling his fierce mustachios. The romantic young envy him; the elders at least recognize in him a familiar burden. He is popular.

The world hears nothing of the brigands unless they disturb Europeans. With natives their methods are drastic. The famous Nicko once took from Larissa two children, of different families, whom he held to ransom at 300 and 400 liras respectively. The wealthier parents redeemed their child. The other pair were very poor. They sent 50 liras with humble apologies. Nicko returned the money. By heroic efforts the distracted people scraped together 100 liras; again Nicko returned them, giving in a peremptory message three days to furnish the entire sum. When the three days had passed he sent back the child, cut

into four pieces. Kismet! It was Fate! Nothing was done.

Seventy or eighty dollars for a native; \$100,000 for a foreigner—that is about the scale and the measure of the land's poverty. This same Nicko took from the heart of a village, no one hindering him, Mr. and Mrs. Synge, British subjects. He sent Mrs. Synge to Consul-General Blunt in Salonica to say that the ransom was fixed at \$100,000. Women are seldom taken by brigands; it is a theory, natural enough in the East, that a woman cannot ride or walk well enough to stand hasty marches. Besides, in Macedonian circles there is still no doubt as to which is the important person, the head of the family. When bandits steal women it argues an education in western ways. Mr. Synge was well treated and fed heartily; if occasionally Nicko would smile wickedly and draw his finger across his throat in pantomime, it was but the custom of the country. He was polite enough in negotiating by messenger with Mr. Blunt, assuming all the airs of a belligerent party. In the end Blunt got Synge off for \$70,000 and forty gold (?) watches bought for \$5 each in the Salonica market. Blunt's kavass took the money into the mountains and met Nicko, who bit and tested every coin of the gold, throwing out a few light pieces. The watches were all acceptable. That ended the transaction—except that the kavass nearly came to blows with Nicko because the latter wouldn't fee him for his trouble in carrying the money.

Mr. Blunt had other experience in ransoming captives. His post at Salonica was exposed to that sort of thing. It was he who rescued Mr. Soutar, carried off to the peninsula of Cassandra by Manuel, Aristides (not "the just" one) and Nicolas. These gentry had excellent Greek names and excellent Albanian pluck. They took Soutar from a brigade of soldiers and rowed him across the gulf in a "caique." However, he was released unharmed and wrote the customary indignant letter to the London Times. Both the Synge and Soutar ransoms were paid by the British Government, which afterward presented the bills to the Sultan. Our own country is somewhat embarrassed in such cases by the fact that American lynching parties do not always take the trouble to inquire whether their unwilling suspended guests are natives or subjects of foreign governments. Germany has no such disadvantages. A party of reavers not long ago held up the Orient Express and took off four Germans to the hills. Their government promptly paid the

ransom of \$200,000, wholesale price, and collected the bill of Turkey.

Such cases as those I have related continue to occur at intervals of from two to four years. In spite of the enormous sums paid from time to time in ransoms, the capture of foreigners by bandits does not become more common. There are reasons. The consuls prevent parties from traveling in infested regions without large escorts, and if occasionally a "Feringhi" is caught and ransomed, the natural annoyance of the government at having to refund so large a sum reacts upon the local Pasha, and from him upon the bandits. In the long run it is better to stick to small profits, quick returns and the traditions, by stealing only natives—if possible with the connivance of the kaimakan.

Bandits keep their word when a prisoner is ransomed. How about the cases where he is not? There was one sad one. The friends of the captive raised the money and sent it to the bandit by a Turkish official. This rascal disappeared with the gold, and the bandits, not to be forsaken, killed their victim. This is the usual rule. Often, however, before proceeding to this extremity, the captors cut off a finger or an ear of the victim and send that to the friends, pleasantly inquiring whether they prefer the rest of the body intact or in instalments. The most famous case on record of murder by brigands happened now more than thirty years ago, but is still as fresh in the recollections of many people as last year's news, so startling was the tragedy, so lamentable the bungling that caused it. Five tourists were caught by the men of the hills at Pikermi, almost within sight of Athens, on the road to Marathon. One, a British lord, was allowed to go to Athens to carry the brigands' terms. They named a large sum of money. This the British Government could have paid as in other cases it has done, but it was decided instead to lay plans to capture the brigands while continuing to allay their fears by negotiating with them. The news was cabled to the British papers and cabled back to Athens. The plan of the soldiers was admirably carried out, but when they reached the robbers' lair, four tourists, three Englishmen and one Italian, lay dead upon the rocks. The garrison had fled. For months the brigands were hunted until a dozen of them had been executed or imprisoned. Since then it has been understood that brigands' threats are not jokes—and that it is serious business for the robbers on their part to proceed to extremities. At present tourists in Greece need have no fear of molestation in the Peloponnesus or near the

large towns; in Thessaly brigandage has not yet been entirely stamped out.

Brigandage and Conspirators in Bulgaria..... Leslie's Weekly

The Balkan mountains have been the homes and haunts of many brigands through centuries of Bulgarian history. In the sixteenth century a national movement against the oppression of Turkey fell into the hands of brigand chiefs. They became popular heroes. They were represented as the friends of the poor, the protectors of the weak, the allies of Christians, and the foes of the Mohammedams. William Miller, M.A. (Oxon.), of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, in his volume on The Balkans, inclusive of Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro, published in 1896, says:

Women were sacred in the eyes of these chivalrous cut-throats, for they firmly believed that whoever touched a helpless damsel would die in a Turkish jail. They even included the fair sex in their ranks. We hear of Bulgarian Amazons, who stormed Turkish caravans, sabre in hand, with the skill and courage of men. A hundred years ago one of the most desperate of these bands was commanded by a woman, who performed such prodigies of valor that she actually passed for a man.

Winter drove them from their retreats and they were accustomed to return to the villages and cities and earn temporarily an honest living. They regarded themselves as patriots, the benefactors of their countrymen. Yet the majority of them were desperadoes, who victimized women and children, Turks and Bulgarians.

The conspirators and plots against those high in authority in Bulgaria have been numerous. Illustrations are familiar, within the memory of many who are in middle life. Conspirators were discovered at Bourgas, a seaport, to abduct and, if necessary, to kill Prince Alexander I., the predecessor of the present sovereign of Bulgaria. August 21st, 1886, at two o'clock a. m., he was roused from sleep by one of his guards, who invaded his room, announced that the palace was surrounded by conspirators, and handed him a revolver. Hastily dressing, he went from his room to the hall and was met by Major Grueff and a crowd of officials. The major demanded that he should abdicate. Captain Dimitrieff tore a page from the visitors' book and attempted to draw a deed of abdication, but he was too drunk and maddened to complete it.

A youthful cadet finished it and Major Grueff thrust a revolver into his face and exclaimed, "Sign, or I'll shoot." Prince Alexander added in German the following words: "God protect Bulgaria." Thus he abdicated. He was removed to the war office and taunted and insulted. Then he

was kidnapped. In the early morning he was driven seventeen miles to the monastery of Etropoli. After the following night, spent in a monastic cell, he was conducted to the Danube, put on board a yacht and transported to Russian territory.

Meanwhile a new ministry was formed and a proclamation and counter proclamation issued. The provisional government was dissolved and Stambuloff and two others constituted themselves a regency until the abducted sovereign could be re-discovered. Telegrams for and concerning him were sent over Europe. Finally the Russians released him at Lemberg and he resumed his sovereignty, but Russia speedily forced him to abdicate, and the present sovereign, Prince Ferdinand I., became his successor.

Stambuloff, the prime minister of Ferdinand, was murdered in 1895, and Bulgaria, during the last six years, has been dishonored in the estimation of Europe. Ferdinand expects to die a violent death, and he has had experiences which have shown that his expectation is not morbid nor unwarranted.

In the early nineties he gave a grand ball at the palace. At the banquet Major Marinoff asked M. de Bourboulon, the chamberlain, why Captain Markoff was not present. The chamberlain replied that the captain had not been invited, nor had he been within the palace for three months. Loud enough to be heard by Prince Ferdinand, Major Marinoff exclaimed: "I would swear that I saw him five minutes ago coming out of the private apartments and passing through the ante-chamber." Prince Ferdinand ordered the four Macedonian guards on duty at the two entrances to the private apartments to report to him at once. When they did so he asked if they had seen any one within two hours except the dignitaries at the table. After examining the faces of those seated there, the janissaries replied that they had not, and were commanded to return to their posts. Major Marinoff became the object of much banter on the part of the assembled guests, and was taxed with spiritualism.

The ladies had retired with Princess Clementine after rising from the table, and the gentlemen were in the smoking-room with the prince, when suddenly the curtains were pushed aside and the commander of the palace guards entered and whispered something into the ear of Major Marinoff, who immediately left the room with him. A few minutes later the major returned and stated that there was in the orderly room down stairs an officer who demanded to see the prince on a matter of life and death. Ferdinand gave orders for the officer to be brought into his presence, where-

upon all the gentlemen with the exception of Baron Doebner withdrew into the adjoining apartments. A minute later the young officer appeared accompanied by Major Marinoff and Colonel Petroff, the commander of the palace guard.

His uniform was that of a lieutenant of the Ferdinand regiment stationed at Philippopolis, and was disordered. He related that he had come to Sofia that afternoon for the purpose of drawing some money, and that, after having been to the bank, he had gone to the cavalry barracks to see another officer before returning to Philippopolis. While in the room of his brother officer he fell asleep, but was awakened shortly after darkness had set in by the sound of voices in the adjoining room. Hearing the words "Austrian" and "Coburger" used he put his ear to the keyhole of the locked door that separated the two rooms, and ascertained that sharp at midnight, when the prince's ball was to be in full swing, two battalions of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry were to surround the palace, while the third battery of the First Regiment of Artillery was to dispose its six guns so as to command the square in front of the prince's residence. The troops were to be commanded by subalterns, since all the field officers had received commands to attend the ball. The hoofs of the cavalry and artillery horses and the wheels of the cannon were to be wrapped with cloth. Major Marinoff hurriedly left the room. Three minutes later he returned and reported that the electric wires had been cut in Prince Ferdinand's room and the room of the aide-de-camp. Stambuloff and Minister of War Mutkuoff were summoned and half an hour later Captain Markoff, unknown to his confederates, was arrested at his lodgings. A little later a soldier arrived, bringing a letter from Major Panitza, the prefect of police, that disclosed him as the leader of the planned attack. At 11 o'clock, an hour when many of the conspirators had arrived at the palace, the minister of war issued orders to prevent any of the troops leaving the barracks, and about thirty officers whose names had been found among Markoff's papers were placed under lock and key. Panitza and four other officers of high rank were arrested at the palace as the clock struck twelve, the hour at which the palace was to have been surrounded. Throughout the evening Ferdinand chatted with affability with all the gentlemen present and paid his court to the ladies without betraying by a look or a word the danger from which he had so narrowly escaped. His mother, the Princess Clementine, was kept in ignorance until the following day.

Moral Maxims: *The Wisdom of the Orient*

These moral maxims are taken from a curious old volume, printed in 1792 by William Druell, New York, and called *The Oeconomy of Human Life*. They are supposed to have been translated from an old Indian manuscript dating from the time of Alexander the Great. The identity of the translator is concealed, and possibly the volume is only an old hoax. Some one of our readers may be able to tell about this. In the preface to the volume the writer says that the manuscript was found by an emissary of the Chinese Emperor while on a mission in 1748 to the Grand Llama of Thibet.

APPLICATION.

Since the days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come may not come to thee; it behoveth thee, O man! to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come.

This instant is thine; the next is in the womb of futurity, and thou knowest not what it may bring forth.

Whatsoever thou resolvest to do, do it quickly. Defer not till the evening what the morning may accomplish.

Idleness is the parent of want, and of pain; but the labor of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

The hand of diligence defeateth want; prosperity and success are the industrious man's attendants.

Who is he that hath acquired wealth, that hath risen to power, that hath clothed himself with honor, that is spoken of in the city with praise, and that standeth before the king in his counsel? Even he that hath shut out idleness from his house; and hath said, Sloth, thou art mine enemy.

He riseth up early, and lieth down late; he exerciseth his mind with contemplation, and his body with action; and preserveth the health of both.

The slothful man is a burden to himself, his hours hang heavy on his head; he loitereth about, and knoweth not what he would do.

His days pass away like the shadow of a cloud, and he leaveth behind him no mark for remembrance.

His body is diseased for want of exercise: he wisheth for action, but hath not power to move; his mind is in darkness; his thoughts are confused; he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application.

He would eat of the almond, but hateth the trouble of breaking its shell.

His house is in disorder, his servants are waste-

ful and riotous, and he runneth on toward ruin: He seeth it with his eyes; he heareth it with his ears; he shaketh his head, and wisheth, but hath no resolution; till ruin cometh upon him like a whirlwind, and shame and repentance descend with him to the grave.

EMULATION.

If thy soul thirsteth for honor; if thy ear hath any pleasure in the voice of praise; raise thyself from the dust, whereof thou are made—and exalt thy aim to something that is praiseworthy.

The oak that now spreadeth its branches toward the Heavens, was once but an acorn in the bowels of the earth.

Endeavor to be first in thy calling, whatever it be; neither let any one go before thee in well-doing: nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve thine own talents.

Scorn also to depress thy competitor, by any dishonest or unworthy method; strive to raise thyself above him, only by excelling him: so shall thy contest for superiority be crowned with honor, if not with success.

By a virtuous emulation, the spirit of a man is exalted within him; he panteth after fame, and rejoiceth as a racer to run his course.

He riseth like the palm-tree, in spite of oppression; and, an eagle in the firmament of Heaven, he soareth aloft, and fixeth his eye upon the glories of the sun.

PRUDENCE.

Hear the words of Prudence, give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thine heart: her maxims are universal, and all the virtues lean upon her. She is the guide and the mistress of human life.

Put a bridle on thy tongue: set a guard before thy lips; lest the words of thine own mouth destroy thy peace.

Let him that scoffeth at the lame, take care that he halt not himself: whosoever speaketh of another's failings with pleasure shall hear of his own with bitterness of heart.

Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence is safety.

A talkative man is a nuisance to society; the ear is sick of his babbling, the torrent of his words overwhelmeth conversation.

Boast not of thyself, for it shall bring contempt upon thee; neither deride another, for it is dangerous.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship; and he who cannot restrain his tongue, shall have trouble.

Furnish thyself with the proper accommodations belonging to thy condition; yet spend not to the utmost of what thou canst afford, that the providence of thy youth may be a comfort to thy old age.

Avarice is the parent of evil deeds; but frugality is the sure guardian of our virtues.

Let thine own business engage thy attention; leave the care of the state to the governors thereof.

Let not thy recreations be expensive, lest the pain of purchasing them exceed the pleasure thou hast in their enjoyment.

Neither let prosperity put out the eyes of circumspection, nor abundance cut off the hands of frugality: he that too much indulgeth in the superfluities of life shall live to lament the want of its necessities.

From the experience of others, do thou learn wisdom; and from their feelings, correct thine own faults.

Trust no man before thou hast tried him; yet mistrust not without reason, it is uncharitable.

But when thou hast proved a man to be honest, lock him up in thine heart as a treasure; regard him as a jewel of inestimable price.

Receive not the favors of a mercenary man, nor join in friendship with the wicked; they shall be snares unto thy virtue, and bring grief to thy soul.

Use not to-day what to-morrow may want; neither leave that to hazard, which foresight may provide for, or care prevent.

Yet expect not, even from prudence, infallible success; for the day knoweth not what the night may bring forth.

The fool is not always unfortunate, nor the wise man always successful; yet never had a fool a thorough enjoyment, never was a wise man wholly unhappy.

FORTITUDE.

Perils, and misfortunes, and want, and pain, and injury, are more or less the certain lot of every man that cometh into the world.

It behoveth thee, therefore, O child of calamity! early to fortify thy mind with courage and patience, that thou mayest support, with a becoming resolution, thy allotted portion of human evil.

As the camel beareth labor, and heat, and hunger, and thirst, through deserts of sand, and fainteth not; so the fortitude of a man shall sustain him through all perils.

A noble spirit disdaineth the malice of fortune; his greatness of soul is not to be cast down.

He hath not suffered his happiness to depend on her smiles, and therefore with her frowns he shall not be dismayed.

As a rock on the seashore he standeth firm, and the dashing of the waves disturbeth him not.

He raiseth his head like a tower on a hill, and the arrows of fortune drop at his feet.

In the instant of danger, the courage of his heart sustaineth him; and the steadiness of his mind beareth him out.

He meeteth the evils of life as a man that goeth forth unto battle, and returneth with victory in his hand.

Under the pressure of misfortunes, his calmness alleviates their weight; and, by his constancy, he shall surmount them.

But the dastardly spirit of a timorous man, betrayeth him to shame.

By shrinking under poverty, he stoopeth down to meanness; and by tamely bearing insults, he inviteth injuries.

As a reed is shaken with the breath of the air, so the shadow of evil maketh him tremble.

In the hour of danger he is embarrassed and confounded; in the day of misfortune, he sinketh, and despair overwhelmeth his soul.

CONTENTMENT.

Forget not, O man! that thy station on earth is appointed by the wisdom of the Eternal; who knoweth thy heart, who seeth the vanity of all thy wishes, and who often in mercy denieth thy requests.

Yet for all reasonable desires, for all honest endeavors, his benevolence hath established, in the nature of things, a probability of success.

The uneasiness thou feelest, the misfortunes thou bewailest; behold the root from whence they spring! even thine own folly, thine own pride, thine own distempered fancy.

Murmur not therefore at the dispensations of God, but correct thine own heart: neither say within thyself, if I had wealth, or power, or leisure, I should be happy; for know they all bring to their several possessors their peculiar inconveniences.

The poor man seeth not the vexations and anxieties of the rich, he feeleth not the difficulties and perplexities of power, neither knoweth he the wearisomeness of leisure; and therefor it is that he repineth at his own lot.

Envy not therefore the appearance of happiness in any man, for thou knowest not his secret griefs.

Did Marlowe Write Shakespeare?*

By Dr. T. C. Mendenhall

Nearly twenty years ago I devised a method for exhibiting graphically such peculiarities of style in composition as seemed to be almost purely mechanical and of which an author would usually

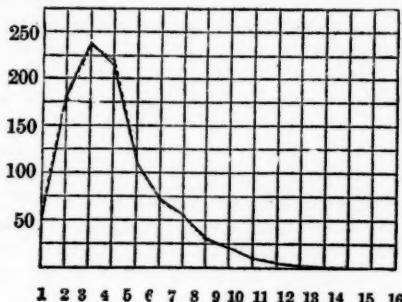


FIG. 1—Two groups, Ben Jonson.

be absolutely unconscious. The chief merit of the method consisted in the fact that its application required no exercise of judgment, accurate enumeration being all that was necessary, and by displaying one or more phases of the mere mechanism of composition characteristics might be revealed which the author could make no attempt to conceal, being himself unaware of their existence. It was further assumed that, owing to the well-known persistence of unconscious habit, personal peculiarities in the construction of sentences, in the use of long or short words, in the number of words in a sentence, etc., will in the long run manifest themselves with such regularity that their graphic representation may become a means of identification, at least by exclusion. In the present consideration the application of the method has been restricted to a study of the relative frequencies of the use of words of different lengths.

The method of procedure is simple. On a sheet of "squared" paper the numbers showing letters in each word, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., are placed along the horizontal line and on the vertical above each of these is put a point whose distance from the base shows the number of corresponding words in every thousand, according to the scale shown at the left. These points are then joined by straight lines and the whole broken line may be called the "word spectrum" or "characteristic curve" of the author as derived from the group

of words considered. When the number of words in each group is increased there is, of course, closer agreement of their diagrams, and this became so evident in the earlier stages of the investigation that the conclusion was soon reached that if a diagram be made representing a very large number of words from a given author, it would not differ sensibly from any other diagram representing an equally large number of words from the same author. Such a diagram would then reflect the persistent peculiarities of this author in the use of words of different lengths and might be called the characteristic curve of his composition. Curves similarly formed from anything that he had ever written could not differ materially from this, although curves of other authors might possibly, but would not probably, agree closely with his. Thus, if this principle were established, the method might be useful as a means of identification of authorship, and it might be relied upon with great confidence to show that a certain author did not write a certain composition.

In the earlier application of the method many interesting facts were brought out, some of which are worth mentioning here, although a full account of the preliminary work was published in *Science* of March 11, 1887. The description concluded as follows:

From the examinations thus far made I am convinced that 100,000 words will be necessary and sufficient to furnish the characteristic curve of a

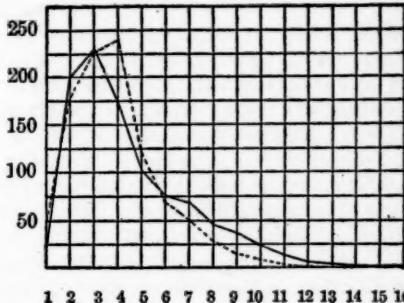


FIG. 2—Bacon—Shakespeare.

writer—that is to say, if a curve is constructed from 100,000 words of a writer, taken from any one of his productions, then a second curve from another 100,000 words would be practically identical with the first and that this curve would, in general,

*Popular Science Monthly.

differ from that formed in the same way from another writer, to such an extent that one could always be distinguished from another. To demonstrate the existence of such a curve would require the enumeration of the letters of several hundred thousand words from each of a number of writers. Should this existence be established, the method

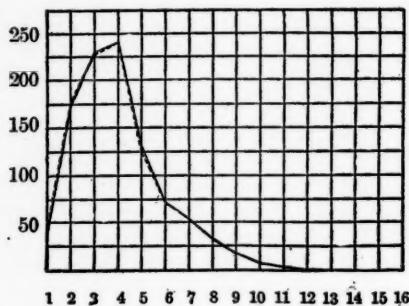


FIG. 3—Marlowe—Shakespeare.

might then be applied to cases of disputed authorship. If striking differences are found of known and suspected compositions of any writer, the evidence against identity of authorship would be quite conclusive. If the two compositions should produce curves which are practically identical, the proof of a common origin would be less convincing; for it is possible, although not probable, that two writers might show identical characteristic curves.

With this conclusion the matter remained for more than ten years. On innumerable occasions it was suggested that the process ought to be applied to an examination of the writings of Bacon and Shakespeare with a view of forever settling a controversy which will doubtless forever remain unsettled. This, of course, had been all along in view, but it involved an expenditure of time and labor in letter and word counting quite beyond what might be expected from individual enthusiasm. The operation is not one of thrilling interest, and volunteer assistance could not be depended upon when the number of things to be counted and classified grew into millions.

That the method has been applied at last to this most curious and yet most interesting question is entirely due to the liberality of Mr. Augustus Heminway, of Boston, who kindly offered to defray the expenses of the work, that is, to employ persons to count and classify nearly two millions of words. After some preliminary work the counting of Shakespeare was seriously begun, and the result from the start with the first group of a thousand words was a decided surprise. Two things appeared from the beginning: Shakespeare's vocabulary consisted of words whose average length was a trifle below four letters, less

than that of any writer of English before studied; and his word of greatest frequency was the four-letter word, a thing never met with before. His preference for the four-letter word may be said, indeed, to constitute the striking characteristic of his composition. At first it was thought that it might be a general characteristic of the English of his time, but that was found to be not the case. Its appearance in the composition of one or two of his contemporaries will be considered presently. Altogether about 400,000 words of Shakespeare were counted and classified, including, in whole or in part, nearly all of his most famous plays. His "characteristic curve" is most persistent, that based on the first 50,000 words differing very little from that of the whole count.

The characteristic curve of Bacon was developed along with that of Shakespeare and was based on his *Henry VII.*, the *Advancement of Learning* and a large number of his shorter essays, the total number of words being nearly 200,000.

Besides these, extensive counting was done from the writings of Ben Jonson, Addison, Milton, Beaumont and Fletcher, Christopher Marlowe, Goldsmith and Lord Lytton and small groups from a few more modern authors. It is possible, here, to give only general conclusions and to exhibit the diagrams of the more important and interesting results.

Figure 1 shows the curves of two groups of about 75,000 words each from the plays of Ben Jonson, the most notable literary contemporary of Shakespeare. Their close agreement is another very satisfactory confirmation of the fundamental principle and their difference from the Shakespearean curve is striking. It will be observed that Jonson follows the usual practice of making use of the three-letter word most frequently.

Figure 2 shows the characteristic curves of Bacon and Shakespeare side by side and may be regarded, perhaps, as the objective point of the entire investigation. The reader is at liberty to draw any conclusions he pleases from this diagram.

Should he conclude that, in view of the extraordinary differences in these lines, it is clear that Bacon could not have written the things ordinarily attributed to Shakespeare, he may yet, possibly, be willing to admit that, in Mr. Heminway's own words, "the question still remains, who did?" Assuming this question to be a reasonable one, the method now under consideration can never do more than direct inquiry or suspicion.

During the progress of the count it seemed as if the Shakespearean peculiarity of the exces-

sive use of words of four letters was unique, that no other writer would be found with this characteristic. On working out the results of a very extensive count of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, however, it was found that on the final average the number of four-letter words was slightly greater than that of three letters, although the excess was by no means so persistent in small groups. The curve of their composition was, on the whole, quite like that of Shakespeare. The lack of persistency of form among small groups may be accounted for by the fact that the work is in a large, though unknown, degree a joint product.

It was in the counting and plotting of the plays of Christopher Marlowe, however, that something akin to a sensation was produced among those actually engaged in the work. Here was a man to whom it has always been acknowledged Shakespeare was deeply indebted; one of whom able critics have declared that he "might have written the plays of Shakespeare." Indeed a book has been only recently published to prove that he did write them. Even this did not lessen

the interest with which it was discovered that in the characteristic curve of his plays Christopher Marlowe agrees with Shakespeare about as well as Shakespeare agrees with himself, as is shown in Figure 3.

Finally, an interesting incident developed in an examination of a bit of dramatic composition by Professor Shaler, of Harvard University, entitled *Armada Days*. It was a brochure of only about twenty thousand words, printed for private circulation, in which the author had endeavored to compose in the spirit and style of the Elizabethan Age. Although too small to produce anything like a "normal" curve it was counted and plotted, and the diagram indicated that Professor Shaler had not only caught the spirit of the literature of the time, but that he had also unconsciously adopted the mechanism which seems to characterize it. In the excess of the four-letter word and in other respects the curve was rather decidedly Shakespearean, although it was written before its author knew anything of such an analysis as this.

A Night Attack on the Veldt*

Night on the veldt, and all the winds at rest save one, which every now and then sends a faint warm puff across the miles of withered grass, like the uneasy snatches of mutterings coming from a man talking in his sleep. All around dead, utter silence—the silence peculiar to vast spaces—and deep blue velvet darkness resting upon the grassy immensity like a hot, heavy hand; a silence that makes the ears throb with a desire to hear it broken, which is not broken but deepened by the fluttering patter of a meer-cat stealing to its burrow, or a beetle settling with a little click upon a sun-baked ant-heap; a darkness that is impenetrable even on the dim yellow shadow of the upland veldt-road, and almost appalling in the kloofs and hollows. What the sea is to water, so is the veldt to earth—its acme of nobility and grandeur, tremendous in its very featurelessness, because, like the sea, there is nothing by which one may measure it but itself and oneself.

But war, the spoiler of all serene things, has something afoot to destroy the colossal calm of this particular night. From far, far back in the darkness comes a faint, very faint, thudding sound, as monotonous and regular as the beat of the tom-tom from a distant Indian village—the

sort of sound whose beginning is imperceptible, its throbbing blending so perfectly with the silence that it seems to have been going on for ever, and when it ceases is still apparently audible until some more real noise breaks the spell. A practised veldt-scout, lying ear to ground, would diagnose this faint, earthly drumming in a moment—horses' hoofs! Horses moving at a walk and in close order, and coming this way.* The drumming grows louder and more distinct, passing from a dream-sound into the definite beat-beat of iron upon turf. Then it dies slowly away, the advancing horses are descending a dip; it rises again, grows plainer, then plain, and intermingled with it the chink of bits and buckles, finally ceasing altogether apparently just on the far side of a rise in the ground higher than ordinary, which stretches across the sky like an indigo wall in the darkness. Whoever it is riding so late is riding very warily, topping no rises until certain what is on the other side. Two mounted figures, so black that they are plainly seen against the black sky, appear suddenly and noiselessly on the ridge-line, and stand for some moments as mo-

*Describes a very dashing exploit performed by Menné's Scouts in the Versamelburg on the night of July 29, 1901.

*"Linesman," in Blackwood's Magazine.

tionless as statues of ebony. Then they disappear: they are descending this side of the rise. The thudding and the steely chinks recommence behind it, and in a moment more the peace of the night is broken for ever, as, with a stir and subdued clatter, creaking of leather and blowing of horses' nostrils, a strong party of mounted men press over the rise, and, like the two phantoms in front of them, become again invisible in its shadow. A party of British cavalry! No more mystery about the veldt for this night; even its solemn darkness changes like magic into a "tactical aid," and the majestic vagueness of its contours into the most practical of considerations for these eighty purposeful horsemen feeling their way over them.

Certainly the veldt on this night, if it loses its tremendous quiet and mystery in the presence of the stealthy squadron of Britons, is as suddenly invested with an interest as tense as its former silence. For these men are on the most perilous errand that ever falls to the lot of the King's messengers, and are praying that the darkness may lap them round yet thicker, so that they may accomplish it with greater secrecy and certainty. A night attack! Few men can lead or accompany many night attacks and keep their nerve, but of those few the army in South Africa has luckily numbered many men whom an era of dangerous night-work, coming after two years of incessant strain, still sees unshaken and confident, and with confident men behind them. And the leader of this little band being such a man, they steal through the night over the anxious miles with no qualms, on their part at any rate, straight for the invisible berg ahead. Behind it lies their prey, 120 Boers sheltering, and, let us hope, sleeping under the lee of the great, grassy wall. On they go, over the flats, down into the dark hollows, up the darker rises beyond, every man locked close to his neighbor, staring from side to side, and knocking his neighbor's knee when he starts, as he does momentarily, at a fancied sound outside the squadron, or a fancied sight away out in the blackness.

A mile or two more of these risky rises and hollows brings them to the first certain danger of the enterprise, the mouth of a long narrow pass which runs around the western flank of the berg, emerging like a great drain from its opposite side, close to the farms about which the laager is collected. The farm to be negotiated to-night is of exceptional size, the property of one of the Joubert family, and scattered around it lie several smaller holdings, the abodes of the great man's "beiwohners," or tenants. It is these outlying buildings that constitute the chief danger to an

attacking force, forming as they do a ready-made encircling line of outposts, difficult enough to surprise singly, and exceedingly difficult to surround and isolate collectively, as must be done if the main laager is to be kept in ignorance of the presence of danger. And the first of these lies four miles this side of it, at the narrow gate of the pass itself, shut in by steep, stony peaks and walls. A Boer picket is known to lie in wait there, and must be rushed because it cannot be avoided. The little force draws near, so near that the sentinel kopjes look like huge black fingers splayed out over it, and the men, as they commence to breast the long rise leading up to the rift, obey instructions previously given by noiselessly extending into three separate lines, those on the flanks trending up toward the peaks on either side of the nek, the center one heading stoutly for the nek itself, through which they can see the sky as a deep blue V cut out of the black mass of the berg. At that moment a mounted Kaffir appears like a phantom among them, to be gripped desperately by a couple of troopers. But he is a friend, and is doing a friend's work. From his kraal by a distant spruit his animal instinct has told him there was something up to-night. Perhaps a herd of springbok flitted past his door in the darkness, with the faint rustle of tissue paper blown along by the breeze, or a trio of coolan* flapped over his roof. Springbok and coolan do not choose dark nights for exercise without good reason, and no native would sleep in peace without knowing from what the wild creatures fled. So the shabby horse and execrable saddle were pulled out, and Umpungan set out to work his way toward the disturbance, whatever it was, crawling, sidling, listening, noting more vanishing springbok, placing his face to the ground upon every hard flat, until at last the drumming and the clink of steel bits has reached his wonderful ears, and finally the body of horsemen has been picked out from the gloom by his wonderful eyes. The British soldiers, who pay for what they take, and do not abuse his women, or use the sjambok without an extraordinary amount of palaver and, "mirabile dictu," good reason, are blundering across his domain in their stupid, noisy, white-man fashion. He laughs at their cohesion, at the iron on their horses' hoofs and the steel in their mouths—as well might his fathers have blown upon the conch when ambushing the sleeping lion in the good old days; he laughs at the mercy in their hearts for a vanquished enemy—"twas not thus that his nation avenged the Sabine rape of their women by

*Great blue cranes.

Bunu's braves; but they are his friends, and guessing what sport they are at, he rides on invisible and soundless on their flank, marvelling at their slowness and their daring. For he knows the risk, none better; have not his people had many a terrible lesson from those crafty, keen-eyed white black-men, the Dutch from the south country!

And then the moon rises, not with the leisurely gravity of her British habits, but sending a lance of steel light with magnificent suddenness across the world of grass from some particularly black corner of the horizon away to the northeast. Like some enormous opalescent balloon she swings above the banks of night clouds, until, having moved above everything definite in the sky by which one could perceive her movement, she rides apparently stationary like a white, shining hole in the vast level of blue velvet above. What a change upon the earth beneath! The flats are resplendent, the hollows alternate with silver tracts of light and sharp triangular shadows as the contours of the knobs and kopjes are flung into them. The veldt road is a broad river of glory, the goat-tracks like electric flashes interlacing and cris-crossing the broad surface of the veldt, and all little humble things like tufts of grass and solitary stones stand out with so much beauty that one makes a mental note to look if some of it is not still upon them in the daytime.

The first covert to be drawn is very close ahead, three little farms half a mile apart, and perhaps two from the main laager. The squadron splits up again into three parties, the two outermost vanish outward, the center one forward, each toward its farm. They dismount, and leaving their horses behind walls, advance on foot and surround each building in single file. From the houses no sound or sight, such luck was never seen, they are empty! Forward, still on foot, toward Joubert's great building. Another small farm shows up in the moonlight half a mile on. Blood must be drawn here or nowhere; there is a light in the window. With infinite caution it is surrounded, men walking on tiptoe, with care that even one spur does not clink against the other, every man with his rifle-barrel pointed toward that dimly lighted window, and bending low so that his body may not be seen above its sill. At last all are in their places, a ring of excited, crouching men, with the tiny farmhouse silent and sleeping in their midst. An officer crawls forward, revolver in hand, and then stands erect close up to the door; another worms his way to the window, and lies flat beneath it, staring upward, his head stiffly thrown back. A few men, previously told off, follow, each with bayonets fixed. There

is a moment of intense silence; then as startlingly as the report of a cannon comes a low call from the officer flattened against the door, "Maak oop!" ("Open!") There is a scuffle inside the house and a sharp ejaculation. The officer at the door steps back a pace and points his revolver, he at the window half raises himself from the ground and, stretching one hand over the sill, levels his weapon at the dirty glass. The men behind them bring their bayonets to the charge, and stand glaring over the points of them. The door is flung open from the inside. "God in heaven! what's up?" "Hands up!" The dumfounded old man at the door raises his rifle, and the officer thrusts his revolver in his face until its muzzle is buried in his grizzled beard. "No, my father," says a younger voice behind him; "don't make any trouble!" The old man yields, and he and his son come forth with rolling eyes and shaking limbs; no shame to shake at such an awakening! At the window the officer is standing covering two shrinking Burghers inside; they have their rifles in their hands, but resting upon the floor, and are crouching over them staring fixedly as if fascinated up at the stern face and four inches of blue steel looking at them through the pane. One of them shifts his hand along his rifle. "None of that!" growls the Briton, looking along his sights. And they too yield, in a maze of terror and bewilderment at the suddenness of it all, and with the others are placed under guard. So much for the picket. The cordon around the farm stirs and shifts, longing to break silence, and to get done with this ageing work. A few whispered orders and they are off once more, in five parties this time, for the big job of the night, the attack on the commando in the farm.

The latter, a big rambling building built in two sides of a square, is perched like a hanging garden on the very shoulder of the berg, with plantations fringing its lower side, and around its upper side a tangle of long grass, old mealies, and the rank vegetation of two years of neglect. In the summit of the berg, hanging immediately over it, is a deep and narrow nek, called, from the owner of the farm, Joubert's Pass, the approaches to which from the far side are of such extreme difficulty that a force intending to attack the farm would stand no chance of doing so undetected by the Boer picket lying in the center of the chasm. And from the farm, if attacked from the other side, as is the case to-night, this nek forms a secure line of retreat, covered by the rifles of friends upon it. So that there can be no hope of success unless it is first in our hands, and one of the five parties bears away and upward to the

left to seize it, with this much hope, that the picket hearing a movement from the "home" side may, until too late, suppose it to be from friends coming up from the farm, or even recognizing the intruders as enemies, may flee in silence rather than make a fuss with the road to their laager blocked. Of the other four detachments, one turns down to the lower ground below the farm to intercept stragglers, and the other three advance on the farm itself in a half moon. It is now nearly three o'clock, and deathly still. The business in hand must be done quickly, for there is little hope of success, even of return, if Erasmus's desperadoes once detect the small numbers of their assailants. In a night affair the attackers can expect little mercy if they are worsted. The confusion, terror, and indignation of the surprised gives little scope or will to take prisoners those of the beaten surprisers whom it is impossible to shoot. The dismounted troopers, stealing forward in the half light, know all this well enough, and pray that events may march quickly so that they may forget it and quit themselves like men.

They have not long to wait. Down from the path above comes the clattering of a galloping, stumbling horse. A Boer half-way up the hillside has detected the party climbing to cut off the picket, and with presence of mind he leaves the smaller issue to its fate and flies to warn the main body. The clattering changes to a heavy swishing as he plunges through the thicket behind the house. The three encircling parties run crouching to their places, only just in time. Then a hoarse shout from the Boer, who pulls up at the end of the wing and flings himself from his horse, "Come out, Burghers! come out! The English are on the pass!" He then runs behind the farm, calling wildly to a native to loose the precious cattle from their kraal, "Jantje, Jantje, you sleeping pig, loose the beasts!" The bewildered animals stream out, trotting lumberingly right among the men lying in ambush, and between them and the farm. Then some one fires. A roar arises within the building, an exclamation from a hundred startled men, the sound of a hundred men clutching at their rifles and clothes and leaping across the encumbered rooms. The first man appears at the doorway in the end of the wing, another shot and he is down. And then the tempest is let loose, and the scene becomes indescribable. Out of the doorway pours a stream of half-naked men, some firing, some falling, all yelling in their terror, some curses, some for mercy. A ring of spitting, flashing fire bursts from the ambuscade; it rolls from end to end of the half circle, backward and forward, forward and back, its uproar redoubled by the tremendous

smacking of the bullets upon the stone walls, the resonant singing note as they smite and tear through the corrugated tin roof, and the crash and streamy tinkle of shivering glass. From every window figures are leaping, some black, fully clothed, others ludicrously white in drawers and shirts. Some of the English charge madly up to these windows. "Hands up! hands up! you —!" Mercy is given where asked (have British soldiers ever forgotten in the wildest of scuffles that their enemies were men with souls?), death is dealt out where roared for by a Mauser shot echoing from inside the rooms. The farm is surrounded by leaping, cursing figures, friend flying from friend in the gloom, some flinging themselves to the ground, some jumping high in the air at every shot, as if they expected the bullet to pass under their feet. It is an Inferno, a Babel, anything you will of horrible confusion, racket, and agony. But the Boers are too many for their assailants. They break out behind the circle in twos and threes, in tens and twenties, some running at full speed with bodies bent until they almost touch the ground; others manfully rushing at the straggling line which hems them in; others slither through the thicket at the back, and the bullets rasp through the long dry grass over their heads. All have their rifles and bandoliers—a Boer will grip these in his sleep at a sound outside—and a party of them stand at bay in the plantation below the house, and add their fire to the appalling clamour. They are answered by a storm from the lower detachment, and melt away, leaving some gasping and gripping the twigs and undergrowth, or clutching at the empty air, as dying men will, and many rolling hideously among the sodden leaves, with animal-like cries, as men grievously hurt roll and cry. In the intervals bursts of rifle-fire are heard up by the pass. The picket there has stood to arms in time, and the British detachment can get no farther. A bad job this, for the way home must lie over that narrow rift. But the pace down below is too hot to inquire. For twenty mad minutes more the "cohue" seethes and roars around the farm, more scattered now, and farther from the buildings themselves. In odd corners, under walls and bushes, even old wagons and heaps of mealies, men are finding men to grapple with and bayonet or clutch by the throat. "Hands up!" "Hands up!" sounds from all sorts of dark spots—often from a soldier encountering another in the half light, when they part with an oath and a laugh which has something hysterical in it. And then it dies fitfully away—a hoarse cry here and there, a plunge of something heavy in the brushwood, and silence.

The World's Progress: Social, Industrial and Commercial

Trip Through Siberia.....E. J. Hill.....Boston Transcript

In the public park in Khabarofsk, on a high bluff overlooking the Amoor and Oussouri valleys, there stands a splendid statue of General Mouravieff. His back is turned upon the conquests of the past, and he is looking at and pointing toward Manchuria. It was he who in 1854 notified China that, with or without her consent, he proposed to resume control of the Amoor River. In 1855 he re-established the Cossack stations its entire length, and in 1860, by the treaty of Aigun, gained this splendid valley of a river navigable for 2,000 miles, and the whole Pacific coast of Manchuria reaching westward to the Oussouri River and southward to Korea. That accession made Siberia what it is to-day. Without it she would have remained a trackless waste. With it she will become the dominant power in the Orient, and it is not impossible that in some distant future the United States of North America will clasp hands across the straits with the United States of Northern Asia.

Few people realize the immensity of Siberia. To think of a single State stretching through 130 degrees of longitude, and possessing one-ninth of all the land surface of the globe, is staggering. Let us measure it by countries we are familiar with. The United States and all its possessions, and all Europe except Russia, could be put into Siberia, with land enough left to make thirty-five States like Connecticut. And Manchuria will make seventy more. I had thought it a convict settlement only. I found it a country of nearly 9,000,000 people, 97 per cent. of whom were either natives or voluntary immigrants, and all living better and enjoying much more political and religious liberty than in European Russia. I had believed it to be a frozen wilderness. The part through which I traveled was like Minnesota and the foothills of the Rockies, where wheat and rye and vegetables matured, where strawberries, currants and raspberries abound, where sheep, cattle and horses graze unsheltered throughout the year, and where a greater extent of virgin forests of splendid birch and pine is found than in the whole area of the United States. For about 400 miles north of the Trans-Siberian road like conditions prevail, and north of this tillable land are 400 miles more of unbroken forests, before the frozen tundra of Arctic waste is reached.

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on full of exiles and criminals. With the exception of the two convict barges floating down the Amoor on their way to Saghalien, I saw no trace of the system, but I did see in every town and village, no matter how small, the dome of a Russian church, and in the larger cities Roman Catholic and Lutheran churches as well.

Into and through such a country the Russian Empire has built a marvelous railroad. Although planned for military purposes, its freight and passenger traffic has so enormously increased that there is no longer a question of its financial success. From its beginning, a steadily increasing tide of immigration has flowed into Siberia from Central and Northern Russia. Vladivostock, which forty years ago consisted of four Chinese fishermen's huts, is now a flourishing city of 50,000, and Khabarofsk and Blagovestchenk are not far behind in wealth of population. At first there was a Cossack occupation at strategic points, then an assisted emigration of the former serfs, now an eager and enthusiastic search for wealth in the fertile soil of a new country. To each family moving into the Amoor and Maritime Provinces an allotment of 269 acres of land is made, and into the central and western provinces forty acres for each male immigrant, with certain tax exemptions and lessening of military service in both cases. The car fare to incoming settlers is surprisingly low—about \$12 for 4,500 miles.

On the 28th of June, as I bade good-by to Consul Harris in Nagasaki, he said: "I will mail a letter to-night to you at St. Petersburg by the way of San Francisco. It will go around the world before you do." It did, reaching St. Petersburg in thirty-five days, while it took me forty-two to get to Moscow. My first stop was in Korea, a poverty-stricken land, which Russia and Japan, in eager rivalry, are attempting to exploit. There is an opinion prevalent that the Philippines are a doorway into China, and that Manila is an entrepot for Chinese trade. One might as well claim that Cuba or the Bahamas could control the commerce of the United States.

My first purchase in Siberia was a postage stamp, and, living in a country where officials are public servants, it seemed strange to me to stand, with hat removed, before the counter, behind which a man sat with his cap on, dressed like a Major General, and graciously consented to sell me one five-cent stamp. Great as the postmaster

left to seize it, with this much hope, that the picket hearing a movement from the "home" side may, until too late, suppose it to be from friends coming up from the farm, or even recognizing the intruders as enemies, may flee in silence rather than make a fuss with the road to their laager blocked. Of the other four detachments, one turns down to the lower ground below the farm to intercept stragglers, and the other three advance on the farm itself in a half moon. It is now nearly three o'clock, and deathly still. The business in hand must be done quickly, for there is little hope of success, even of return, if Erasmus's desperadoes once detect the small numbers of their assailants. In a night affair the attackers can expect little mercy if they are worsted. The confusion, terror, and indignation of the surprised gives little scope or will to take prisoners those of the beaten surprisers whom it is impossible to shoot. The dismounted troopers, stealing forward in the half light, know all this well enough, and pray that events may march quickly so that they may forget it and quit themselves like men.

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on full of exiles and criminals. With the exception of the two convict barges floating down the Amoor on their way to Saghalien, I saw no trace of the system, but I did see in every town and village, no matter how small, the dome of a Russian church, and in the larger cities Roman Catholic and Lutheran churches as well.

Into and through such a country the Russian Empire has built a marvelous railroad. Although planned for military purposes, its freight and passenger traffic has so enormously increased that there is no longer a question of its financial success. From its beginning, a steadily increasing tide of immigration has flowed into Siberia from Central and Northern Russia. Vladivostock, which forty years ago consisted of four Chinese fishermen's huts, is now a flourishing city of 50,000, and Khabarovsk and Blagovestchenk are not far behind in wealth of population. At first there was a Cossack occupation at strategic points, then an assisted emigration of the former serfs, now an eager and enthusiastic search for wealth in the fertile soil of a new country. To each family moving into the Amoor and Maritime Provinces an allotment of 269 acres of land is made, and into the central and western provinces forty acres for each male immigrant, with certain tax exemptions and lessening of military service in both cases. The car fare to incoming settlers is surprisingly low—about \$12 for 4,500 miles.

On the 28th of June, as I bade good-by to Consul Harris in Nagasaki, he said: "I will mail a letter to-night to you at St. Petersburg by the way of San Francisco. It will go around the world before you do." It did, reaching St. Petersburg in thirty-five days, while it took me forty-two to get to Moscow. My first stop was in Korea, a poverty-stricken land, which Russia and Japan, in eager rivalry, are attempting to exploit. There is an opinion prevalent that the Philippines are a doorway into China, and that Manila is an entrepot for Chinese trade. One might as well claim that Cuba or the Bahamas could control the commerce of the United States.

My first purchase in Siberia was a postage stamp, and, living in a country where officials are public servants, it seemed strange to me to stand, with hat removed, before the counter, behind which a man sat with his cap on, dressed like a Major General, and graciously consented to sell me one five-cent stamp. Great as the postmaster

is, he is nothing compared to the army officer. On one extremely hot day on the Amoor a wealthy merchant was lying on a sofa in the cabin. He had removed his coat. A lieutenant in the army, traveling third class as a deck passenger, happening to see him in his shirt sleeves, and just above his head a picture of the Emperor, ordered him to put on his coat in the presence of the Emperor. The merchant appealed to the captain of the steamboat, but without effect.

The Trans-Siberian Railroad is well constructed, in my judgment much better than our transcontinental lines originally were. More than 1,400 wooden bridges are being changed as rapidly as possible to steel. The roadbed is well drained, and watchmen flag all trains its entire length. The cars, though built on the English plan of compartments, are equipped with vestibules and Westinghouse airbrakes, and are in every way as comfortable as ours.

New Zealand's Prosperity..... Outlook

Since New Zealand achieved its international reputation as an exponent of advanced democracy, a succession of reports has had wide circulation to the effect that the colony was suffering financial embarrassment by reason of its social and economic experiments. These reports have been denied by various friends of New Zealand, but have continued to gain currency until they have now received the attention of her Prime Minister in his annual address to the Colonial Parliament. Premier Seddon's address has been summarized by Mr. Henry D. Lloyd in a remarkable letter to the New York Evening Post of December 7. His statement is briefly as follows: During the ten years since the Radical Party came into power the population of the country has increased 19 per cent., the exports 40 per cent., and the bank deposits 60 per cent. The wealth of the country per family has increased from \$5,700 to \$7,400—a figure exceeded nowhere in the world. The increase in the colony's debt is large (\$54,000,000, or \$300 per family), but the three-quarters of it invested in railroads, land settlement, advances to settlers, etc., etc., not only pays interest on the bonds issued therefor, but yields a profit of \$300,000 a year to help pay the interest on the remainder. Even the remaining debt is indirectly profitable, as nearly all of it was incurred for new roads, bridges, and public buildings, and for the purchase of native lands. There is no war debt whatever to depress industry. The gains of the decade have been exceptionally marked during the past five years of international prosperity, and most marked of all during the year just ended. During this year the

Government reduced railroad rates 6 2-3 per cent. in pursuance of its policy to reduce these rates whenever the reduction could be made, and the roads still net the Government enough to pay the interest on their bonds. Instead of causing a deficit, this cut in rates was followed by such an increase in traffic as to yield the Government more than ever before. Further reductions were made in its customs duties, postal rates, etc., but all these combined, instead of causing the loss of £350,000 (which would have resulted had not business increased) caused—or were followed by—an increase in the Government revenues amounting to £1,660,000. The widely circulated report that the Premier had confessed that the Colony was approaching financial embarrassment had nothing back of it, it seems, except his statement to a delegation that new bonds could not now be issued for new undertakings except at a higher rate of interest, because (and this, of course, was omitted from the Tory reports) the rates of interest in the London money market had been advanced by the loans to carry on the Boer war!

Progress in Japan..... Public Ledger

In Japan the problem of Malthus comes near being real—whether population is not capable of outrunning subsistence. The means of subsistence have been growing within the last thirty years, but population has grown more rapidly because of better sanitation, medical practice and care of infants than of old, so that to-day in numbers it has already reached considerably more than half that of the United States, while the area of Japan is only about 160,000 square miles, against an area for this country of 3,025,600. The ratio of people to each square mile of Japan is about 286, or more than ten times that of the United States by the census of 1900, which was only 25.6 each mile. Only two States of the Union, Massachusetts and Rhode Island, show a denser population than the average for the Mikado's Empire, and no other State approaches these except New Jersey. It is not probable that any one of these States begins to grow the food for its population or would fail to starve if deprived of the purchasing power of its great manufacturing plant. In 1872 Japan by estimate had 33,110,793 inhabitants. It increased slowly for the next ten years, but since 1882 the growth has been nearly half a million a year. In 1898 the total number was 43,761,723. What to do with the half a million new mouths to be fed each year is the problem that confronts the Japanese statesmen, not as a theory of the far-off future but as a serious condition of to-day. No doubt, as in other civilized countries, this problem is solving itself in the increased capacity to

produce food. But the country is so irregular in its surface that richer results from a given area can be obtained by more thorough hand culture than by a system of large farming. Machinery would diminish the amount of labor required to obtain a given product in a given time, but it would not increase the product obtained from a given area. Fertilization is already employed in Japan, and the recent report of the Department of Agriculture and Commerce, going carefully into the yield of the rice crop, shows a considerable increase in the ratio of production to a given area. But taking the yield per capita, the proportion, it is found, has been almost stationary for the past twenty years. Production, in short, has only just kept pace with the growth of population. A great increase in importation has taken place, which has much exceeded the exports, but it appears that some of the best rice is exported and poorer is imported to take its place in the consumption of the masses. Thus in 1900 the export price per koku was 14.11 yen, while the import price was 9.86 yen. The smallest quantity of rice necessary for each individual is about seven and a half bushels. The actual consumption in Japan is less than four and a half bushels, but the deficit is made up from wheat and other grains. The Department, in discussing the question of future food supply, recommends that measures be taken to increase the production of rice by the cultivation of waste land and the improvement of the present methods of culture.

The salvation of Japan, as of other progressive countries, lies partly in developing her manufactures and finding an outlet for them, which will enable her to obtain her food abroad, and partly by finding outlets in agricultural countries for her surplus population. In the field of manufactures Japan has made remarkable progress. She has to some extent solved the food problem for the time by the capacity to purchase food abroad, which is afforded by her increased exports of manufactures. She has recently called a halt in her excessive importations of manufacturing material and luxuries, and thereby reduced the excess of her imports over exports. The exports of October last, for the first time in many months, exceeded the imports. The manufactured goods included in the exports made up nearly three-fourths of the total, and showed a great increase over the previous year in the movement of raw silk, matting, and miscellaneous articles.

Chiefly, however, in the direction of outlets for emigration, aid must be sought, in the opinion of leading Japanese statesmen, for the threatened congestion of population in old Japan, and the failure of the earth to yield bread enough for her

children. Japan has already two outlets for her surplus population under her own control. One the island of Formosa, recently acquired in the war with China, and the other the island of Yezo. The population of Formosa is estimated at two and a half millions and its area at 13,500 square miles. The productiveness of the country is such that it is believed that the population could be raised to 10,000,000, by the settlement of seven and a half million Japanese, without exhausting the fertility of the soil. Yezo has an area of 36,000 square miles and a population of only 610,155, or about 17 to the square mile. Here is ample opportunity for expansion, if climatic conditions permitted, but Yezo is the most northern of the larger islands of Japan, and it is doubtful whether the mass of the Japanese people can be persuaded to settle there. The average temperature in Yezo is only 8.8 degrees centigrade, while that around Tokio is 13.8 degrees, and further to the south it runs above 20 degrees. The minimum at Tokio is 5.9 degrees below freezing, while in Yezo it drops down to 16.7 degrees.

An earnest effort is being made by the Government to promote emigration to Yezo, and with some success. But advances in money have to be made to emigrants, and official favors extended to them in every way to promote any general movement of this kind. The Japanese, though thrifty and industrious, are not an emigrating people as the Chinese around Hong Kong and Canton, and much official allurement will be necessary to induce large emigration. The suggestion has been made in the Philippines that Japanese labor will be the next best thing to Chinese, if the latter continues to be shut out by the extension to the islands of the Chinese Exclusion law of the United States. Thus far, only a few Japanese have gone to the Philippines, most of them being merchants, with a little capital, or household servants. When franchises for corporate enterprise begin to be granted in the islands, and great capitalists feel the need of proper labor, they may be able to hold out inducements which will induce immigration in the same manner as it has been induced in the Hawaiian Islands. It is obvious that, unless pestilence or a radical revolution in agriculture supervenes, Japan will be forced before many years to look again across the sea to Korea as a field of settlement and exploitation, in addition to the areas in Formosa and Yezo of which she is preparing to make the best economic use. Hence her vital interests in preventing Korea from becoming Russian and shutting up the Japanese people at home to starvation or the adoption of abhorrent methods for deeping down their rate of increase.

Budapest To-Day.....Chicago Times-Herald

The people of Hungary are now enjoying the liberty for which Kossuth fought. It has been theirs since 1866, and they have celebrated it by building one of the most splendid of European capitals, comparing with Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, and second only to Vienna in the stately magnificence of its public buildings and streets. The world at large knows less about Budapest than about any other of the important cities of Europe. So modern is it that people do not realize that it has developed as rapidly as Chicago and Minneapolis. It is 200 years since the Turks were driven out of Hungary, after centuries of occupation, but only since 1866 have national pride and progress been combined in the development of the kingdom and its capital.

Thirty years ago Budapest was a primitive and forlorn settlement of not more than 100,000 people, living in tenements built in the eighteenth century. Now its people number nearly 600,000, and the town has undergone a transformation that has never occurred elsewhere, developed into a splendidly appointed and symmetrical modern metropolis, and its construction has been kept so well in hand by the authorities that every feature is harmonious, and every public improvement has been brought about by the application of the highest degree of artistic taste and scientific principles.

The independence of Hungary invigorated every citizen of the nation and inspired his ambition, and he is satisfied with his own work. The people will tell you confidently that Budapest has no rivals, that its streets and buildings, its shipping facilities, its parks and all its material advantages are superior to those of Vienna, and they believe it. Such pride and faith have made Budapest what it is.

The river Danube, which here becomes navigable for large steamers, flows between two ancient cities. One was called Buda and the other Pest. Both date back to prehistoric times, and during the days of the Roman Empire Buda was an outpost of importance. The city was built around a rugged promontory occupied by a citadel rising several hundred feet from the river's bank. Upon the site of that citadel has been erected an enormous palace of marble, one of the largest buildings in Europe, with more than 600 rooms, with long series of state apartments richly decorated and furnished, which are never used but once or twice a year when the Emperor comes to open Parliament, and gives a grand ball to which invitations are extended with democratic generosity. While to us this monstrous palace may appear a useless extravagance, to the Hungarians it is a monument commemorating the restoration of

the ancient Magyar kingdom, which is rapidly taking its place among the great powers of the world. The national pride is thus gratified, and every morning when a Hungarian comes into the street he can look across the river and be reminded that he is a citizen of a great and growing country.

The relations between Austria and Hungary are closer than those between Sweden and Norway, for the latter nations have only a King and a diplomatic service in common, while the former have a common army and navy, a common tariff, a common currency and a common sovereign and diplomatic corps. In other respects they are like independent nations. Each has its own Parliament, passes its own laws, assesses its own taxes and expends the money in its own way. Each has its own capital and courts, and the rivalry between the two nations is good for both. Budapest is as proud as any city in Europe, and has more to be proud of than most of them, for nowhere outside of Vienna can such streets, public edifices and conveniences be found.

In addition to the palace the national pride has found expression in a Parliament House, which the people think is the grandest structure since the temple of Solomon. It is a huge pile of sandstone, covering nearly four acres, larger than the Parliament House at London, or the Capitol at Washington, and is an architectural medley, with a forest of Gothic spires and a Byzantine dome 350 feet high rising from a French mansard roof. The building was designed by Professor Steindl, Director of the Architectural Department of the Royal Technical School, who has done much to develop and cultivate the architectural taste and ambition of the Hungarian people. One can see the results of his influence and instruction in the long lines of buildings that enclose the principal streets and boulevards of the city. They are a mixture of the French and Italian schools, pretentious and ornate. There is nothing in Europe to surpass them in solidity of construction, although, like the apartment houses of Vienna and Berlin, they lack what we consider the ordinary comforts of life.

The Parliament House has already cost \$10,000,000, which is equivalent to twice that amount in our country as values go. It has been twenty years in building, and although it will not be completed for a year or two more it is occupied by the two Houses of Parliament for the first time this winter. The interior is a blaze of splendor, marble stairways, pillars, ceilings and walls, onyx pillars, mantels and door frames, bronze and brass work that glisten with polish, mosaics of gold and colors and brilliant mural decorations in Egyptian,

Moorish, Saracenic and modern poster effects—a wild kaleidoscope of color and gilding which gratifies the Magyars, a race that retains to this day the Oriental features, passions, and tastes of its ancestors. Here and there within the building you will find a group of Ionic and Corinthian capitals and exquisite examples of Gothic tracery, both in oak and marble, in the arches, windows, wainscoting and screens.

The throne room, where the Emperor sits once a year and receives an address from his loyal Hungarian subjects, and the two legislative halls, are magnificent apartments, equal to the best parts of our Congressional Library at Washington, and the libraries, reading rooms, committee rooms, restaurants and other accommodations for the members of the Hungarian Legislature are much superior to anything that can be found elsewhere. Beside them the interior of our Capitol at Washington looks shabby.

On the opposite side of the square from the Parliament House is a noble building of the Renaissance school for the Supreme Court, and along the banks of the Danube for nearly a mile are a succession of splendid edifices, all built within the last quarter of a century by the Government for public purposes—museums, libraries, art galleries, custom houses, offices for the executive departments and the courts, the Stock Exchange and the national bank—divided by pretty little parks and open spaces, which have been ornamented with statues and monuments to Hungarian statesmen, poets, soldiers and others of distinction.

The banks of the Danube are walled up with stone, with two terraces, the lower one furnishing landing piers for freight and passengers from the thousands of steamers that ply the river. The upper terrace is utilized as a promenade, which is sought by the people of the city every evening and during their leisure hours. Cafés, musical gardens and cosy little groves afford a rendezvous for social parties, and during the summer season half the population may be found upon this esplanade.

A few miles down the river is an island, which has been fitted up as a pleasure ground, and is sought by the common people. There are wide parks in different directions, and the facilities for amusement are as ample as they are in Paris.

The street car system of Budapest is considered the best in the world, and has been imitated by several American cities, including Washington. The underground railway is also a model, and is frequently inspected by delegations of engineers from different parts of the world. It is four miles

long, running from the center of business to the suburbs, where it connects with surface steam railways. The stations are built of porcelain tiles inside and out, and are very ornamental and artistic. The cars hold forty-two people; they run by the electric third-rail system, and the fare is four cents, the stations being at intervals of a quarter of a mile.

The sewers, water works, electric light facilities, the telephone service and other public conveniences are all of the most advanced and complete order, and no other city in Europe or the United States is so nearly perfect in these respects.

Russia's Great Railroad.....New York Commercial Advertiser

George E. Weatherby, of Montreal, one of the civil engineers employed in constructing the Trans-Siberian Railway, and who has been engaged in railroad and bridge construction in Russia for the past seven years, in speaking of the great railway, says:

The Southern and Central Siberian section of the railway, which was partially opened for traffic in 1895, and the whole completed last year, is proving very satisfactory in every way. There has been a wonderfully rapid growth along this section of the line since its opening to passenger and freight traffic. In 1895, for instance, there were over 300,000 passengers and 80,000 tons of freight carried over the line. Last year over 1,000,000 passengers and pretty nearly as many tons of freight were handled. The total cost of the undertaking, so far, is, roughly speaking, somewhere between \$400,000,000 and \$500,000,000. A tremendous amount of money has yet to be expended, but not so very large in comparison with the advantages promised to Russia, for when the railway is completed she will possess the shortest route between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Siberia is also a country of rich productive powers, and the new railway will open it up as well as develop Russia's intercourse with the countries of Eastern Asia.

Among the export freight from Siberia corn takes first place, which is sent principally to European markets. Next comes cattle. Few people are aware of the fact that Siberia is a great cattle-raising country. Dressed meat, tons of butter, chiefly for the London market, are also exported in special refrigerator wagons. Tallow, wool, hides, eggs, and game are also handled largely.

Of goods in transit, tea as yet forms the principal item. The chief imports into Siberia by the new railway are iron, sugar, cottons, woolens, machinery and petroleum.

C h o i c e V e r s e

Before Sunrise.....Mary Wilkinson Mount.....Town and Country

Oh, soft are the breezes o'er dim forests sweeping
 And rosy the morn on the mountains awake.
 The day is astir though the night is still weeping
 In mists that hang low where the pale stars are keeping.
 A watch o'er the day ere it break.

The spiders have spun on the dew in the grasses
 A web that is sheen wrought of silver and pearls,
 And fern fronds, atremble, shake drops as there passes
 A wandering wind in the white cloud that masses
 About the dawn's feet where night curls.

The world is awaking: birds' voices are calling,
 Athrill, to their mates through the wastes of the blue:
 The pine trees lynn sharply where fogs now are falling;
 My life's lonely night on my spirit is palling;
 My heart—it is crying to you!

Oh, soft are the winds on the blue mountains blowing,
 And far stretch the skies from yon summit to sea.
 More urgent, my love, than the winds in their wooing;
 More strong set to thine than the tide outward flowing;
 My heart rests not save 'tis with thee.

Song.....David H. Morehead.....Boston Evening Transcript

Roses blow and roses fade,
 Flowers bloom and die;
 Life is made of sun and shade,
 Laughter and a sigh—
 Heigh-o! sun and shade,
 Laughter and a sigh.

Love is like the roses red,
 Passing in a day;
 Soon 'tis dead, its sweetness fled
 On the wind away.
 Heigh-o! soon 'tis dead—
 Pluck it while you may.

Heroes of the Firing Line...Joaquin Miller...Country Life in America

"In those days there were giants in the land
 . . . men who were of power and renown."

Not Roberts, he of Candahar,
 Not Cronje with his scar-seamed men,
 Not any man of noisy war,
 Nor noisome man with praiseful pen:—
 No, no, the hero of the strife
 Is he who deals not death but life: —
 I count this man the coming man,
 The rounding glory of God's plan.

The heroes of the firing line?
 They housed with God upon the height,
 Companionship with the peak, the pine;
 They read His open Book by night;
 They drank His star-distilled perfume
 Walled round by room and room and room:
 By day they faced the trackless West
 And chased the yellow sun to rest.

Such sad, mad marches to the sea!
 Such silent sacrifice, such trust!
 Three thousand miles of misery.
 Three thousand miles of heroes' dust!

But then such stout thews of the few
 Who knew the Promised land, who knew
 The cleansing fire, and then laid hold
 To hammer out God's house of gold!

Hear, hear, their thousand cannon roar
 Against the knock-kneed mountain gnome,
 Where never man set foot before,
 Where monsters only have made home!
 Hear, hear, the treasure house is free,
 A stream of gold flows to the sea,
 And where a foolish king would rear
 A castle, lo! a college here!

Their cities zone the sundown seas,
 Their white tents top the mountain crest.
 The coward? He trenched not with these.
 The weakling? He is laid to rest.
 Each man's a man, such dauntless man
 As God wrought not since time began.
 His sons are as the sons of Saul,
 With David's daring, soul of Paul.

Each man a hero, lion each!
 Behold what length of limb, what length
 Of life, of love, what daring reach
 To deep-hived honeycomb! what strength!
 Clean outdoor Adams, virile, clean
 As nature in her vernal green:
 He hears, hears as a prophet hears
 The morning music of the spheres.

In Black and White.....Charles W. Stevenson . . . Washington Star

Above—the sky, a bowl of opal light.
 Pouring pearl moonshine on a plaque of white!
 Far ineffectual stars, that faintly glow
 On rolling billows of unbroken snow.
 Silence and cold! No song within the trees;
 No sound of water fowl that southward flees.
 Night on the prairie—still and cold and lone,
 Save where, the light of home, a cabin window
 shone.

Below—the earth a plaque of pallid light—
A level landscape etched in black and white!
Small clumps of scrub oaks like dark blotches
show,
The creek a silver line, windswept of snow;
Like black threads, broken, fences creeping near;
No traveler rides, no sleigh bells chime out clear:
The long storm still; cold, cold, a prairie lone!
Save where the light of home on happy faces
shone!

The Subaltern......Thomas Hardy.....*Harper's*

I.

"Poor wanderer," said the leaden sky,
"I fain would lighten thee,
But there be laws in force on high
Which say it must not be."

II.

"I would not freeze thee, shorn one," cried
The North, "knew I but how
To warm my breath, to slack my stride;
But I am ruled as thou."

III.

"To-morrow I attack thee, wight,"
Said Sickness. "Yet I swear
I bear thy little ark no spite,
But am bid enter there."

IV.

"Come hither, Son," I heard Death say;
"I did not will a grave
Should end thy pilgrimage to-day,
But I, too, am a slave!"

V.

We smiled upon each other then,
And life to me wore less
That fell contour it wore ere when
They owned their passiveness.

*The Snows of Yesterday**.....Justin McCarthy

I wonder in what Isle of Bliss
Apollo breathes ambrosial air,
In what green valley Artemis
For young Endymion spreads the snare,
Where Venus lingers debonair;
The wind has blown them all away,
And Pan lies piping in his lair—
Where are the gods of yesterday?

Say where the great Semiramis
Sleeps in a rose-red tomb, and where
The precious dust of Cæsar is,
Or Cleopatra's yellow hair;
Where Alexander's Do and Dare;
The wind has blown them all away,
And Red-beard of the Iron Chain,
Where are the dreams of yesterday?

Where does the Queen of Herod's kin,
Or Phryne in her beauty bare,
With Rhodope and Tomyris,
And Sappho and Campaspe fare,
Where Guenevere the world's despair?
The wind has blown them all away,
And Helen, fairest of the fair.
Where are the girls of yesterday?

*Recited by E. H. Sothern in *If I Were King*.

Alas for lovers! pair by pair
The wind has blown them all away,
In vain we seek them here and there,
Where are the snows of yesterday?

Bitter Sweet......Susie M. Best.....*Bohemian*

In the heart of the rose the span-worm
Nestles. (Ah me! I know.)
And under the wreath of laurel
The sharp thorns press, I trow.

To the feet of the golden idol
A little clay must cling
And over the gates of Eden
The swords of sorrow swing.

The burial train and the bridal
Oft in the roadway meet,
For this is the way Fate mingles
Life's bitter and its sweet.

Thoughts......Winifred Webb.....*McClure's*

Grim wrestlers on the field of fate,
They strive together, round on round;
What men call deeds of love and hate
Are but their shadows on the ground.

Alkali Plains......Amy Dudley.....*Overland Monthly*

O, desolate, arid, wind-swept, desert plains,
Cursed by a just Almighty's stern command—
Who sent His devastating angel forth
To make of thee a wasted, barren land,
Unleashed the fierce volcanic lava-flood,
That o'er thy breast poured out its fiery course;
Thy storm-scarred, wave-washed, serried, crumbl-

ing rocks

Attest the raging tempest's mighty force.
Within thy ancient, sun-baked, furrowed breast
Stupendous mysteries lie locked in sleep;
Inscrutable, thy sphinx-like, silent cliffs
Their far-off, tantalizing secrets keep.
What deed of sin, so evil, so accursed,
That doomed an early and ill-fated race,
And all their land, to dreadful punishment,
So awful, that long years would not efface,
But leave a heritage of wonderment,
And vain attempt, to wrest from out the past
That which the silence has decreed its own—
A solemn mystery while the world shall last.

The Heritage......"H.".....*Rochester Post-Express*

She came to me, my mistress Life,
With duty's steel-light in her eyes,
She leaned and lightly kissed my brow,
The guerdon of my great emprise;
"Your ways shall lie in lonely lands,
Dull grief and dolour shall beset,
For you the common heritage,
Only regret, only regret."

O brain of mine and heart of mine
Be one—though it be far from light—
To toil until the task be done,
And day is shadowed by the night;
To toil for sheer love of the work,
Until the sun at last shall set,
To drain a cup with Death—and then,
Just to forget, just to forget.

Modern Medicine, Surgery and Sanitation

Open Air Colonies for Tuberculosis *Medical News*

The Rocky Mountain Industrial Sanitarium, organized by Denver professional and business men last spring, is now in operation. On a ten-acre tract, five miles from Denver, fifteen or twenty patients in the early stage of consumption are virtually taking care of themselves. The rules of the institution compel a continuous outdoor life to be maintained summer and winter. Each patient is provided with a roomy tent, plenty of warm clothing and blankets, and a small stove to be used only in extremely cold weather. Experience has proven that with proper food and clothing, and a life in the open air and sunshine, artificial heat is unnecessary, and becomes absolutely unbearable to the patients, who without exception are gaining rapidly. The hope of the physicians and others interested in the enterprise is to form a colony of all consumptives who come to Denver, and thus take them off the streets of the city, and out of the hotels and boarding-houses, where they could never recover, and where they are a constant menace to the public health. While no one is allowed to profit, the institute must be self-supporting. The co-operative idea has already been put into force, for many of the patients are supporting themselves wholly or in part by doing the work on the premises. Margaret S. Dunne, who received high commendation for her work in army hospitals during the Spanish War, is the superintendent.

The sanitarium, however, recently established near Plymouth for treatment of sufferers from this dread disease, goes even further than the Denver colony of consumptives. At Plymouth the patients live in little shacks about twelve feet square, of which three sides are constructed of wood and the fourth side consists of a screen which is pulled down only in rainy weather, perfect ventilation being thus assured. The main feature of the open-air treatment is the sun-bath. On the top of the sanitarium proper, which was once a colonial residence, a large open space has been arranged, fitted with cots and lattice work. Here the patients are compelled to lie naked for a certain length of time every fine day, turning their bodies about so that they may receive on each part the direct rays of the sun. The whole cuticle of each patient is soon as tanned as are the neck and arms of a summer yachtsman. Following the sun-bath the patient is made to undergo a needle-bath, the temperature of which is regulated by the operator, ending with a sluicing down with cold water at a forced high pressure.

A rub-down comes next, leaving the whole skin in a glow, and then the patient is dressed and sent outdoors. Very little medicine is given, the bill of fare is liberal and the patients are permitted to eat almost anything they fancy. A large vegetable garden is connected with the sanitarium. Patients are not allowed to visit one another in their rooms, and the rule against expectoration is rigidly enforced. This institution is not intended for advanced cases, but merely for incipient ones, which the managers declare can be treated in such a manner as to put new vigor into the patient and send him home with renewed interest in life.

The Statistics of Suicide *Philadelphia Medical Journal*

Self-destruction is on the increase. An English alienist has investigated this subject, with discouraging results. Some forty years ago the average number of suicides was, in Sweden, one to every 92,000 inhabitants; in Russia one to every 35,000 inhabitants; in the United States one to every 15,000 inhabitants; and in London and St. Petersburg one to every 21,000 inhabitants. In France there were, for every 100,000 inhabitants, from 1841 to 1845, 9 suicides; and from 1846 to 1850, 10; from 1861 to 1870, 13; from 1871 to 1875, 15; from 1876 to 1880, 17; in 1899, 21; in 1893, 22, and in 1894, 26. From 1826 to 1890 the proportion of suicides in Belgium has augmented 72 per cent.; in Prussia 411 per cent.; in Austria 238 per cent.; in Sweden and Denmark 72 per cent. and 35 per cent. respectively, and in France 318 per cent. Recent figures show that suicide is more common in the French army than in any other European force. Out of 1,000 soldiers fifty die by suicide, and of every 100,000 men in the army about twenty-seven commit suicide every year. In the United States the increase will probably reach 300 per cent. Two peculiarities are shown in the recently published figures of suicides in American cities, the recession of natives of Germany from the head of the list, and an increase in the number of suicides among colored people. In the last report published in New York City it was seen that there were more suicides by natives of the United States than by those of Germany, though the disparity was very small. The change is explained by the fact that while the number of German men who commit suicide is larger than that of male suicides of any other country, suicide by German women is comparatively rare. The suicides of colored people have been more conspicuous in the large cities of the South than in

the Northern cities where the colored population is small. Colored residents of farms or small towns seldom commit or attempt suicide; it is in the large cities, where the struggle for existence is under conditions most unfavorable to colored men, that a few of them overcome their repugnance to such an act of violence. In proportion to the total population, suicides among Englishmen residing in the United States are much more frequent than among residents of Irish birth. Among male natives of France and Switzerland in the United States the rate of suicides is high; among women from France or Switzerland suicide is practically unknown. In respect to the total number of suicides compared with the population, Chicago and San Francisco rank highest among American cities. Baltimore and Richmond are low on the list.

Obesity..... Medical World

Since obesity is an excessive development of adipose tissue, it may be considered a pathological condition regardless of the apparent health of the affected individual. In pronounced and long continued cases we know that the fatty tissue is in excess in the liver, heart and kidneys, quite as much as on the face, breast, abdomen and thighs. Though years may elapse before such conditions produce symptoms, the final outcome is certain. The pathology of fatal cases is well known; of cases that endure for years, much less so. Fat people are generally hearty and promiscuous eaters, and consume an excess of carbo-hydrates, which cause not only an increase in adipose tissue, but also retard the combustion and elimination of fat already stored. Such people are commonly greedy users of sugar, starches and alcohol; all of which hasten metabolism of albumen and diminish oxidation of the same. Beyond the loss of grace and activity, the symptoms are not prominent except to the victim and his physician. The sense of "bulk"; the dyspnea from weight and cardiac complications; the arterio-sclerosis; the excessive perspiration on exertion, frequently causing intertrigo, pruritus, and eczema; and the final ascites, anasarca, hydrothorax, or hydropericardium; all cause the patient marked discomfort and make his way clear to the grave. The indications in such cases seem plain. Diminish the fat supply first, and secondly dispose of that already stored. Theory is easy but practice often hard. We dare not actually starve our patients, and few can endure the exercise necessary to dispose of the excess of flesh. We must cease to approach such patients in the abject ignorance of quacks; must meet each as an individual patient; must study and regulate both his diet and his

exercise; we must not only know what foods he eats, but how much of each and how often he indulges. It is unfortunate that the best methods of treatment have been termed "systems," and hence are used so, without due regard to reasonable scientific control. We have a number of drugs and compounds which fit certain cases by chance, but we should study the condition of each individual and then select such drug or compound as may best fit in with our system of diet and exercise and the particular patient's needs. Regarding baths, diet, and exercise, it is generally conceded that the "Banting," "Ebstein," and "Oertel" systems lead in popularity. Such popularity is more lay than professional, but it has been fostered and encouraged by ignorant medical advice. The "Banting" system limits daily ingestion of fluids to thirty-five ounces, and nearly excludes fats, sugars, and starches. Patients are allowed but a maximum of twenty-five ounces of food daily, of which one-half must be meat. We frequently observe malnutrition after a short trial. The "Ebstein method" permits the use of fat; three and one-half ounces of bread each day is allowed, but all other starch and sugar is forbidden. Fluids are limited, but black tea, light wines, and meats are given in moderate quantities. The "Oertel system" is the most scientific and rational of all, since it not only seeks to control and regulate the diet, but also aims at such judicious exercise as may gradually increase the elimination of the accumulated fat, while cautiously aiding the oxidation of that which is continually being stored. The "Oertel system" is the best basis on which we may work, but it is faulty in many details. Varieties of food are specified, and allowed ounces are named. It is plain that the five foot, two hundred pound woman would hardly need the same diet as the six foot, three hundred pound man. We believe that obesity may be as well treated at home as by travel. We are sure that any able physician is competent to carry any physiological case to successful recovery. We advise fuller attention on the part of physicians toward this important matter. Let each study well the three systems named, and then take up faithfully the study of the various well recommended drugs and combinations.

The thyroid extract, and the various phytolacca preparations have achieved marked success. Germain See, in contradistinction to nearly all other teachers, advises the abundant use of fluids. He prescribes diluted tea and water taken in large quantities with proteids and fats. Van Noorden calls attention to the fact that persons who have been accustomed to eat large quantities of carbohydrates and fats often fared as well or better

on a reduction of the fats instead of carbo-hydrates, and that in other cases the restriction of the carbo-hydrates gave best results; hence his dictum: "In obesity each separate organization is a study in itself." In certain cases, more notably those of the anemic type, considerable success has been attained by the employment of the well-known Weir-Mitchell rest cure as practised for neurasthenia. As a general rule, most cases will do best if placed under careful supervision of diet and exercise, and under rigid instructions as regards bathing, with judicious administration of medicine. The ideal treatment is a combination of all the methods, selecting that from each which the patient under consideration seems most to need. It is ridiculous to claim that any one food is responsible for all cases of obesity, as some of the systems claim; therefore such limited restriction alone will generally prove disappointing to patient and practitioner. As a rule, both carbohydrates and sugars should be reduced, and we have most faith in restricted quantities of liquids —say not more than thirty ounces daily. We gently starve greedy eaters, and avoid directing sufficient exercise to whet the appetite too keenly. We alter their habits of life gradually. In those recent cases which we can bring under absolute control, unless actual organic disease be at the base of the trouble, we promise ourselves and our patient a cure; in cases of long duration, there is less hope of any permanent relief. We gradually reduce the amount of alcohol taken by those accustomed to its use, and finally forbid it altogether. If life be unendurable without sweets, we use saccharin or glycerin in place of sugar. Those cases which give a history of heredity generally prove intractable unless placed under active treatment on the earliest development of symptoms. Every case must be undertaken with a thorough determination to be persistent; the complete control and confidence of the patient must be gained; the long duration of treatment explained, and every precaution taken to maintain every advantage gained. As soon as it is evident that reduction is taking place, it is a good idea to have the patient weighed regularly on the same scales, and with identically the same clothing; this increases his confidence and invites persistency. The thorough study, complete control, and persistent treatment of the individual cases of obesity will yield a satisfactory percentage of cures.

Sand Filtration and the Death Rate.....Medical Record

Of the many examples in this country of the good effects following the establishment of filtration plants, and the consequent purifying of the

water supply, none can show better results than that at Albany. Wherever, indeed, the slow sand filtration of water has been adopted, the mortality from typhoid fever has been greatly reduced, in some instances almost incredibly. Mechanical filters are cheaper in cost, but as to public health there is no comparison between the two methods. In Lawrence, Mass., before filtration, the average number of deaths from typhoid fever was 52 per annum; after filtration, 13.8, a reduction of 75 per cent. In Ashland, Wis., before filtration the average yearly number of fever deaths was 39; after it was 4.5, a reduction of 88.5 per cent.

In mechanical filters before they were established in Macon, Ga., the deaths from typhoid were 10.5 per annum; afterward 7, a reduction of 33 per cent. In Oakland, Cal., before, the deaths from this cause were 19; after, 17, a reduction of 11 per cent.

A comparison of the average number of deaths each year in Albany for 1900 and then yearly for the decade previous to the installation of the sand-filtration plant shows the following results: The average of deaths each year for the ten years immediately preceding 1900 had been 2,186; the number for 1900, when filtration was operating, was 1,742, a decrease of 444 deaths. And that year, 1900, was distinguished throughout the State of New York by the high mortality rate, so that the figures from Albany have a special significance.

From the point of view of typhoid fever alone, the Albany plant has shown itself a most important factor in the decrease of that disease. The deaths from typhoid fever each year for the decade up to the establishment of filtration had been 84, while in 1900 the number of deaths from this cause amounted to but 39. In fact, in every city or town where sand filtration has been given a trial there has been a largely reduced mortality, and the method undoubtedly is the greatest safeguard against typhoid fever that has been introduced.

Speech and Backward Children.....Charlotte Medical Journal

Adequate provision has not been made for the child backward in its studies. The diagnosis of such a case is not difficult. All children who do not, can not or will not keep up with their classes must be regarded as backward, and they should have our most careful consideration. The prognosis in these cases is not simple. We must take into consideration the inherent possibilities of each child and determine what its mental capacity would be under favorable conditions. Freedom of speech without question is essential to the normal development of children. Speech is a tool of the mind, and just as a poor tool may be responsible

for faulty work, so is defective speech sometimes the cause of backwardness in the child. We know of a boy, nineteen years of age, who could not speak, read or write intelligibly, and was unable to spell the simplest word. His expression was vacant and staring, and the boy was supposed by his physician to be an imbecile. After careful investigation it was discovered that one great barrier to his mental expression was lack of power of expression.

The question arose as to what was the cause of the tardy development of speech. On examination it was found that the patient had a defective tongue. The genio-hyglossus muscle was too short, preventing its normal action in articulation. A simple operation was performed followed by a systematic course of training for the use of the tongue and the related organ, and that boy, who up to nineteen years of age was supposed to be an imbecile, is now one of the most successful real estate brokers in Philadelphia.

We have in mind other cases similar to this one, and on the strength of them and of other knowledge we venture to present the following conclusions:

1. It is not always possible to determine at a glance the cause of backwardness in children.
2. Backwardness is not always due to a central lesion. It may be the result of arrested cerebral development from abnormality of structure in the peripheral organs.
3. A common cause of the trouble may be some abnormality in the peripheral organs of speech.
4. So closely are the speech centers related to the thought centers of the brain that any impairment of the one means an impairment of the other.
5. To arrive at a proximately correct prognosis in such cases is to ascertain to what extent the faculty of speech may be improved. It will be found that those who are most susceptible to training in the use of language are the ones for whom we may promise the best results; in short, that possibilities for general development will be proportional to the capacity for speech development.

Sea Voyages for Inebriety.....Wynn Westcott.....Hospital

The use of sea voyages in the treatment of inebriety should be carefully considered by all physicians who may feel inclined to advise a reformed drinker to take a trip at sea as a means of establishing his health before returning again to his ordinary mode of life. There are reasons for forming a rather decided opinion on this subject. The sort of cases likely to be sent are those in which it is desirable to re-establish the general

health, and it must be remembered that under the most favorable circumstances life at sea is not all rest and comfort, and that the nursing, dieting and quietude which are essential for patients with perhaps fatty heart or liver, are very seldom to be obtained.

Few cases, indeed, of advanced disease of any kind seem suitable for sea life, even at its best. There is no doubt, moreover, that the dullness and monotony of the life and other causes, tend to produce thirstiness. Often a good deal is drunk just before reaching the home port in consequence of the people on board being in a disturbed, excited state, and again, the periods of nervous irritability, depression and precordial distress to which the dipsomaniac is subject, are likely to be more frequent on board ship than ashore.

Therefore, if a dipsomaniac really wants to get well, he should be discouraged from taking a sea voyage. The ideal ship for a patient who wishes to travel in this manner would be a sailing ship, commissioned on teetotal principles with an abstinent captain and crew, which would touch at scarcely a single port en route. Such a ship, however, would be generally difficult to find. In every case, no reformed drunkard should be trusted on a sea voyage alone.

Suicidal Bacteria.....H. L. Russell.....Public Ledger

Some kinds of germs have so great an antipathy for water that they actually commit suicide to escape the fluid. This was proclaimed as a matter of established fact by Professor Russell, of the University of Wisconsin, in a paper read by him recently before the Bacteriological Section of the Society of American Naturalists at its meeting in Chicago.

The title of the paper was The Toxicity of Water toward Certain Pathogenic Bacteria. Therein it was maintained not only that water acts toward some forms of germ life as a poison, but that milk also has similar destructive attributes in some cases or instances. Dr. Russell gave a detailed account of the experiments he had resorted to, with the results which to his mind established satisfactorily his thesis, maintaining that the consequence of the suicide of the bacteria in the water is the purification of the water. The waste substance thrown off by the life processes of the germs form, when in solution, poisons which destroy the germs that produced them.

President Sedgwick disagreed with Professor Russell, but the latter was supported by Dr. Jordan, of the University of Chicago.

Applied Science: *Invention and Industry*

A Vast Transit Study.....Traction and Transmission

The street railway companies of Greater New York (in 1900 the population was 3,437,202), including the boroughs of the Bronx, Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Queens, transport annually on their several systems over a thousand millions (1,102,319,549) of passengers. This total is made up as follows:

	Pass. carried 1900-1.
Surface railways of the boroughs of Bronx and Manhattan (Metropolitan Street Railway Company).....	594,925,800
Manhattan Railway (elevated system).....	184,164,110
Borough of Brooklyn and Queen's Surface and Elevated (Brooklyn Rapid Transit system).....	323,229,639
Total.....	1,102,319,549

This total does not include the number of passengers brought into New York daily by the steam railways, and which form part of the suburban traffic; nor does it take into account the millions of people annually entering the city by the numerous and important lines of ferries which ply between the metropolis and the many surrounding residential towns. The three great systems of street railways of New York, namely, the Metropolitan, the Manhattan, and Brooklyn Rapid Transit, including "surface and elevated," handle annually about twice as many passengers as are carried on the entire two hundred thousand miles of steam railways of the United States. In considering this problem of modern rapid transit, in connection with the remarkable achievement now in progress of completion, of constructing a subway the entire length of Manhattan Island, we have probably the largest and most instructive street railway study in the world. In mechanical traction there is nothing to approach it, or that will approach it when the work now in hand shall have been finished. The completion of the subway scheme, the electrification of the Manhattan Steam Railway and the remainder of the elevated railways of Brooklyn, and the complete re-equipment of the Metropolitan Street Railway—for even that up-to-date system has still 120 miles of horse railway, and are using from four thousand to five thousand horses—will give a carrying capacity of upward of 1,500,000,000 passengers per year. These passengers will be transported by the three distinct systems of modern traction, namely:

(1.) Surface electrical railways, using an underground conduit.

(2.) Electrical elevated railways, running on steel structures in the middle and on each side of important thoroughfares.

(3.) The underground or subway, providing four tracks, and equipped with electrical cars, some of which will be used as express trains, and have a maximum speed of fifty, and an average of thirty miles an hour.

Origin of the Earth.....Robert S. Ball.....Boston Evening Transcript

In a recent lecture in the Lowell Institute course the great astronomer, exhibiting how this earth came into being, presented two lines of argument in support of the nebular hypothesis. These were based on facts well known respecting our planet. The first referred to the remarkable boring for coal near Leipsic, which established the gradient of the earth's temperature, proving that below a certain point near the surface, to which the heat of day penetrates, there is a regular increase in temperature. At a mile below that point the thermometer registers a constant temperature of 80 degrees higher than at the point itself, and conditions show that that gradient continues. Known laws affecting the diffusion of heat make it clear that the lower strata cannot be colder than the overlying ones, but must be warmer, and since the temperature increases uniformly down to the mile, there is no avoiding the conclusion that below the mile the increase will be at substantially the same rate.

A second established fact is that the earth is gradually dissipating its heat into space. The heat moving from the centre of the globe to the surface and lost there each year would be enough to melt a film of ice covering the entire earth one-tenth of an inch thick. This may not seem much of a loss, but it is perpetually going on. It always acts in the same direction, and influences which ever act thus in the same direction are the architects of the universe. They accomplish wonders in the millions of years through which they work. If the earth is losing heat, and has been doing so, it was once hotter than it is now; ages since it was red hot, white-hot, molten, firemist. A great question this. Some believe the earth's heat is due to the friction of the tides. Undoubtedly the tides have an influence in slowing the earth's rotation on its axis, and this bears upon our point. To-day is longer than yesterday, and yesterday longer than the day before. Not a great difference, a fragment of a second in an aggregate of centuries, but here, too, is a cause acting always in the same direction. The loss in

a million of years is about seventeen minutes, in 4,000,000 of years about an hour, so 4,000,000 years ago the day was twenty-three hours long. Going farther backward down the abyss of time, one comes to days of twenty-two hours, twenty, fifteen, ten, eight, even of six hours. This may have been 300,000,000 of years ago, but there is evidence that at one time the rotation of the earth was four times as rapid as now. It then had sixteen times as much energy as at present. Fifteen-sixteenths of that now is gone. But energy is never lost. In this case it has been transformed into heat, and in the radiation of that heat the earth has simply parted with so much of its original energy.

Now, by ingenious investigation a means has been found of computing the heat equivalent of tidal action. The gradient thereof has been discovered to be one degree for every 2,000 feet, which is entirely inadequate to account for the known gradient of 80 degrees. The latter hence is due to internal heat. So in the past the earth was so hot as to be beyond the possibility of maintaining a surface. It was a molten mass, with gases back of that—in fact, a nebula. It extended far out beyond its present limits; it touched the great central nebula, the sun; it was part of it, the same chemical elements composing both.

Is the earth at this moment at the center solid or liquid? It is a race between temperature and pressure. The temperature is high, but the pressure increases. Geologists know that pebbles in conglomerate actually flow under the pressure of the upper deposits. In Norway is a village that is roofed with the granite pebbles of an ancient sea-beach rolled out flat as slates by the pressure of perhaps 10,000 feet of later deposits, since washed away. So these rocks, whether we call them solid or liquid, are made to flow. Whatever the term, the earth is more rigid than solid steel. So rigid is it that the shocks of volcanoes and earthquakes are transmitted through it with twice the velocity of the passage made through steel. The intense heat at the center of the earth is strikingly shown by volcanic eruptions, such for example as that of Krakatoa, when every particle of the solid globe and every wave of the surrounding atmosphere tingled in response to the mighty explosion. But vehement as was this eruption, sending millions of the earth's crust high into the air, it was really a puny thing compared with the outbursts in the day when the earth was young. It had then vast quantities of heat to dissipate, and a Krakatoa eruption would have been but a popgun. Probably the force of the explosion in that far-off age projected particles into space with a velocity so great that gravity was overcome, so

far as the earth was concerned, and these particles, caught by the sun and turned into closed orbits, became members of our solar system, crossing the earth's orbit every few years. At those times the earth was elsewhere in its course, but each little earthborn wanderer, faithful to the laws that governed it, repaired again and again, perhaps a million times, to the place whence it first took flight, until at last, meeting the earth just there, our eyes see it consumed in one bright flash, and we say "a meteor."

A Wonderful Clock..... *Scientific American*

A horological curiosity of the first order is it, a marvel among timepieces. A poor German watchmaker has been devoting his spare time to it for nineteen years, and now at length it is finished. The clock, enclosed in a glass case, consists of 2,200 parts, 112 of which are wheels. The clock indicates the seconds, minutes, hours, dates, the days of the week, months, and the seasons of the year, the pictures of the signs of the zodiac, the sun, moon, and stars, and their rising and setting, as well as the exact position of the celestial bodies. It shows, besides, the moon's phases and the eclipses of the sun and moon. The calendar is the most remarkable feature, since it is perpetual with perfect accuracy. At the beginning of the year it adjusts by itself the statements of the astronomical practitioners in explanation of the everlasting calendar, as well as Easter and the changeable festival days of the coming year. A glass ball representing the spherical globe exactly shows the movements and position of the planets Mercury, Venus, earth and moon, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus. The work is enhanced by over one hundred movable pictures and figures. Every quarter of an hour the figure of a guardian angel appears on the left side of the principal field. The striking of the quarters is done by two angels standing in the recess on the left, while in the sixth recess two figures at a time, representing the four ages of man, are changing alternately. On the right side of the principal field the Angel of Death advances, pointing with his scythe to the dial plate. When the full hour strikes, the center angel of the second recess appears holding an hour-glass, while the angel on the right side above is sounding a trumpet. Under the roof an allegorical figure represents symbolically the right season of the year, while above in the principal field the guiding star of the year appears. On the left side of the clock cabinet stands a cock, which five minutes before noon beats its wings, stoops its neck, opens its bill, and crows three times.

When the picture shows "spring," there appears a cuckoo above; "summer" is represented by

a quail, which issues forth on the left side, both calling seven times. A bull lying at the feet of St. Luke the Evangelist roars to symbolize "autumn," and "winter" is indicated by a lion lying close to St. Mark. Every time the clock strikes twelve, Christ, bending his head, appears with his twelve Apostles, and a monk standing in the portal above rings his "Ave." The clock contains a small chime which plays for five minutes after the striking of an even hour, the melodies changing and each lasting one minute. The work has twelve little bells, and on the roller there are 997 pins, which make the music.

Great Nile River Dam.....John Aird.....Metropolitan

The damming of the Nile, now successfully approaching completion, is one of the most stupendous engineering feats of modern times. So far over twenty millions of dollars have been expended in pushing the work, and fully five millions more will be needed to complete it. An army of workingmen of all nationalities are busily engaged, and like magic a city has sprung up at the site of the operation. It is not easy to convey an idea of the magnitude of the erection. One must see it to appreciate its immensity.

The first great difficulties to contend with were those connected with the foundations of the dam. Although advantage was taken of the numerous large rocks stretching across the river, it was found that between them were serious faults or fissures, in which it was necessary to go down great distances before arriving at a sound bottom. In many places the depth of the foundations amounts to twice the height of the superstructure. The foundations have now been completed to within a distance of about a hundred and fifty yards of the west bank. Each portion of the bed of the river has had to be dammed and cleared of water before the work could proceed, in order that it should be perfectly sound and lasting. This has, of course, caused an immense amount of labor.

There are altogether one hundred and eighty sluices. On the shore ends these are in a double tier, but are single in the central portion, and will, of course, be opened and shut by hydraulic power. The upper sluices are not carried to the actual top of the dam, which would thereby be weakened, but are openings in the work with a continuous line of masonry above them. The locks are to be erected on the west or uncompleted side, and will be of immense strength and adequate capacity. Many of the sluices where the pressure is expected to be greatest are lined with iron frames, the castings of which have come from Glasgow and Ipswich.

The height of the structure from low Nile

level will be about sixty feet, and the slope of the stonework on the down side will be two yards in every three, in order to meet the enormous pressure of the water. On the upper side it will be nearly perpendicular. You can readily understand these precautions to secure strength, when you hear that there will be times when the dam will be called upon to withstand the pressure of a discharge of fifteen thousand tons of water a second.

The total extent of the dam is a mile and a quarter, of which one mile and an eighth of the foundation is finished. Temporary dams, enabling the remaining section to be put in, are now carried across the channel. Pumps for getting in the permanent dam foundations will be started immediately. The whole of the granite masonry required is cut and ready to be laid in place. The parapet alone remains to be prepared. The portion of the dam remaining to be built is that across the well-known western channel.

At Assiut the giant regulating dam across the Nile approaches completion, the foundation being practically all in position, leaving a portion of the superstructure to be completed. The sluice openings here number one hundred and nineteen, all sixteen feet wide. This dam is somewhat similar in principle to the well-known barrage near Cairo, but the details of construction are entirely different, as the foundations are guarded against undermining by a complete line of cast iron and steel piling above and below the work. The barrage itself is constructed of high-class masonry, instead of brick-work as at the old barrage.

As a supplementary work to the reservoirs-dam is the new head-work to the Ibramieh Canal, consisting of a regulation of sluices and a lock. To permit of the commencement of this, a division channel has had to be constructed for the Ibramieh Canal, where four to five thousand men are engaged in cutting. The work here is now practically completed.

Wonders of Transportation.....W. Fawcett.....Pearson's

Fingers of steel; arms of iron; bodies charged with the energy of steam, or electricity, or compressed air; lifting in this direction; lowering in that; carrying tons upon tons with the speed of the wind in another—these are the mechanical giants of the modern manufacturing plant.

Early and late they work. They never grow tired; they never loiter; they are seldom sick; they never put in a tardy appearance in the morning—and they are never blear-eyed from dissipation! They have no human failings, these mechanical hod-carriers. They work better, more accurately, than any human arms and hands can work, and to a hundredfold greater effect.

One picks up a monster locomotive as though it were a toy. Another swings a ponderous bridgebeam that a hundred men could scarcely raise. To a third, it is as easy to hoist up a ton of rock from a mountain side as for a man to lift a pebble in a pail. Here is one carrying the backbone of a ship, clutched fast in prongs; there another shifts coal hither and thither in big iron buckets that load and empty themselves at the touch of a lever.

These weight-raising machines—time-saving, labor-saving, and money-saving as they are—have wrought vast revolutions in the world of labor. Where they throw men out of work in one direction, they make new work in another. In these days intelligent workmen are more quick to realize than formerly that because a machine may do the work of a hundred men, perhaps hundreds of men, it is not necessarily robbing them of their labor, but is rather providing work for more men than were ever engaged in the past. The advent of each mechanical marvel is welcomed by the wise, as meaning greater prosperity to the community.

There are wonderful devices in use now for transporting all classes of the world's stock-in-trade. There is the lifting magnet, for example. This is an outgrowth of the toy that has been the delight of schoolboys for years—only instead of picking up needles, the commercial lifting magnet raises great plates of steel or bars of iron, carrying them from place to place.

The lifting magnet makes it a simple matter to load a train with steel or to unload a cargo. The magnet is put into contact with the piece of material to be raised, an electric current is turned on, the lifting crane is set working—and the thing is done.

One magnet will elevate a mass of metal aggregating two tons in weight. A single mechanic is usually in charge of the crane to which the magnets are attached.

Of late years aerial railways have come into vogue in almost all parts of the world—railways consisting of iron ropes, on which commodities can be whirled at high speed from place to place. Particularly in mountainous places where mining operations of any kind are carried on, the aerial railways have transformed the conditions of labor. In time, doubtless, they will entirely supersede animal power, as represented by the familiar pack animal.

When aerial ropeways are used to assist miners, iron buckets of various shapes and sizes are attached to the ropes, and, when loaded, are sent careering on their way, traveling under the impetus of gravity, or hauling ropes may be used to

draw them along the cable highway. On some of the double rope systems that have been installed lately, loads of more than a ton weight are regularly transported at high speed.

An improvement upon the original methods of aerial transportation is the system called "Telpherage," by which light loads are transported through the air impelled by electricity. The overhead wire system which operates the modern street car has been adapted to these rope railways with great success. The little electric car, or "telpher" as it is called, is sent flying along the wires in much the same way as the street car is made to run on the roads. By a clever device, when the telpher approaches a curve, it automatically slackens speed, increasing its speed again as soon as the dangerous point has been passed.

The electric tube system for dispatching merchandise and mails is another branch of telpherage. The tubes measure some two feet in diameter, and tiny cars are made to run through them by electricity at a speed which would shame the most trusty messenger boy.

Every one is familiar with the huge "traveling cranes" so universally employed nowadays for lifting all manner of heavy weights. When a crane is at work helping to erect a building in a town, large crowds gather to stare, as though fascinated, at the mechanical hod-carrier as it swings a great load of bricks aloft. From a river lined with wharves cranes may always be seen at work, raising merchandise from boats to store house, saving human muscle.

Some of the big traveling cranes, operated by steam, electricity, or hydraulic power, stretch from wall to wall in a manufacturing workshop, and travel up and down its length on rails running under the eaves. Others run to and fro upon rails laid on the ground, looking like giant tight-rope walkers, with metal balancing poles carefully poised. A powerful crane could swing the largest locomotive ever constructed as though it were a child's toy engine.

Mining is a phase of activity which has been revolutionized by new methods of transport. At some of the deepest borings in the world—those in the copper country, bordering on Lake Superior—buckets of ore are now hoisted from the depth of a mile at a speed of sixty miles an hour. Machinery has taken the labor from the backs of the plodding mules, which formerly dragged to the surface the small cars containing the yield of the iron mines.

Giant steam shovels rank high among modern mechanical marvels. When there is any great work of excavation to be done, like a cutting

through a hill where a railway line is to run, or mining on the side of a mountain, the steam shovel will do the work in the quickest, best, and cheapest style possible. A giant shovel in use at an American mine will handle forty or fifty tons in ten minutes, lifting the ore in its great open mouth, and loading it into freight cars. This machine can be operated by half a dozen men, and can do the work that formerly required two hundred laborers.

Many strange utensils are employed for transferring the crude treasures of the earth to and from the boats which carry them over the seas. "Car dumpers" are ingenious machines, which, in the space of a minute, will pick up a loaded coal truck, empty the contents into a vessel's hold, and return the car to the railroad track. For unloading coal, buckets descend open-mouthed into the hold, when their iron jaws come together and snap up a ton or more of coal at a time. In warehouses and in most big business establishments elevators and endless traveling platforms do all the work of handling the merchandise. Indeed, labor-saving appliances are now being employed almost universally.

The Nobel Prizes to Scientists.....Public Ledger

These times are witnessing some exceedingly wise distributions of accumulated wealth. The example of that sort of thing to which attention is here called is not only unique, but in the nature of the case must be fraught with great benefit to mankind. Alfred Nobel, the discoverer of dynamite, who died five years ago, left substantially the whole of his vast fortune for the benefit of entire humanity, and in his will, as is publicly well known, directed that it be divided into prizes, without regard to nationality, the worthiest to receive the award whether a Scandinavian or of some other race. The prizes consist of five allotments each of more than \$40,000. The distribution of these prizes was made, December 10, at Stockholm and at Christiania, and as reported by United States Minister Thomas to the State Department at Washington, the awards were as follows:

In physics, to Wilhelm Conrad Roentgen, professor at the University of Munich, the discoverer of the Roentgen rays; in chemistry, to Jacobus Henricus Van't Hoff, professor at the University of Berlin; in medicine, to Emil von Behring, professor at Halle, the discoverer of the diphtheria serum; in literature, to Sully-Prudhomme, member of the French Academy; in the works of peace, the prizes were divided between Frederick Passy, National Economist of France, and Henri Dunant, of Switzerland, the leading person en-

gaged in bringing about the Geneva convention and in instituting the societies of the Red Cross.

The prize diplomas were awarded by the Crown Prince in person at Stockholm in the presence of a great gathering of distinguished people, and at Christiania the award was made by the Norwegian Storthing, convened in solemn session. Sully-Prudhomme was unable to attend because of sickness.

Acetylene Gas.....David Porter Heap.....Cosmopolitan

In the year 1892 Mr. Thomas L. Wilson, while conducting experiments at Spray, North Carolina, for the purpose of preparing metallic calcium by operating on a mixture of lime and coal, secured a melted mass of dark color. This mass, when thrown in a neighboring stream, evolved a great quantity of gas which, on being lighted, burned with a brilliant but smoky flame. Thus were calcium carbide and acetylene gas first prepared on a scale large enough to be of value commercially.

Calcium carbide is now produced commercially in many places—notably at Niagara Falls, New York, where the requisite electric current to produce the high temperature needed (4,500 Fahrenheit) can be readily and cheaply obtained. Ground coke and lime are intimately mixed in the proper proportions and placed in the electric furnace; the result is that fifty-six parts of lime and thirty-six of coke will make sixty-four parts calcium carbide and liberate twenty-eight parts carbon monoxide.

Calcium carbide consists of lime and carbon. In contact with water, the lime combines with the oxygen of the water, making slaked lime, and the carbon with the hydrogen, making acetylene gas. One pound of absolutely pure carbide will produce five and one-half cubic feet of gas; but, as absolutely pure carbide is not made commercially, the usual ratio is one pound of carbide to four and one-half cubic feet of acetylene.

Acetylene is a colorless gas possessing an offensive odor similar to decayed garlic, and so penetrating that one part of gas in ten thousand of air is distinctly noticeable—a valuable property, as by it leaks can be known long before they become dangerous. The odor is entirely due to impurities in the coke and lime; pure coke and pure lime will yield pure carbide. When the gas is burned in a proper jet, there is no odor.

Water will dissolve its volume of acetylene if intimately mixed, but if the acetylene rests on top of the water, the top layer of water becomes saturated and prevents the gas from penetrating farther. Like all gases which burn in the air, it will explode when mixed with air in the proper

proportions, prior to ignition. One part of acetylene with twelve and one-half parts of air will produce perfect combustion; the same proportions will also produce the most violent explosion, though it will also explode with a greater or less proportion of air, varying from three to eighty-two per cent.

Acetylene gas, unmixed with air, is not explosive at ordinary pressure, and modern burners are so constructed that the air for combustion is supplied after the gas issues from the jet.

The illuminating power of acetylene, in a proper burner, is greater than that of any other known gas; the flame is absolutely white and of great brilliancy; its spectrum closely approximates that of sunlight, and consequently it shows the same colors as daylight. It is strongly actinic and well adapted for photography. It neither heats nor pollutes the air so much as coal-gas.

It is one of the cheapest illuminants known—kerosene being its closest rival in economy. One pound of calcium carbide, costing at the present price three and one-half cents, will make four and one-half cubic feet of acetylene gas, which will produce two hundred and twenty-five candle power for one hour. It will take fifty-six and one-fourth cubic feet of ordinary city gas to give the same amount of light, and at one dollar per thousand feet, city gas would cost five and six-tenths cents to produce the same light as acetylene.

Acetylene gas has proved its case so far as house-lighting is concerned. Among its other applications are: search-lights for small yachts

(the same generator also lighting the yachts); mast and side lights for steamers; car-lighting; lighting railroad stations; bicycle-lamps; carriage-lanterns; photography; lights for stereopticons; and signaling devices—the latter having recently been improved and made light and portable, promising to be of great utility to the United States Signal Service.

It is also used for heating purposes in cooking and laundry stoves and in Bunsen burners, and explosively in gas-engines.

One peculiarity of acetylene is that the greatest light which can be successfully and economically obtained from a single burner is about fifty candle power. The same power is produced more conveniently from what is known as the fourth-order kerosene lamp in the light-house service; consequently there is no object in using acetylene gas for light-house purposes at stations provided with keepers.

Experiments are now in progress at the light-house depot at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, New York, to determine its value for lighting beacons for forty days continuously without attendance; the idea being that a number of beacons so lighted need be visited but once a month, thus reducing the cost of maintenance.

No device which is both practical and safe has yet been made to use acetylene for gas-lighted buoys; liquefied acetylene has been tried, and though it gave a good light, difficulties were encountered in its successful operation, and besides, it has not yet been demonstrated that acetylene in this form can be handled with absolute safety.

The World Over: *Pen Pictures of Travel*

Home Life in Japan.....Outlook

Despite the fact that their entire life is a mass of contradictions and flaring incongruities, the Japanese are the cleanliest, most refined, and happiest people on the face of the globe. It is safe to say that every Japanese bathes himself at least once a day. True, it is immaterial to him whether he takes his bath in public or private, our code of modesty being unknown in the Far East. But even in the public baths, where men, women and children mingle together in perfect innocence, the most rigorous etiquette is observed.

Those who visit Japan casually invariably become enthusiastic over the wonderful and artistic little people; those who remain there for a prolonged period as a rule have nothing good to say of their moral character; while those who have

lived among them, learned their manners and customs, and speak their language are almost as enthusiastic over the ideal life of the Japanese as is the casual tourist who sees only the brilliant kaleidoscopic picture ever changing before his eyes.

Japanese character is different from Chinese, chiefly because the Japanese have always hated their continental rivals and for centuries sought to do everything differently. If the Chinese dressed loosely, the Japanese adopted tights; when the Chinaman was forced by the Manchu to grow a queue, the Jap tonsured his head. The Chinamen ignored their girl children; for two thousand years the Japanese have educated their offspring of both genders, and it is the public-school system of Japan, which was in operation during the life-

time of Christ, that has prepared the nation for the wonderful progress toward civilization and power it is now making. There have been civil wars and cruel revolutions in Japan, but the home life has always been pure, even when compared with the standard reached by civilized nations.

In no country of the world has the head official such influence over the home life of his people as has the Mikado. The Shinto religion, the faith of the masses, is nothing more than a belief in God, from whom is descended primarily the Mikado, and incidentally all Japanese, who all return to their Maker after death, and for that reason are worshiped in every household of Japan as departed saints.

As the direct descendant of God, the laws of the Mikado, or Emperor, as he is now called, must be obeyed. It is "bad form" in Japan to violate a law of the land, even if not found out, and to be in "bad form" in Japan, as in certain ultracivilized communities with us, is worse than to be really criminal. During my last visit to Tokyo a little notice was sent out by the police requesting citizens not to follow strangers who visited the city, as it was impolite. The Japanese, the most inquisitive people on the face of the globe, curbed their curiosity, and foreigners were thereafter permitted to make purchases at their pleasure and visit sacred shrines in undisturbed peace.

The Japanese child is taught first his duty to his Emperor, next his duty to his parents, and last his duty to his neighbor. In fact, a ceremonial form of politeness may be said to constitute the moral code of Japan. The parent begins to teach his child, before it can talk, politeness in all its phases and the ceremonies which have been invented for almost every necessary act in life, from the cradle to the grave. At the head of the home life is the father, unless, perhaps, his aged mother lives, in which case she is the autocrat of the family circle, there being no appeals from her decisions. Age is sacred in Japan, and no son would dare disobey a mother's commands. Too often, if the aged father still lives, he is off on a pilgrimage to the sacred shrines of both the Buddhist and Shinto faiths.

In Japan marriages are arranged and take place at an early age. By the time a man has reached his prime—forty or forty-five years of age—he has grown sons enough to support him, and, as this is considered their privilege as well as duty, the father promptly follows the custom of the country and retires to enjoy idleness and travel in his declining years. The Government is now seeking to alter this custom, suggesting to male parents that they wait until the age of fifty before retiring from active labors; but the older

men desire rest and the younger generation opportunity, so that no headway is being made in the reform movement.

The home life of the very young children is not unlike that of our own. Countless dolls fall to the little ones, and ingenious toys, made familiar to us since Japan has been opened to our commerce, beguile much of their time. It takes six years to learn to read a Japanese book, so the little ones are sent to kindergarten at a very tender age; here they learn the simple form of the Japanese alphabet and play games requiring mathematical exercise. Often the larger girls—say from eight to fourteen years of age—will carry their little brothers or sisters to kindergarten on their backs, and then go on to school themselves. In all the large cities there are public schools where sewing, housekeeping, and many other branches of domestic science are taught, so that the Jap girls makes a most excellent wife and mother.

The City of Unrest.....Westminster Gazette

Night really unrobes her beauty only in silence, the silence of the desert. Never can I forget nights spent in Western Australia, far beyond Kalgoorlie, away back in Never-Never Land, where no rain falls. That is the land of great thirst, where for hundreds of miles one sees no living thing, where no birds sing, not even the mournful call of the jackal echoes across the waste and not even the chirping ticking of an insect is to be heard to break the utter stillness. Gum trees, whose roots strike down a hundred feet for water, lift their sparsely covered branches into the motionless air above, their tongue-like leaves silently saying, "I thirst." In that stagnant air they remind one of the giant seaweeds that grow in the depths of the great oceans, where the water never moves, and the silence there is the silence of ocean depths and so has been from the beginning. It must be experienced to be realized, that dead silence; when, lying on the ground at night, the sound of one's heart-beats, or the breathing of one's horse, tethered yards away, alone tells one that the sense of hearing is not lost. It must be experienced to be realized, that wonder of a silent world, where the spirit of solitude in his own domain forever almost palpably seems to brood with finger on pressed lips. It is the contrast with the scene that lies below me that forcibly recalls these nights in the desert. Now, as I write, I am at the antipodes and focus points of contrast in every sense to these scenes; the same moon that shines on that far-off desert is the only thing in common.

The city of New York is in the form of a

wedge, the point of the wedge being the downtown end, a great black mass that now looks driven into the moonlit water. Down here, as if with sheer weight of pressure of crowded humanity, the houses seem driven upward. There not being enough room on the end of the wedge for the people, they are forced upward for room, as one would squeeze paint from an artist's tube. They rise up in tall, irregular-shaped shafts of various heights, as a child might stand its long toy bricks on end anyhow. As I write I am looking down from the twenty-fifth story of one of the highest, and the great city lies below me, but though it is night it does not appear to lie in repose. If it sleeps, it is a restless, troubled sleep. The air is vocal with many noises that come up from below as an exhalation; white flames of steam wave from the tops of buildings below me. Up here on this giddy height a hot wind of the upper air is blowing, and a vibrating, murmurous throbbing pulsates through the building itself. This latter is caused by the elevators, those veins and arteries of the structure, and their motion must never cease or else a clot of humanity would be left marooned in the upper stories. Across the river on the west side a row of lights are moving in one direction, and alongside them a row moving in the opposite, like ants at work. These are the trolley cars crossing Brooklyn Bridge. North and south, to the sound of a jangling rattle, the trains on the Elevated are moving, and along the streets the trolley cars, with their booming note, which crescendos up the scale with increasing speed and diminuendoes with the slackening of it. Out on the water the red and green lights of the steamers move about in irregular tracks. The booming, mournful call of these steamers, like the lowing of a cow for her lost calf, goes on forever. There are times in the desert when the coyote and the jackal are silent. On forlorn coasts in the hours before the first of dawn the seagulls cease their screaming; but these voices are never silent, calling, circling, and cawing, calling around the City of Unrest. Different notes they sound—the angry scream of the steam siren, the deep boom of the incoming ocean liner, and the note one hears oftenest—a mournful, lost wail, as of a damned soul. The feverish hours pass troublosely, but there is no response in the night of the City of Unrest.

Now a great change has come over the scene; the moon has been curtained off by a heavy mass of clouds and its light is shut off from the water. The lights of the city shine out with increased distinctness; the moonlight that whitened the sides of the buildings has left them black masses of vague shadow, and all at once one gets the im-

pression of looking down into an inverted firmament studded with countless stars of as various magnitudes as in the heavens, from the bright electric arc-lights to tiny gaslights; and from this height of over 400 feet one gets the impression, familiar to those who have looked at the world from a balloon, that the rim of the horizon rises all round. "Around the circle of the desert spreads," but the desert is of the cloud-covered sky, and far as the eye can reach are the stars of this great city, and through that firmament of stars there is a dark path in an unillumined milky way which marks the course of the river.

As one looks down from here and listens to the combination of throbbing sounds that come up from below, there is a certain impressiveness in the thought of being in the center of such focussed activity. One seems to be pressing the ear close to the heart of a great country. I wonder what that other city looked like from the pinnacle of whose temple He looked down on the other great cities that had their day? What Carthage looked like? The present edition of Rome and Paris and London, and Pekin from the Imperial pagodas on the top of Coal Hill, I have looked down on at night, but none of them is like this. From the Capitol Rome lies quietly wrapt in the memories of past greatness; from the hill of Montmartre the electric lights here and there give suggestive glimpses of the City of Pleasure. In Pekin, looking across the lotus-pond and the marble bridges, all that is squalid in the city is shrouded in a veil of foliage, and above the tops of the trees only what is beautiful emerges, and the city sleeps in the enjoyment of thoroughly Oriental repose; and, like a solidly built, healthy man, London sleeps soundly; but the strenuous, restless activity of this city can hardly be said to sleep. I watched it make an attempt at a pause for five minutes on the day of the President's funeral. At an appointed time all the street traffic was supposed to stand still. My! what an effort it was! It was not a real pause; it seemed more like the gasping holding of the city's breath, holding for these five minutes, as if something were going to burst; and then at the second when the clock marked the end of the five minutes, on went everything spinning with a feeling of absolute relief. As one looks down from here one cannot help speculating as to what is to be the future of what lies below. Is it going to be the greatest city that the world has ever seen—in real greatness, or only in acute development of material civilization; and are the multitudes that populate it going to get more happiness from the arcs of their little lives than those of Carthage and Rome, or Pekin, or Babylon, or London? Or are they going at the pace

that kills? Or at least the pace that tires into premature exhaustion?

From an Austrian Note-Book.....Outlook (London)

You are in the Tyrol with not too much time to spare. Your ideal tour is over the Brenner Pass, leaving the main route at Franzensfeste, going up the quiet Pusterthal as far as Toblach, from thence exploring the Dolomite Valley on the Ampezzo road; and then, returning to the main route, you go southward to the Italian border, which lies a short way beyond Trent. The Brenner Pass is the ancient way south, and, of course, the train follows pretty nearly the lines of the road. These mountain railways are very beautiful, but very much alike. Sometimes you crawl along the foot of a precipice and see high upon the other side a tunnel into which you plunge after innumerable windings. Again you travel in mid-air along the side of a rock, while the river roars and foams far beneath. Then you are alongside of, or above, or below, castles and chateaux, and villages dotted here and there along the valley and the hillside. You thunder by dark lakes, or the view opens and the mountains of perpetual snow give their own touch of dignity to the landscape.

The Dolomite Valley, that lies on the Ampezzo Road between Toblach and Cortina, is a different story. Most of the way is a narrow gorge, walled in by rocks of a dark bluish-green splashed blood-red. And their shape? Fantastically beautiful beyond belief, unlike anything seen or dreamed of. The Rienz, which flows through the valley, forms lakes, dark like the Toblacher See, or light green like the Dürrensee. Beyond and above the walls of the valley are huge masses of the same stone, the Drei Zinnen (Three Peaks) on one side, and huge Croda Rossa on the other; and for background are mighty snow-clad mountains, chief of these Monte Cristallo, with its innumerable peaks and its great glacier. The glacier looks quite close, but it is ever so many miles off. You see all the parts distinctly, to the sharply defined end where the snow disappears in water. The road is something under twenty miles; there is a new view almost every few minutes, a long succession of fantastic improbabilities. I saw it first from a motor-car which does the distance in something over two hours. It rained in torrents, and the mists rolled over the heights; yet even so it was wonderful. I walked back next day in bright but treacherous sunshine. It was Sunday, and the church bells rang gaily, and peasants in quaint old-world costumes wended their way to and from Mass, though the ordinary avocations of life went on all the same. The numerous quaint

shrines, which peasant piety or superstition, if you will, had erected to mark some event, always delayed me. One I remember was a wayside cross with a rude figure of the Saviour, and an inscription in Italian requesting the prayers of the pious traveler for the soul of a youth of twelve, who through "juvenile inadvertence had rolled into the abyss" over which it stood. The Blue Ribbon of mountain climbing is here. An Alp is often easier surmounted than those absolutely sterile and seemingly perpendicular rocks. I fell to speculating: Was it possible to climb this or that peak? It looked feasible up or down a certain way, but there was always some bit of what looked sheer rock where you were graveled, even in thought. Yet they are climbed by people sure-footed than the fox, and able to hang on by their eyelids, and perform other like feats.

A word in praise of Trent and the Italian road. Trent is a perfect Italian city, its streets full of quaint old-world marble palaces, kept with a certain trimness and neatness wanting in Italy itself, so that you scarce fall in with the aspirations of this part of Italia Irridenta. But neither the cathedral nor the Church Santa Maria Maggiore, where the famous Council met, and where you can still see the pictured shape of the members, impresses you as much as the magnificent monument to Dante by Zocchi. The city lies surrounded with mighty hills, and the artist evidently endeavored to make these the real background for his figures. A daring attempt, but in the main successful. Tall, commanding, with severe visage and outstretched hand, the figure of the Seer rises, worthy of the man who had seen and pictured the world beyond the grave. Round the base are sculptured great incidents from the Poem, chief among them the terrible scene when Francesca tells her piteous tale, and the Poet, struck with pity and terror, falls "come corpo morto" at Virgil's feet!

Long before you reach Trent, the valley takes on an Italian look, the olive and lemon groves crowd the hillsides, the vines are stronger and thicker, the chestnut trees, the castles, the villages, and now and again some antique ruin, make up the Italy of your dreams. Here are the landscapes of Claude and Salvator Rosa. You understand the feelings of the poets and the painters and sculptors who, an endless succession, have trod this valley on their way from cold northern birthplaces, to kindle their zeal at the shrine of art and beauty. The railway, however convenient, seems a mistake. Its feverish haste is not for the pilgrim. The wonders of the Promised Land ought slowly to loom into being as the wanderer foots it southward day by day.

The Maori Race of To-day..... Criterion

In features, the Maoris are a singular blending of the Asiatic, Semitic and Polynesian, and there remains but little doubt that at some remote period their ancestors inhabited portions of Asia, and, later on, Malaysia and Polynesia. Though New Zealand was discovered by the Dutch navigator Tasman in 1642, no white man landed on its shores till Captain Cook took possession of it for England in 1769. From his departure till 1814 little additional knowledge of the natives was obtained; whalers visited the islands occasionally, and reported that cannibalism existed in some parts of them. Then missionaries of various sects, whose efforts to Christianize and civilize the people cannot be too highly praised, paved the way for colonization.

In 1840 a number of chiefs submitted to Great Britain, and the country was taken by her as one of her numerous colonies. Later on, many of the natives became justly incensed at the dishonest and tyrannical treatment they received from an English trading company that grabbed their lands, and a series of bloody conflicts resulted. The Maoris fought long, and valiantly, and desperately, to repel the invaders; and only after the most strenuous efforts were the British able to conquer their redoubtable foes.

The Maori warriors displayed all the "slimness" of the latter-day Boer, and many a vain attack made on an empty "pah" (fortified village), many a rifle was fired on dummy figures, and many a flagstaff was bombarded, what time the wily Maori was safely hidden in some neighboring bush, a silent witness to the success of his stratagem. But now the historic Maori, like the historic red Indian, is dying out and becoming a name and a tradition only. The dusky Ichabod perishes slowly but surely before the relentless march of the all-absorbing white man. The natives now number only about 40,000 to 800,000 whites.

The Maori of to-day is an exotic, reared on the patent pap, of the invader, and though he possesses all the gigantic stature and sinewy grace of his man-eating ancestors, yet the languor and the indifference of the whites have crept into his constitution, and he has developed a gluttony and a liking for fire-water, which bid fair to relegate finally his race to the oblivion of obliteration.

Only occasionally in their war-dances, do we see nowadays any vestige of the old-time cannibals. Then, indeed, the ancient "devil" seems to arise in them, and they work themselves up into a fury typical of the savage warriors who devoured their enemies. The modern Maoris are becoming much too civilized to indulge in war-dances; the white man's system of soldiering on

horseback is preferred, and they go in for mounted infantry troops in quite the approved style. For the Maori is nothing if not fashionable.

In the olden days the Maori maidens were content to clothe themselves in magnificent mats of "tui" feathers and of beautifully woven flax, but to-day the orthodox skirt and blouse are the correct costume, and the fair Maori maiden may be daily seen washing in the family dug-out, in scarlet blouse and blue sun-bonnet, while the nobler sex don the hand-me-down suit of dittos to be had of every storekeeper in the bush.

Of the water-men of the world the Maoris are among the most expert, and their command over huge canoes of a hundred paddles is marvelous! Traveling by canoe in New Zealand is one of the pleasantest means of locomotion, and one can always enjoy a run up some of its larger rivers in a Maori canoe. The Maori, if left to himself, would soon become extinct. But a parental government has made laws and acts of Parliament for the especial benefit of the improvident heathen, and to-day there are indications of improvement in the state of the brown man. Large schools and colleges are set apart for him. Land courts are established and land acts are passed to prevent him bartering away his inheritance, and liquor laws have been made to save him from drinking himself into an early sepulchre.

But with the advent of the white man's civilization the Maori is losing all his old and beautiful arts and crafts. The magnificent ancient carvings, which to-day are invaluable, are priceless only because carving has become a lost art among the Maoris. The feather and flax-mats, that are worth a small fortune, are highly priced only because the Maori women cannot produce them to-day. Those huge carved war-canoes and meeting-houses that can be found only in the museums of New Zealand to-day are no longer produced because the Maori has forgotten how to carve and build. Sloth and idleness reign supreme in the Maori "pah." The chief loaf about in the sun, sucking his pipe, no longer responsive to the ancient spirit of ambition that prompted his ancestors to carve their paddles, and canoes, and houses, into more beautiful designs than those of their neighbors. He is rapidly becoming too weakened by false civilization for manual labor and works of art. Clad in a modern frock-coat and stove-pipe hat, he visits the native land court with his wife (resplendent in a green silk dress, with a black clay dudheen stuck between her toothless gums) and tribe in order to hustle the native judge into giving him permission to sell more of his ancestral acres to the foreign white man.

In a Minor Key: Sorrow, Sentiment, Tenderness

The Steeple Builders Anita Fitch *Century*

Within the room of weekly prayer,
Where God's great peace may dwell,
One and by one the good folk stood
Experience to tell.

And then the steeple-builder big
Rose up with glorious youth,
And as he spoke he wept, and all
Knew that he spoke the truth.

He said, "Once on the scaffold high
Stood one with dizzy head,
And on the ground stretched out below
He seemed to look with dread.

"And I stood by, who'd hated long,
And swift above the world,
Upon this dazed one, strong as I,
I my strong body hurled.

"I forced him to the scaffold's edge
And faced him to the skies,
To feast upon his trembling fear
And shrinking, coward eyes.

"But lo! the man was unafraid,
And as we stood there came:
'Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy name.'

"I laughed, 'Thy God in churches lives;
He may not scale the air!'
He said, 'Nay, friend, you do mistake:
My God is everywhere.'

"I bent his body like a reed,
And cried, 'Now call this One.'
He answered, looking on the clouds,
'Dear Lord, thy will be done.'

"I tore him back and said, 'Begone!
Or I shall kill thee still.'
He answered, 'Here I must remain,
If but your hate to kill.'

"I bade him take my own poor life,
And swore that death were sweet.
He said, 'My brother's keeper, I
Must lead his wand'ring feet.'

"He knelt and prayed with simple word
That I might know God's peace;
And as he prayed I felt the bands
Break with my heart's release.

"He sang of Calvary and Him
Who for man's sake had died;
He sang the sin out of my soul
And cooled its burning tide.

"And then he left me there to weep,
When soon, O wondrous sight!
The bright Christ on the scaffold stood
And built with me till nigh.

"And since that day, where'er I climb,
And other feet must go,
I trace a cross, that other souls
This mighty Love may know."

Too Late George Bird *Longman's*

Bring no vain chaplet to my grave.
Once, when you might, you could have blest
A lonely life, an aching breast;
But nothing now can help or save.
Your love, when needed, was not given;
And now who cares? Life's bonds are riven.

Shed o'er my dust no fruitless tears.
Ah, once your pity had been sweet
To bleeding hands and weary feet,
Through all the joyless, bitter years!
Nay, weep not for the might-have-been;
God's rain will keep my grave-plot green.

Breathe o'er me, dead, no word of praise.
Once, living, I had leapt to hear
The tones of love, the voice of cheer
Make music through my sunless days;
But now! the wind alone may sweep
Over the daisies where I sleep.

O idle tears, O wreath too late,
I care not now: the need is o'er;
My need is past—I feel no more
The stress, the heat, the chill, the hate.
O Love, in life ye came not nigh;
And now! 'twere well to pass me by.

Motherhood Josephine Dodge Daskam *Scribner's*

The night throbs on; but let me pray, dear Lord!
Crush off his name a moment from my mouth.
To thee my eyes would turn but they go back,
Back to my arm beside me where he lay—
So little, Lord, so little and so warm!

I cannot think that Thou hast need of him!
He is so little, Lord, he cannot sing.
He cannot praise thee; all his life had learned
Was to hold fast my kisses in the night.
Give him to me—he is not happy there!
He had not felt his life; his lovely eyes
Just knew me for his mother, and he died.
Hast thou an angel there to mother him?
I say he loves me best—if he forgets,
If thou allow it that my child forgets
And runs not out to meet me when I come—

What are my curses to Thee? Thou hast heard
The curse of Abel's mother, and since then
We have not ceased to threaten at Thy throne,
To threat and pray Thee that Thou hold them still
In memory of us.

See thou tend him well,
Thou God of all the mothers! If he lack
One of his kisses—Ah, my heart, my heart,
Do angels kiss in heaven? Give him back!

Forgive me, Lord, but I am sick with grief,
And tired of tears and cold to comforting.
Thou art wise, I know, and tender, aye, and good.
Thou hast my child and he is safe in Thee,
And I believe—

Ah, God, my child shall go
Orphaned among the angels! All alone,
So little and alone! He knows not thee,
He only knows his mother—give him back!

Beulah.....Louise PhillipsBoston Evening Transcript

Here is the place wherein she sat and read
The verses of old Omar, centuries dead;
And as her spirit caught the glow of his,
She looked like one of whom the poet said:

"Sometimes it is my fancy to suppose
The rose thy face—so like thy face it glows;
O woman, made of roses out and in,
Sometimes I only take thee for a rose."

Now tender silence reigns within the room,
Naught to remind of her but soft perfume.
Lo! she has entered—swift the shadows flee,
Sunlight has shattered all the brooding gloom.

"And now how green the world, how blue the sky;
And we are living; living, you and I!
Ah! when the sun shines and our love is near,
'T is sweet to live and very hard to die.

"Beloved! full of witchery and grace,
A thousand charms hast thou of form and face;
Steep thee in all the sweetness of to-day,
For youth and beauty soon will run their race.

"The bird of life is singing in the sun,
Short is his song, nor only just begun;
A call, a trill, a rapture, then—so soon—
A silence, and the song is done, is done.

"See how the golden moments, grain by grain,
Drop in the stream that sings this sad refrain:
'When time lets slip a little perfect hour,
O take it, for it will not come again.'

"Fear not to-morrow, whence our feet are set,
Nor think of yesterday with vain regret;
Let us be joyous in the now and here,
'Tis many laughing hours to bedtime yet.

* * * * *
"How wonderfully has the day gone by!
If only when the stars come we could die,
And morning find us gathered to our dreams,
Two happy, solemn faces and the sky."

Repentance.....A. R. FauvergneNew Orleans Picayune

The autumn day, with sunset in the west,
And violet shadows lingering softly on
Ends now, and when these two have gone
Comes the gray twilight, bringing peace and rest.
But, oh! the wild pain in my heart to-night,
The anguished thoughts of bygone hours bright!
And I repent.

For, as the twilight falls and daylight wanes
My soul calls out to you across the breach
Of careless act, or look, or stinging speech,
And love sobs wildly for its own again.
All day, beloved, my thoughts have dwelt with
thee,
All day regret has whispered loud to me—
Will you relent?

To My Mother.....John Allan Wyeth.....Century

Deal gently with her, Time: these many years
Of life have brought more smiles with them than
tears.

Lay not thy hand too harshly on her now,
But trace decline so slowly on her brow
That (like a sunset of the Northern clime,
Where twilight lingers in the summer-time,
And fades at last into the silent night,
Ere one may note the passing of the light)
So may she pass—since 'tis the common lot—
As one who, resting, sleeps and knows it not.

Epilogue.....William E. Henley.....Hawthorn and Lavender

Into a land
Storm-wrought, a place of quakes, all thunder-
scarred,
Helpless, degraded, desolate,
Peace, the White Angel, comes.
Her eyes are as a mother's. Her good hands
Are comforting, and helping; and her voice
Falls on the heart, as, after winter, spring
Falls on the world, and there is not more pain.
And, in her influence, hope returns, and life,
And the passion of endeavor: so that, soon,
The idle ports are insolent with keels;
The stithies roar, and the mills thrum
With energy and achievement; weald and wold
Exult; the cottage-garden teems
With innocent hues and odors; boy and girl
Mate prosp'rously; there are sweet women to kiss;
There are good women to breed. In a golden fog,
A large, full-stomached faith in kindness
All over the world, the nation, in a dream
Of money and love and sport, hangs at the paps
Of well-being, and so
Goes fattening, mellowing, dozing, rotting down
Into a rich deliquium of decay.

Then, if the Gods be good,
Then, if the Gods be other than mischievous,
Down from their footstools, down
With a million-throated shouting, swoops and
storms
War, the Red Angel, the Awakener,
The Shaker of Souls and Thrones; and at her heel
Trail grief, and ruin, and shame!
The woman weeps her man, the mother her son,
The tenderling its father. In wild hours,
A people, haggard with defeat,
Asks if there be a God; yet sets its teeth,
Faces calamity, and goes into the fire
Another than it was. And in wild hours
A people, roaring ripe
With victory, rises, menaces, stands renewed,
Sheds its old peddling aims,
Approves its virtue, puts behind itself
The comfortable dream, and goes,
Armoured and militant,
New-pithed, new-souled, new-visioned, up the steeps
To those great altitudes, whereto the weak
Live not. But only the strong
Have leave to strive, and suffer, and achieve.

The Cypresses of Monterey.....Anna B. Comstock....Country Life
Staunch derelicts adrift on Time's wide sea,
Undaunted exiles from an age pristine!
Your loneliness in tortured limb we see;
Your courage, in your crown of living green;
Your strength unyielding, in your grappling knee;
Your patience, in the calmness of your mien.
Enrapt, you stand in mighty reverie,
While centuries come and go, unheard, unseen.

Educational Topics of the Day

Is Co-Education a Success?...David Starr Jordan...S. F. News Letter

I take up again the subject of co-education of men and women in college and universities as one who thoroughly believes in it both in theory and in practice. Yet I cannot be blind to the fact that for the last ten years the reaction against it has been rising, and that the number of those who proclaim their unquestioning faith is relatively fewer than would have been the case ten year ago. This change in sentiment is not universal. It will be nowhere revolutionary. Young women will not be excluded from any institution where they are now welcomed, nor will the almost universal rule of co-education in State institutions be in any way changed or reversed. The reaction shows itself in a little less civility of boys toward their sisters, in a little more hedging on the part of professors, in a little less pointing with pride on the part of college executive officials. There is nothing tangible in all this. Its existence may be denied or referred to ignorance or prejudice.

The only serious new argument against co-education is that derived from the fear of the adoption by universities of woman's standards of art and science rather than those of men, the fear that amateurism would take the place of specialization in our higher education. Women take up higher education because they enjoy it; men because their careers depend upon it. Only men, broadly speaking, are capable of objective studies. Only men can learn to face fact without flinching, unswayed by feeling or preference. The reality of the educated man is that which actually is. The reality with woman is the way in which the fact affects her. Original investigation, creative art, the "resolute facing of the world as it is"—all this belongs to man's world, not at all to that of the average woman. That women in college do as good work as the men is beyond question. In the university they do not, for this difference exists, the rare exceptions only proving the rule, that women excel in technique, men in actual achievement. If instruction through investigation is the work of the real university, then in the real university the work of most gifted women is only by-play.

The question of the higher training of young women may resolve itself into three questions:

1. Shall a girl receive a college education?
 2. Shall she receive the same kind of a college education as a boy?
 3. Shall she be educated in the same college?
- As to the first question, it must depend on the

character of the girl. She deserves the best she is capable of using. No girl or boy capable of training should be condemned to untrained mediocrity. The thorough education of women means more for the future than all conceivable legislative reforms. Its influence does not stop with the home. It means higher standards of manhood, greater thoroughness of training, the coming of better men.

2. Shall we give our girls the same education as our boys? Yes, and no. If we mean by the same an equal degree of breadth and thoroughness, an equal fitness for high thinking and wise acting, let it be the same. If we mean this: Will this end be reached by exactly the same course of studies? Then the answer must be, no. For the same course of study yields different results with different persons. The ordinary "college course," handed down from one generation to another, is purely conventional, the result of a series of compromises in trying to fit the traditional education of clergymen and gentlemen to the needs of men of a different social era. Since the old college course met the needs of nobody, it was adapted to all alike. During the last twenty years, however, a new movement in education has brought about individualism.

That certain average differences exist between men and women as students cannot, of course, be denied. Women have a greater liking for technique, and often greater sympathy or readiness of memory or apprehension. While they excel in the languages and literature, and often in history and mathematics, as a class they lack in originality. New or unsolved problems and inductive sciences do not, as a rule, appeal to them, and they study not so much for results as for pleasure. They are often successful in the traditional courses of study, not because these courses have a special fitness for women, but because women are less critical as to the purposes of education, less given to getting at the heart of things.

3. Shall women be taught in the same classes as men? This matter is partly one of taste. Neither men nor women are harmed by meeting those of the other sex in the classroom. But if they prefer to do otherwise, there is no reason why they should not. Time and again the question has been raised as to whether the union in one institution of technical schools and schools of liberal arts is desirable. I believe that better men are made where the two are not separated. The culture students gain from the feeling of reality

and utility resulting from technical work. The technical students gain from association with men and influences the aggregate tendency of which is toward broader sympathy and a higher point of view.

A woman's college is more or less a technical school, a school of training for the profession of womanhood. It encourages womanliness of thought as more or less opposed to the plain thinking which is called manly. In woman's education, as planned for her alone, the tendency is toward the study of beauty and order. Literature and language take precedence over science. Expression is valued more than action. This, carried to an extreme, causes the necessary relation of thought to action to become obscured. Women are likely to master technique rather than art; method, rather than substance. When brought in contact with men who can do things, women's sentimentalism disappears, and their religious thoughts and impulses are changed.

In schools for men alone, the elements of beauty and fitness are obscured by the sense of reality. When men are associated with wise, sane and healthy women, their ideals of womanhood are raised, and the highest manhood must be associated with such ideals. The best work in women's colleges is often accompanied by a nervous strain, as though its doer were fearful of falling short of some outside standard. The best work of men is natural, unconscious, the normal result of the contact of the mind with the problems in question.

Here is found the strongest argument for co-education, and the argument especially applies in institutions in which the individuality of the student is recognized and respected. In such schools each man, by his relation to action and realities, becomes in these regards a teacher of women, and each cultivated woman a teacher of men.

It is not true that the character of college work has been lowered by co-education. The reverse is decidedly the case. To be sure, the West has been filled with numerous small colleges, most of which are weak and doing poor work, and most of which are co-educational. In these the majority of students are not of college grade, and low standards prevail both in scholarship and in manners. Co-education, however, does not produce any of these defects, nor does it intensify them.

A final question: Does not co-education lead to marriage? Certainly it may, and fortunately so. No better marriages can be made than those founded on common interests and intellectual friendships. It is part of the legitimate function of higher education to prepare women, as well as men, for happy and successful lives.

An Eastern professor, lately visiting a Western State university, asked one of the seniors what he thought of the question of co-education.

"I beg your pardon," said the student; "what question do you mean?"

"Why, co-education," said the professor; "the education of women in colleges for men."

"Oh," said the student, "co-education is not a question here."

And he was right. Co-education is never a question where it has been fairly tried.

Pleasant Primary Education.....James Baker.....Leisure Hour

Primary education is not generally considered pleasant, either by the inflicter or the inflicted; the primary school teacher describes his life as wearisome, and the primary school child, by his shouts on release from the school-room, loudly proclaims his joy of freedom from school and teachers. But while visiting recently in Central Europe a very large number of secondary, technical, and commercial schools, I also went over some of the primary schools in that district; and the opinion that I have long held grew more strongly within me, that our primary education might be made more interesting to teachers and scholars by adopting some of the foreign methods.

Suppose that child lives in a seaport in England, and now and then as a treat for good conduct a class is taken to the docks. The ships are seen, the men from these various countries, the goods they bring are spoken of, and then back in the school-room the map is brought down, and at once the child is interested; and if a lantern is available as it should be, and pictures of the life of these foreigners in their own homes are shown, the foreign country becomes very real to the children, and the dry facts of inhabitants, manufactures, mountains, and rivers, and towns, will stick in his memory as living facts, not words for repetition.

I once walked over a famous British camp in the vicinity of a big city with a well-known citizen, who asked me to what camp I was referring, although we were then in the midst of it. He had crossed it a thousand times but did not know it was a camp; he was afterward Chairman of the local School Board. Now what a chance for a pleasant afternoon of history teaching, a visit to such a camp; the life of Britons, and their opponents the Romans, becomes no longer a dead dry history; probably those same earthworks may have been utilized by Cavaliers and Roundheads. Why, the whole history of England can be pictured from some such lofty hillside, and then back in the school-room the history books have

a new interest the home knowledge has given it. But not all towns have camps in their midst, or in their vicinity; but nearly all have churches. Perhaps a Norman nave built on Saxon piers, as was the church at little Ledbury, with perchance an Early English chancel, or decorated north aisle, and a perpendicular south aisle, and perhaps a Jacobean south porch, the whole history of England in epitome. Alfred the Great to William, and Henry Beaufort; Wyclif and Agincourt; the spacious days of good Queen Bess, and the reign of the Stuarts; all can be pictured when such and such parts of the church were in building, and it may be clergy and churchwardens have left some monuments in the church, speaking history and telling how the forefathers of the city or village lived in those by-gone days.

Learning the alphabet is generally thought to be necessary in England. In Germany learning to read is taught by the syllables and not by the letters, and in Galicia, at Lemberg, I found reading was taught from writing, the children learning to write before they learnt to read, and then learning by the whole word at once, not by letter or syllable. Geography and natural history is taught in these schools to children in the third class of ages nine to eleven, but not from books; a child is not set to learn set paragraphs, paragraphs he or she scarcely understands; but at this age the teaching is entirely oral, the teacher teaches. Girls from ten to twelve were learning geometrical drawing and German poetry, their own tongue being Polish; later on, in the fourth and fifth classes, the studies are from books, but the pupil has by now become interested in the subjects; and a fair proof of the interest of the students in their work is the fact that French, which is not compulsory, was being continued in the sixth class of the girls' school I have in my mind, by eighteen girls out of a total of thirty-one pupils.

Primary education in these Austrian schools is of more interest to the pupil, therefore more pleasant, because it leads on to the actual work the pupil is likely to be engaged in during his lifetime. This foundation is sure foundation, and the pupil knows the superstructure of manly and womanly life will be all the more beautiful, all the more artistic and useful, if the foundation be good.

The learning of foreign tongues is commenced in the third class, that is with children of about nine to eleven years of age, and it was interesting to hear these youngsters answer and put questions, and put nouns in the singular and plural; and in the fifth classes to answer longer phrases,

giving the different tenses, the grammar coming gradually with the conversation; the pupils themselves asking each other questions and giving the answers, and giving the translation of question and answer in their own tongues. After such exercises two lads would be called up to the teacher's dais, and go through a dialogue in the tongue they were learning; the whole class watching to catch them tripping, and immediately shooting out their hands for permission to correct. This system prevents all that timid bashfulness that English children generally have when trying to speak in a foreign tongue. English children can learn languages as quickly and correctly as the children of any other nation; it is the most utter nonsense to say, as is so repeatedly said, that the English are not linguists; let English children be taught other tongues as they learn their own, give them enough practice, and they are as prompt and apt to learn as the Swiss or the Swede.

In a Prague school I listened to a class of Czech lads learning English; they were about fourteen years of age, and were being taught by a Professor Sladek, who has translated Burns, Coleridge and other English poets into Czech. This professor mixed grammer with exercises, and went on to reading. Sentences were dictated, and the lads had to write them on the blackboard, the whole class eager to spy out blunders; such free sentences as "I don't go home directly," and "In some days I shall see you again," were written correctly by a lad who had only been learning for eight months, and the class understood what was written, and the writers divided the syllables correctly, as children. I was a little doubtful if this lesson had been prepared, so begged leave to put some phrases myself, and such sentences as "The weather is very bad to-day," "I hope the sun will soon shine," came out correctly, save that the spelling appeared as "wether" and "son," blunders which were hailed with delight by a dozen in the class.

But one of the means of making primary education pleasant is to make it leading toward betterment in the grown-up life of the pupil; and one of the deterrent elements in our English Board school life has been, that the children could see no use in many of the subjects they were compelled to learn to get the grant! They could not see the rungs of the ladder leading them to a successful and useful artisan's life; and the masses of our children must look forward to this artisan or laborer's life, unless England is to become a nation of handlers and not producers; but in Central Europe, and especially in Austria, this

is different; the child sees his brothers and sisters, and his friends a little older than himself, still at school; working onward, rung by rung, up the same ladder of learning he is climbing; his school-life is full of the useful, made pleasant and intellectual. Arithmetic he knows is necessary to his daily life; all his education, primary though it be, is wholly useful, and yet of such a nature that it leads on the varied minds to the higher mechanics or the classical culture, drawing out for the nation its best brain power, developing genius, or assisting mediocrity. To let the English child see the value of its work, and thus to give it a pleasant and present interest in that work, when it has grown to even occasional thinking moments, we require a complete scheme of education graduating from a sound primary base into the various channels of artisan technical, clerical commercial, scientific technical, higher commercial, and literary university; and we must make our primary education more reasonable, more pleasant, and thereby more useful and enduring.

College Training in Practice *World's Work*

So much has been said concerning the value of a college education that the following selections from a college student's letters possess a certain significance, though, patently, they give testimony regarding but a single isolated case. The student who wrote the two letters is a junior in one of the leading engineering schools of the country, engaged for the summer in an engineering office in the West. Both letters were written recently to a friend in New York City—the second following the first after an interval of a week. They are self-explanatory:

FIRST LETTER.

I have worked just one week now with so many practical difficulties to confront that I believe I am wide awake for the first time in three years. Chopping trees, pulling down fences, driving stakes in a sloppy and miserable marsh, I have little time to think, but evenings, when I review the day's work, I wonder if there isn't a glimmer of sense in the opinions of these Schwabs and Colers who deny the value of a college education. From what I have seen, I do not believe that a man who goes into civil engineering as a profession, after four years at a scientific school, is any better off than the man who goes into it as a trade, without any college education at all. Most of the men in our office are not college men, but fellows who have worked up from rodmen after a year or two at high school. For a college man to pass them would be extremely difficult. They have picked up in the office enough mathematics

to serve them, and in the time when a college man would be studying German and French, advanced mathematics, electricity, boilers, mechanical drawing, and all the odds and ends of a scientific course, these men have confined themselves to just the things they need, and have, therefore, become specialists, able to do their work with the greatest smoothness. If a boy wants to become a civil engineer, I am beginning to think, he had better go into it as a trade as soon as he graduates from high school. Of course, I feel personally that what I have got from college is without price, but simply in this matter of civil engineering I doubt whether a college man has a better chance to succeed than an ambitious fellow who goes into it as a trade without ever seeing a college.

SECOND LETTER.

Please burn my last letter. I should have known better than to generalize after a single week's experience. Three days after I wrote, the design for the new bridge at N— was sent in, and the chief sent out to P— for a man to go to work on the job—one of these high-school graduates I wrote about, who has been six years in the office, and who certainly is a good fellow and a capable man. The chief talked with him for some time, and then he sent for me and gave me a regular college quiz on cuts and fills, curves, strength of material, mathematical formulæ, and other details of bridge construction until my head swam. When he had finished he said: "Report to the engineer on the new bridge at N—."

That afternoon the man who had come in from P— came over to me—I was packing up my kit—and said in the most discouraged tone, "You see what it is to have a college education."

I looked up at him—he is four years older than I, and big, strong and tanned with his years of outdoor work—and I said, "What's the matter?"

"Here I am," said he, "I've been in the office for six years doing all kinds of work, and they won't trust me on that bridge. The chief knows you are familiar with mathematics and have studied the theory of bridges, and without questioning your experience he puts you on the job, and sends me back to that beastly marsh."

It was hard luck. I lent him my books and told him that by spending the next two years studying nights he would learn all the theory he needed, and would know more than anybody else in the office. He's going to do it, too. But I think I'll take back what I said last week about college education; it not only gives a man a life that he could not have without it—even, I think, with millions—but it seems also to have a certain amount of very practical value.

The Sketch Book: *Character in Outline*

The Gourd and the Gun.....Ghidds (Amsterdam)

In the midst of a hurricane of fire, while the unceasing detonations of firearms fill the heart of the combatants with febrile tremor, a squad of cavalrymen rides at full speed toward some abandoned guns which are to be taken.

These men are peasants, with long, tangled beard, long hair and rags for vestments. Their horses are harnessed with ropes; their boots and shoes are mended with strings. Their guns, however, appear well taken care of, clean under a coat of grease, and the cartridge boxes hanging from their shoulders are well filled.

A whole army has tried to conquer by assault the position occupied by them. They were ready, however, and fifteen hundred Englishmen had fallen under their well-directed fire like wheat under the scythe; two batteries of artillery, with their horses and artillermen killed, remain on low ground between the adversaries.

Two batteries?—No longer; out of the twelve guns of which they were composed, a handful of brave men—of heroes—in the service of Great Britain are flying to save one. They have come at breakneck speed, notwithstanding the hurricane of bullets; they have dismounted, and, with their horses hitched to the gun, they have succeeded in their noble design.

The Boer horsemen, who come down the hill at a furious gallop, will not have the two entire batteries. These inert weapons will not be surrendered without a last fight. The self-sacrifice of an officer and of a few soldiers in this lamentable defeat will have saved British honor. . . .

These men rushing toward the trophy belong to the commando of Ermelo. On the way they fire incessantly and one of their shots mortally wounds the chief of the little troop which is escaping with the retaken gun. He is a lieutenant, a mere boy. He drops to the ground, and his horse, also wounded, falls on him.

The firing stops on both sides. It is impossible to shoot without running the risk of striking a friend, and along the long line of battle there is a kind of truce, tacitly agreed upon, during which the victorious Boers lead away eleven guns, while the astonished Englishmen see coming toward them the twelfth gun brought by soldiers without a chief.

But what is happening on the battlefield? One of the victors has jumped from his horse and is advancing toward the wounded lieutenant. What is he going to do? Does he intend to finish the

wounded man? Why has he his gun in hand? In rags and without a hat, almost without shoes—maybe he wants to steal the coat and boots of the dying officer. Possibly he wants to take his watch!

No! This supposed-to-be brigand is Piet Niel; he is corporal, or something like it, in the commando. He saw at a glance that the young man caught under the horse must suffer horribly. He heard his plaintive voice. He is coming to try to do something for him, to save him. An immense pity has seized him in the middle of the battle.

Piet Niel is now near Lieutenant Roberts—this is the name of the unfortunate young man: a mere boy, but brave among the brave, who is dying. The weight of his horse has crushed his chest; his blood has flowed so abundantly that the barrel of his gun fallen by his side is almost filled with it. He feels that he is dying. He asks for drink.

The surly Boer takes the wretched gourd attached to his belt, and hands it to him. It contains a little water slightly flavored with alcohol; the dying man swallows a few mouthfuls with joy. He smiles in the middle of his suffering. He looks at his generous enemy, as if to thank him; Piet Niel, gently and as carefully as a mother tucking in her child's bedclothes, pushes away the heavy body of the horse. Roberts, trying to show his gratefulness, succeeds in reaching his gun lying useless like himself on the ground; he takes it by the butt-end, and empties the blood with which the barrel is filled and sullied. Then he hands it with a gesture of friendship to this rude peasant who is his victor.

Lieutenant Roberts is dead. On his mortal remains the admiration of his chiefs has caused to be placed the Victoria cross, and a royal decree, signed by Edward VII, has authorized his old father, Marshall Roberts, general-in-chief of the British armies, victor of Kandahar, of Paardeberg and Kimberley, to wear in the future, with his own cross, the cross given two years ago to his son.

Thus the man who believed that he ended the South African war can feel daily on his chest the double weight of these two jewels, one recalling useless talent and ephemeral victories, the other honoring the heroic devotion of the dead child.

Does Lord Roberts sometimes recall to his memory this gourd handed by Piet Niel at Colenso to a wounded lieutenant? Will he ever understand

the resigned gesture of the dying officer who poured on the ground the blood of his veins, before surrendering his weapon to the victorious peasant?

*Two Men and a Woman**.....John Luther Long..... Lippincott's

It was so sudden—so innocent, so altogether splendidly—frank? I looked at Nan. She was not looking at me but down at the spoon she was jangling against a cup. I did not know. Who could? Nan was—I laughed and found myself. Nan was simply—Nan! I had gone to the window. She had returned then. Now I came back and stood over her.

"Jock," she asked demurely, "when a woman has promised to marry two men, what should she do?"

"Marry only one of them."

"Which?"

"The one she loves."

"And no matter what the other may think? Suppose he loves her—the one she does not love?"

"Let him love her."

"And marry the other?"

"Certainly."

"Suppose she should marry him—"

"And love the other one?"

"Yes."

"Never do."

"What's sauce for the goose—"

"Who is the woman?"

"Me."

"Who are the men?"

"I don't think you have a right to ask; anyhow, I don't mean to tell."

"You forget that you agreed—"

"Yes—I'll tell."

But she did not; and as I thought of all those we had called the others I grew savage.

"Sometime," finished Nan, laughing.

"Nan, you ought to be ashamed to think of throwing yourself away on any of them."

"Yes."

"Well, who are they?"

"Cawdor—and—"

"Yes! Out with it!"

"You."

We flew apart and stared a moment, but then, I am happy to say, we both laughed.

CheckmateHenry Russell Wray..... Colorado Springs Gazette

The one ring on the old man's hand was worn away to a very thin gold band, and it seemed in

*From "Naughty Nan," by John Luther Long, in January Lippincott's.

keeping with its owner's face, which resembled a piece of parchment well dried after wetting.

He was seated alone at a chess-table, with the men regularly arranged on their respective inlaid blocks. He had waited a long time for a partner; that was the reason his eyes—eyes which shone with a strong high light beneath white brows and an encasement of wrinkles—rested on a young man, an attentive observer of the game at the next table.

The young man smiled approval of the winner at the finish, and consciously turned to confront those little eyes which had seemed burning their way through his back. He was greeted with a polite beckoning to be seated in the vacant chair opposite the old man.

He advanced. Not a word was exchanged, though he noted his temporary host's polite but unsuccessful effort to rise and the manifest disinclination of weakened muscles to obey. Selecting the red from the proffered pawns, the young man opened the game.

The eager yet conservative moves of the little old man were akin to the cautious guidance of an army by an intellectual general, and the trembling hand covering the "piece" emphasized the weighing of action. His interest became exaggerated as his forces were pushed closer and closer to the wall of defeat and a possible retreat blocked; then came a whisper from his young partner—"check"—followed in another move by "mate."

The strain certainly had told on the old man; for his complexion was the color of wax, and the hair, so beautifully white, shone like silver, in contrast with the yellow skin.

The second game opened, and not a word was spoken. It was played with deeper interest, and victory seemed assured for the former loser; but then two unfortunate moves, and again the almost inaudible whisper—"check."

A feeble hand supported the old man's head, wherein an active brain seemed seeking some salvation for body crippled forces. The small hand shielded the eyes—piercing eyes—that had exerted such a mysterious power over the young man, who now waited patiently for that only possible move to be made—for the recovery of lost vantage-ground. In the room all was perfectly still, save now and then for the noise of a player shifting in his chair—a silence oppressive to an outsider, but the only atmosphere for a devotee of the game.

Five minutes were ticked away by the great clock; then ten, and not a sign came from the old man. It was a critical position, and possibly he was studying thoroughly his next play. Suddenly the frail arm refused to bear even the burden of

that now unthinking brain, and as muscles relaxed his head fell lifeless, face downward, on his chest. The game "check," the man "checkmated."

The Return.....Margaret Whillans Beardsley.....Youth's Companion

It was before the past century had numbered its twoscore, and when the New World had still a far-off sound to those left in the fatherland, that a newly wedded pair set their faces to the westward, determined to risk the perils of the unknown in the hope of bettering fortune.

Young and happy in each other, the hope in their hearts as they went out marked a strong contrast to the gloomy forebodings in the ones they left behind.

The bride, who had been the babe of the house, had at seventeen scarce outgrown childish ways. To the mother, the parting had come doubly hard. Could she have seen her Katie in a home of her own even for a few brief years, where she might have watched over her and advised her, she would have sent her forth better equipped for the life beyond the seas. So she thought, and so she bitterly mourned her departure.

Years, many of them, passed by. The mother had gone from strong and sturdy middle life to the snowy-haired weakness of extreme age. She had lived to see those of her own generation laid to rest, and her children's children bringing their little ones for her blessing; and although she was cared for with a filial tenderness, she mourned with an undiminished loneliness the loss of her latest born, from whom only by the occasional treasured letter she had heard in all these years.

One day a stranger came to the village, speaking the language like a native, and yet wearing a foreign air of dress and manner. He sought out a man of the village who was past middle age, calling him "uncle" as he presented himself before him, and bringing letters to show that he was the son of Katie and Heinrich, from far-off America. The news of his coming spread rapidly among the friends and relatives of his parents, and many came hurrying to grasp the hand of the stalwart young man and inquire eagerly after his father and mother. Only from the aged grandmother were the tidings withheld, yet he had first of all asked to be taken to her.

"We will go alone, thou and I," said the uncle, "and we will tell the mother thou art from the home of Katie and Heinrich. That will be joy enough for the beginning."

So they went, and found the grandmother sitting where the sunlight streamed across her lap,

aiding the dimming eyes to set right the stitches upon her fine needles.

"See, mother," said the son, "this young man is come from America, and would tell thee of Katie and Heinrich."

Then the eyes no longer looked dim, and the tongue, that had grown silent these later years through much solitary lingering in the past, was loosed, and the young man found himself set a task to answer all the eager questions.

He told her of the comfortable home in the new land, of the broad acres stretching away from it which Heinrich held in his own right; of their sons and daughters, some of whom had gone out to make homes of their own, and the mother laughed and cried to think of Katie, her pink-cheeked baby Kate, being herself a grandmother!

And while repeating over and over that the happiness of this word-of-mouth message from one who had known and but lately seen her dear ones was more than she had ever dared to hope or look for, and thanking God for His abundant goodness in bringing it to pass, she said:

"I would not wish Katie, the grandmother of little ones, to cross the awful sea. I am not sure but I desire rather to think of her as young and fresh-colored as when last I saw her; but if I could for once but look upon a child of hers, then could I say with Jacob: 'It is enough!'"

A sob broke from the young man, and forgetting the part he was to play, he dropped beside the old woman, and turned his face upward in the band of sunlight that fell across her knees.

"Look at me! Grossmutter, meine Grossmutter!" he cried.

The aged mother turned a face of speechless wonder, doubt and longing to her son, who answered her:

"It is as he tells thee. He is indeed the son of Katie and Heinrich."

Then she took the upturned face between her hands, and with her own bent close, went over it inch by inch with fond minuteness, kissing and weeping over each fresh trace of a resemblance found, while the light shining from her face reflected a joy that was more than earthly.

Lost in the Desert *Toronto Saturday Night*

The helplessness that a man feels when he is lost is one of the most terrible parts of his experience. Perhaps this is at its worst when it is not he but the guide who is at fault. The late G. W. Steevens, the war correspondent, had a terrible experience of the kind in the Egyptian desert.

"We had been journeying all day, hoping to reach the monastery at night. I began to feel sleepy and to droop in the back. I swung my leg over the pommel, and settled myself to ride astraddle. Then I decided to sit side-saddle on the off-side for an hour, then change and ease the strain again. So I rode, looking steadily at the great yellow blotch ahead of me.

"But now the sun was dipping down again under our hat-brims. It was past four. It would be dark at half-past five; if we had not sighted our monastery then, we were helpless.

"The eagerness with which the guide raced up each new eminence, the strained hopefulness of his stare, the slow disappointment you could read in the relaxed limbs, the fresh hope renewed, but each time fainter, with which he dashed for the next prospect—he was at fault. To my eye one ridge, one dip, one hill was exactly like every other. We had been riding ten hours and must have come fifty miles; our monastery was only forty-five. We had missed it and it was all but dark.

"A night in the cutting wind of the desert, a night without tent, water, fire or fodder was the very best we had to look forward to. The worst—but just then up panted Said.

"'Have you seen, Said?'

"Effendim, I have seen; I saw from the hill back yonder. Come and see for yourselves."

"And he led us back to the brow of the bluff, and there, surely, yes, there gleamed something white. The monastery, hurrah! It can't be four miles off. We will walk; the camels can follow. So up got the patient camels and off we strode, five miles an hour, over sand as hard and crisp as the early morning snow.

"The blazing crimson and orange of the sunset blinded our eyes to the white blob of the monastery. But faster and faster we walked. Now crimson and orange blazed no more; it was really dark now; we had come five miles and had not arrived.

"Are you sure you saw, Said—quite sure?"

"'Effendim,' replied Said, 'I thought I saw something white.'

"Nothing in sight white now. The guide was thrown out utterly; and there we were, fifty-five miles from home, camels done up, and foodless; camel boys, starving; thirsty and waterless ourselves; with possibly two days' food and certainly not two days' water; lost, clean lots in the Libyan Desert."

That night their sleep was broken by fears. At early dawn they were up and searching. Mr. Steevens continues:

"Then the sun comes up, and the desert is yel-

low again; and now what sound is that? Yes, a yell from Said. Surely he has seen. On to the camels and briskly westward.

"'Have you seen, Said?'

"'No, but behold—a camel track, and I know this place.'"

The Orientation of Tom Butts..... Norman Duncan..... Ainslee's

It wrings the heart of a man from a fertile place to observe with what a depth of tenderness the soil of the remote Newfoundland is cultivated. To him, used to the sight of large rewards, the labor seems futile and tragic. He looks upon the fisherman-farmer as some old paddle-punt hand might look upon an inlander who set out to catch a whale with a bent pin and a spool of thread. Not only the graveyards, but the gardens are made by hand. The soil is gathered here and there and everywhere, scraped from the rocks, and dumped, year by year, in some sheltered place, until the new land is ready for the seed. It took twenty years to make the little garden where Aunt Phœbe's black-currant bushes and roses marvelously prolong a starved existence. Past generations made the meadow at Exploits from which men of to-day reap their pounds of hay and gather their quarts of potatoes. Moreover, many a Fogo garden once blossomed in England. Not long ago soil was imported and sold by weight. English gardens were shipped to Newfoundland in the holds of vessels bound out for dried fish.

"Be you from New York, as they says, sir?" a man asked me, in a small harbor of White Bay. Affirmatively answered, he continued: "Woan't you come out t' my garden, sir? 'Tis some queer things I've growin' there. An' 'tis English soil, sir, they thinks, an' they be doin' well. 'Twould do your heart good t' see um."

This was Tom Butts, whose son had sent him a package of assorted seeds from Maine. Unhappily for Tom, the letter had been lost in the mails; nor was there a label on a single package.

"What be that, sir?" said he, pointing to a haggard growth of stalks.

"Corn," said I.

"Now, is un?" said he, stroking his beard and smiling in an intensely gratified way. "Sure. I've long wanted to know. So, he be earn, eh? Hem-m-m! Does you know what that is in the carner?"

"'Tis a tomato plant," said I.

"Now, is un?" said he. "I thought 'twas what they calls carrots. 'Tis a to-ma-to, you says; an' 'tis what I thought was carrots. Well, well! Would you think o' that!"

Tom Butts was eager to rid himself of the burden of wonder which had so long oppressed

him—tremulously eager. He had planted in wonder, and waited in wonder, and tended in wonder. But he was too polite or too cautious to be precipitate. The stranger must not be offended, must not be frightened away—this stranger who had at last come to satisfy his heart's yearnings.

"This," he said, stooping to caress a small green plant, "is what I calls real cabbage."

"'Tis cabbage," said I.

"Now, is un?" Tom burst out, his face radiant. "Sure, I guessed the right, didn't I? But they be a queer, queer thing t'other side o' the 'taters. Take a look at un, sir. 'Tis like you never seed such a thing afore. Aft o' the taters, sir. Sure, 'tis that."

It was a pumpkin vine, all run to leaf; and it bore one broad yellow blossom, which was then wilting without promise of fruition.

"'Tis but a flower, I think, sir," said Tom. "'Tis nothing to eat, whatever."

"'Tis a pumpkin," said I.

Tom looked up quickly. "Be you sure," said he, "that you know un? 'Tis like," he went on doubtfully, "they grows in the gardens t' New York? Well, maybe, 'tis a pumpkin, if you says so. I hearn tell o' they things. Woan't you have a glass o' goat's milk, sir? No? Good-even, sir. 'Tis a fine garden, this—now, ben't un?"

"'Tis a fine garden, sir," said I; for, as I looked into his glowing face, I had no heart to call his child a cripple, even though she were one, when she was all fair and glorious in his sight.

One Touch of Nature..... *New York Times*

That rough words and a kind heart may go together was never better proved than by an incident on a Madison Avenue trolley car the other day. The conductor was speaking to an old woman, who walked with a crutch and was evidently, to judge from her clothes, very poor.

"This car don't go to Astor Place, I tell you," he said harshly. "You'll have to get off at Eighth Street."

She complained pitifully at having to walk the extra distance, and again he spoke roughly. The car stopped.

"Here's your place," he said. "Get off."

She was so decrepit that he had to help her rise from her seat. Stumbling, she reached the rear platform, the conductor following. The other passengers looked at him as though they thought him a heartless wretch. On the platform he took her arm to help her down to the street. As he did so the passenger next to the door saw him slip a coin, that seemed to be a five-cent piece, into her hand.

Then he helped her to alight gently, saying, as she finally reached the pavement:

"Step lively!"

With a scowl, as though angry, he came back into the car. It was clear that he wanted the passengers to think him a most ferocious man. The old woman stood resting on the corner and fingered her coin as the car sped down town.

An Inquest in Kansas..... *Kansas City Star*

A few days ago I was guiding a party of Kansas City hunters after wild turkey. As we stepped across Lafferty Creek we stepped on a dead man. A hog lay by his side, as dead as the man. By the "razorback" lay an unloaded gun. On the man's coat was pinned a piece of paper, and on it written these strange words: "I killed the hog and the hog killed me."

We all read it over and over; we looked at each other; we looked around; we looked up and we looked silly. It was nothing to joke about, standing there on the bank of the White River in the thin high weeds and the low thick fog, over a murder. The silence was oppressive.

As the mist passed away about a dozen faded-looking men came into view. It slowly peeped through our heads that this was a coroner's jury.

The coroner, just out of the field, covered with seed cotton, said: "Now, men, you see wat's afore you, and you know the law 'gainst totin' weepins an' you know your duty."

Just then every one of them ran his hands down into his pocket and pulled out a knife. Then all squatted down on the ground and, sitting on their heels, picked up little sticks and whittled while the coroner read the law in the case. Then they buried the man and hog side by side and rammed the ramrod and gun-barrel down at his head and made a headboard of the gun-stock.

Their official duty having been performed, they silently stole away, and left us alone with the dead. Curtis asked the old farmer that came up just then for an explanation.

"Well, I tell yer wot hit is, mister," said he, after getting out his knife, "hit's this 'er way. You see, that's some orn'r cusses roun' here wat's got no hogs, nor nuthin' else. W'en they get out'n meat they goes out inter the woods an' kill the fust hog they come to; hit's a pen'tentiary ack to do hit, but yer can't catch him at hit. So w'en you do, just shoot' im an' nobody won't make no fuss about hit. So that's the way somebody done this feller an' writ that on the paper to make it 'pear like he killed hisself, an' the coroner he took hit fur evidence, an' that's the way ov hit."

Random Reading: *Miniature Essays on Life*

The Little Gate of Fairyland.....E. Ayrton.....Lippincott's

There was once a little girl I knew, a lonely little girl in a long green coat and a flapping hat, who used to spend her days in wandering about Kensington. I do not think that you would have remarked her in a London street, for she was a very ordinary little girl, but the dog beside her caught your attention by his eye-compelling ugliness. He was large to begin with, very large and black and boisterous, with paws many sizes too big for him, and a smack of several breeds about the figure. The little girl had bought him as a pure black-and-tan puppy of some smooth-tongued dealer, but he soon outgrew that breed. Then she called him a young bulldog until he again got a size too large, and when the name "retriever" seemed to cramp him she spoke sadly of his blood-hound ancestry, and wondered how many weeks of penny pocket-money it would take to buy a more roomy kennel.

It was in Holland Walk that you generally met them—Holland Walk, a country lane that seems to have been imprisoned in the rapid growth of the world's biggest city, and when you first discover it, connecting two roaring thoroughfares, you think involuntarily of a little milkmaid tripping demurely between two bustling city merchants. There are high black palings on either side of this Walk, but at the top you see trees, real country trees, whose leaves flicker against the sky. And there in the speckled shadow between the palings the big dog would come shambling into sight, with a gait suggestive of borrowed hind-legs and deeply busied in a world of smells; then, following closely, the little girl would creep along, lost in some book; strange books they were for such a little girl—Smollett, or "Lives of the Saints," through which her conscience dragged her, or "Lays of Scottish Cavaliers," that she loved the best of all. Sometimes, particularly on the "Saint" days, the book would be laid aside, and then from her moving lips and rapt eyes you would know that she was living through some great imaginary life-crisis. Perhaps, with some well-turned remark, she would be giving up her seat in the omnibus to Mr. Gladstone, her momentary hero, quite oblivious to the fact that Prime Ministers do not usually patronize the convenient but humble 'bus. At other times you would see her face wreathed in smiles, for she was attending her own funeral, after having snatched some erring babe from under the wheels of a brewer's dray. Or perhaps her lips would be compressed and her eyes filled with tears, and you would guess that she had

killed off her entire family in a railway accident, and that, clad in clinging crape, she was dragging on a lonely and loveless existence.

But the dream that was most recurrent, the Sunday dream of dreams, was of the world that lay on the other side of the palings. It must be a beautiful land, she knew, for sometimes among the green tree-tops she thought she saw the nests of little birds, and once she had come home quite hot with joy, for a baby squirrel had leapt upon the boarding and had looked down at her for a moment with bright, wondering eyes. And the little girl had so loved small, furry things ever since that far-back day when she had rescued a mouse from the kitchen cat's clutches, and although she had offered it smelling-salts, and milk in a doll's sucking bottle, it had died softly cradled in two small, scratched hands.

It was after this that the little girl had made her one great attempt to climb the paling, an attempt doomed to failure, for the dog, who had been dragged up to give her a back, sat down unexpectedly, and the little girl fell and tore her arm—and her sleeve too, which seemed a worse catastrophe. So she had to content herself with searching for chinks in the woodwork, but even they were very few and very high, and the dream-world seemed to come no nearer.

At last she began to give up hope, and one day she was walking sadly, when as she came round a bend in the lane she suddenly saw something that almost made her heart stop beating. Could that be a little door wide open in the black, never-ending paling?

"It's a mirage," said the little girl, and she began quickly quoting from her "World at Home":

"There appears something that looks like water, but the Arab guide knows better. It is not water. If the poor travellers go up to it they find nothing but sand. It was not real. It only looked like water. You may think how disappointed they feel."

And as she advanced half-fearfully she muttered to herself, "But the Arab guide has never expected anything. He is not disappointed."

But as she came nearer, behold! it is no mirage, but a real door, really open. And the big dog smelt his way through inquisitively. Then the little girl broke into a run, and so she reached the other side. And there she flung herself on to the grass among the welcoming daffodils, for she was shaking, not with laughter, but with sudden sobs.

Presently she got up and began to wander in and out, plucking bluebells and other blossoms whose

names she did not know, and she watched the bunnies scurry into their holes, holding her dog tightly the while and crooning to herself with happiness. For if your sole association with rabbits is crying over them as they hang stiffly by their hind-feet in the larder, to see them frisk about with white tails bobbing is rather a heady experience. And there were deer too, strange, large beasts, of which the little girl was frightened, until she found that they were even more alarmed at her. And so she rambled on until she left the wood behind her, and she could see a house, a wonderful great palace it seemed, with big windows and shining conservatories. She walked on unthinkingly, for everyone has heard that there are no conventions in fairyland; and on the steps she met a man who looked at her with kindly surprise as she spoke to him confidingly, for she thought he was the prince of all those wide domains in every-day disguise. And whether he were really the master or only some soft-hearted underling I cannot say, but he took the little girl and her mongrel dog all over the great drawing-rooms shining with mirrors and gilded furniture and through the heavy-scented conservatories. Then bidding her a gentle farewell, he led her out again to some great gates, which were flung open at her approach as though for royalty. And suddenly the little girl found herself on the crowded pavement amid the clatter of cabs and omnibuses.

When she got home she tried to tell them of her dream-country, but they only scolded her for being late for dinner. So she was silent and ate, not knowing that the mutton was cold and greasy. But as soon as she might she went back to the Walk to look again upon her little door, but lo! it had gone, and the paling stretched on blankly. And though she searched and searched, she could not find it. And nevermore has she seen that opening into fairyland, nor has she ever met again her fairy prince.

True, in after years she did hear of a certain Holland House, in which great historic figures had moved—a Cromwell, an Addison, a Wilkie. Sheridan had jested, lying in a hospitable bed, a champagne-bearer always at his elbow. Fox, in his foppish days of red-heeled shoes and feathered hats, had diced until the sun rose on a ruined gambler. The immortal Penn himself had here received envoys from the new American Colonies. And in the pages of her Macaulay she read further of wonderful talkers, who made the salon a centre of light and Liberalism, to which Lord John Russell would drive in his cabriolet, or Talleyrand would hobble painfully, tapping his snuff-box. And one day it flashed across her that geographi-

cally this house stood on the site of her fairy castle, and that ordinary mortals might even say it was the same!

But she knew better. Let them revel in their Holland House, let them people it with their historical shadows; but what was this imposing pile compared with a fairy palace, or what the great Lord Holland himself beside her fairy prince?

The Dangers of the Proverb *Spectator (London)*

There are men who govern their lives by maxims. To them some one piece of proverbial philosophy appears as a signpost pointing the way to success, and no doubt there have been many who believed at least that they owed their ultimate arrival to the assistance of their selected scrap of wisdom. But such successes are, we think, the exceptions; whereas the most casual observer cannot fail to note how often these trusted indicators mislead those who resign themselves to their direction. In a sense, almost all popular proverbs are true, though this sounds paradoxical when we consider how flatly many of them contradict one another. There are a few proverbs whose truth is apparent in almost all sets of circumstances, and there are others which, like a stopped clock, are only right at times. In the latter case, we generally find another proverb existing which is equally popular, and which contains a totally opposite statement. We should like to see a collection made in which these contradictory bywords were arranged side by side. They would thus illustrate the great apparent difference which exists between the obverse and reverse sides of the current coin of homely truth and experience. Wisdom is, indeed, justified by very various children. But the men who are led astray by maxims never think about more than one; if they did they might find safety amid the confusion of numbers, and get creditably through the world by the light of their own common sense. But to return to these "stopped-clock" maxims. They are responsible for all sorts of mishaps which overthrow the traveler on the road of life, from a blunder which may cost a man half his store of self-confidence to the inducing of mental and moral diseases and "divers kinds of death."

Take, for instance, the common Yorkshire saying, "When in doubt, do nought." How very seldom the principle herein contained can be applied with advantage! How many weak wills, we should like to know, has this pestilential little proverb contributed to paralyze? Those who trust in it are not by any means stupid people; quite the reverse. They have generally just enough width of mind and sympathy to realize that there are two sides to every question, and yet not enough

insight to grasp the rights of either. The present writer remembers a man who was rendered utterly useless in every capacity of life by reliance upon this specious precept. "If we do not move, we cannot regret our step," such men argue. "If we take no side, we cannot be found upon the wrong one. It may be rather dull to stand still, but at any rate it is no trouble. Success may overtake us, and at least we are not running away from it. All things happen to those that wait"—and so they do wait, till the only thing which is sure to happen to every one does happen, and they die. Could they but have realized that "he who hesitates is lost" contains far more truth than its opposite, they might have done something in life. Not that this energetic assertion of an occasional fact is by any means a sure guide. Who is not familiar with the man who never hesitates before any decision, and nearly always laments his precipitation, usually aloud? Who has not got tired of imploring such an one to make the best of a bad job, or of suppressing the obvious comment of "We told you so?" All the same, believers in a motto which spurs them into foolish action seem to do better in the race of life than those who rely upon one which preaches nothing but caution. And hasty people generally seem to arrive at their goal, in however bad condition.

There is another pernicious saying which almost always proves true, and that is "Misfortunes seldom comes singly." This is one of those dreadful prophecies which bring about their own fulfilment. Believers in this sinister proverb are almost invariably crushed by it, for they are reduced by apprehension into such a depressed condition that they are ready to contract, as it were, any germs of misfortune which may be floating about, or to create a misfortune out of an incident to which in robuster mood they might have been indifferent.

The New Snobbishness.....Ogier Ryden.....Westminster Review

In the Westminster Review Lady Grove lately wrote on the subjects of "Mispronunciation and Middle-classdom."^{*} Certain tests, she says, may be adopted by which the sheep may be separated from the goats, the upper from the middle classes. The shibboleth of caste is to be found in the word "girl." The man or woman who pronounces the word "gurl" is "outside the pale." She confesses, however, that she has known those who are unable to detect the difference; and we are driven to the conclusion that social salvation depends

upon the ear more than on anything else. But though this test is conclusive, there are others which afford an equally valuable criterion. The socially saved must pronounce "valet" and "Calais" as though they were innocent of a Gallic origin; on the other hand, they must talk of "an 'otel," not "a hotel." The latter form makes a book unreadable. Again, one must speak of "port wine," not of "port"; this on the authority of those from whose "verdict there can be no appeal." The word "dress," when "gown" is meant, is forbidden, but a "napkin" should never be called a "serviette." The man who "leaves town" to join "a week-end party" is guilty of a double outrage; "photos," "bikes," and "wires" (when telegrams are meant) constitute an abomination. The man who finds himself alone in a hansom cab must on no account sit in the middle, or say that he has been "riding" in a hansom. Napkin-rings, fish-knives, tea-cosies, tidies, and nightgown cases are the insignia of the middle classes. Such is the alchemy of society.

The writer may be permitted to offer a few criticisms:

1. The writer has circularized the dukes and duchesses on the question of the pronunciation of "hotel." So great an expert as Lady Grove should be aware of the danger of trusting to ladies who are lower in the social scale. And she herself furnishes us with the dreadful consequences that follow from the imprudence of putting one's trust in "marchionesses." Now, sixty per cent. of the dukes and duchesses pronounce for "hotel," while thirty-nine per cent. are in favor of "'otel." The most astonishing answer received was to the effect that "it really did not matter." However, the writer was only a dowager duchess, and, I am afraid, a poor deluded creature at best.

2. Lady Grove says that she has seen "a countess of irreproachable breeding eating cheese with her knife."

In all the writer's experience he has never seen any one eat his cheese with anything else, but for one exception. He once saw a duke help himself with a tablespoon, and tear the cheese to pieces with his fingers. But he always thought it a very disgusting habit.

3. Lady Grove once saw "a marchioness drinking tea out of a saucer."

The writer can only exclaim "Shame!" He can truthfully say that in all his experience he has never known a duchess do such a thing. He could quote the melancholy fate of the Duchess of Q—, who died of diphtheria produced by pouring scalding tea down her throat.

4. "Gentlemanlike," not "gentlemanly."

It is to be hoped that no one who has the

*The article was printed in Current Literature for May, Vol. XXX., No. 5, page 542.

slightest reverence for the English language will use either of these words. The former implies that a man is like a gentleman but is not one, and before Lady Grove uses the word "genteel" again, may the writer beseech her to read the Case of General Ople (George Meredith). And, speaking of literature, there are one or two volumes which may be recommended—*Les Précieuses Ridicules*, *Les femmes Savantes*, and the records of the Hotel Rambouillet.

5. "You must not sit in the middle of a hansom cab."

The last person the writer saw indulging in this vulgarity was an ex-Premier of England.

6. "Dimond," "aint," "wantin'," and "Seymer" are permissible and even aristocratic.

The best criticism is to be found in Lady Grove's article: "A fine ear, a delicate enunciation, and a refined spirit is necessary to the proper appreciation of the beauties of so subtle a language." Echo answers "Aint it just?"

It is to be hoped that we do not appear hypercritical. But of Lady Grove's test, we should say that the majority are tests, not of aristocracy, but of an ordinary knowledge of English. Others are entirely debatable: and the remainder are simply absurd. The fact is that we all know (though we may have different ideas on the subject) what is a gentleman and what is the reverse. He is not the sum total of a number of particularities of diction and costume. In short, he is, he does not consist. He is an abstract entity, not a collection of capricious atoms.

The Plague of Statistics.....Eugene Richard WhiteAtlantic

Why and to what extent are statistics an evil? The first part of the question is the more easily answered; briefly it can be stated in this way. We have come so to rely upon numerical expression that numbers stand both as end and means; no longer dare we appeal to the emotions, no longer do men sway men with truth of words. Facts and the exact expression of them are what we seem to desire. Fast are we drawing the chilling robes about us; fast have our finer instincts, our higher powers, become drugged with sums total. Judging from the means taken to convince and excite us, as a race we are becoming incapable of any reason not expressed by one of the great divisions of mathematics. Pythagoras would be delighted indeed to see our reverence for numbers, for we bow lower than did he, and for less reason. But what actually is the extent of the evil? We can hardly measure the effects aright without knowing the extent; how greatly are we afflicted by it? The children of the imagination were long in bondage to science. Now they

wander, let us hope not a full forty years, in the wilderness of purely scientific expression, the arid, sterile waste of statistics. What function of public life has not been unduly brought under this dread domain? Understanding quantity by instinct and quality not at all, the appeal is made at once to arithmetic. Would we convince the average American? Experience has taught that it can best be done by figures. The Zerah Colburn in him is most alert. Do not the newspapers rely upon this trait continually? Latterly our editorial pages are digests of tables prepared by various commissions. Does the pulpit scorn this means of arousing interest? How do we raise funds for starving India? The chief instruments for rousing compassion is famine statistics; the bulk of the misfortune readily appeals. We bulk disaster as our merchants corner markets. Do we plead the cause of temperance? Here statistics revel, and they may be had patiently plotted out even to the number of drunkards to the square rod in Cuyahoga County, Ohio, or the arrests for inebriety in Kokomo, Indiana, for 1901. What seems to be the crux in literature? How appraise the success of a book save by the number of copies sold in a given time? How ascertain the merit of a play save by the number of nights it "ran" in the dramatic centres? Thus is our American mark set on what is what. We go about reforming and purifying the world with a committee report at elbow and a statistical compilation in each hand.

We have lost the power of reasoning without a mathematical crutch. Americans are indeed a calculating people. The premise of those who wish to inflame, convince, excite, or move us is that not otherwise may this be done save that the manner of doing it be expressed in digits and systems of digits. Once upon a time (it was almost as long ago as that) logic, expressed with a fine garnishing of words, swayed multitudes; proselyted with Paul, aroused the Crusades, wrought the Reformation, accomplished American Independence. The time for this seems to have passed. We read to-day the speeches that once thrilled England or kept men breathless in our American halls, and, somewhat dazed, ask vaguely, "What are the figures?" Argument was once a passage at arms of wit; to-day deductive rapiers and assertive broadswords alike would stand small show pitted against the bludgeons of statistical exactness we so longingly applaud. What inspiration we may have is but the faculty of co-ordinating figures raised to the nth power.

Our government is one of numbers—for numbers and by numbers. Representation is figured out in a movable ratio. The House of Representatives is the epitome of the quantitative life. De-

siring auto-analysis we ordain a multitude of governmental inquisitions, increase boards of compilation that we may have the last set of figures on strikes, chinch bugs, forestry, tuberculosis, and sewage disposal. States take up and multiply the national lust, and municipalities rush to fill up any missing links.

Thus does the apotheosis of arithmetic mark our growing habit. We forget that statistics are the first resort of the ill-informed. They may be of use in the concrete, but there is little beauty in them, and, with due respect to the public, the World almanac is not the highest achievement in American literature. As a race we need more Harold Skimples. It was delightful unmathematical, unstatistical blood which did most worth doing of that which has been done. The Greeks attained to passable prominence without the trial of Arabic notation smeared across their national life or sullying conversation in Academe. The Elizabethans did much without referring to the decimal system. And Genesis was written before Numbers.

When Does a Man Become Old? *New York Press*

When does a man become old? He must live many years here in New York in order to accomplish it. Some men never do, and though many years may pass them by, "loved of the gods, die young." Here the young men seem older than their years and those who have lived long, younger than they are, so that thirty and sixty meet together with little feeling that there is a gulf of time between them. Given the essential prerequisites of a comfortable bank account and a good digestion and a man of sixty is only "middle aged" in looks and feelings and manner of life. He has lost some illusions of youth, but others, carefully nourished through the long years, are still with him. It is true they no longer form a vital part of his spiritual life, these selected and preserved illusions, but they are much alive and have become the adjuncts and ornaments of the man's mentality, for which purpose alone they are used, watered with emotion and fertilized with sentiment. The years have taught him philosophy; he no longer cries for the moon, but enjoys to the full the beauty of its rays.

Some fire from the heart, some vigor from the limb the years may have stolen, but he never was in as good health in his life and never so blessed with good spirits and contentment. His importance in business, politics and society probably is greater than it ever was, and so far from feeling that he is getting to be a "back number" he knows that he is actively and potently engaged in the affairs of the world. He sails his yacht,

drives his automobile, plays golf better than his grandson, and how he does enjoy his dinner! Go down into Wall Street and see the "middle-aged" man of sixty shouting with the struggling mob on the floor of the Stock Exchange, or bright, active, alert in his office in the midst of a whirlpool of business affairs.

If his passions no longer throb and burn and tear, they are the more easily held in the leash of a sober mind. He may have moulted his hair, or his locks may have turned white, but close cropped, that does not show much, and does not matter anyway, for he has reached an age when he need not care for such things. His ruddy complexion, his firm flesh and his clear eye forbid all suggestions of physical decay. He can even flirt a little, with an easy grace which contains no taint of senility and is impossible in a less mature man.

Well groomed and fresh from his daily bath, the middle-aged man of sixty is a figure to be admired; able to live a perfectly natural life, he is a person to be envied. He can take his little nap after dinner and not be ashamed of it, and can do many other comfortable little things which were not allowed him in younger years. President Roosevelt, Mayor Low and the German Emperor we speak of as young men, yet they are all three well past forty, while many of our other political leaders and most of our great financiers are middle-aged men of sixty or thereabouts.

To be young at forty-five and middle-aged at sixty—surely that is an achievement in the lives of men, a testimonial to the progress of age. The middle-aged man of sixty knows how to eat, how to drink, how to dress; he knows "the worth of a lass," and he "knows that sin is vain." Happy man, enviable state, golden age!

"In ours transatlantic country," writes Henry Esmond, "we have a season, the calmest and the most delightful of the year, which we call the Indian summer. I often say the autumn of our life resembles that happy and serene weather and am thankful for its rest and its sweet sunshine." A pleasing picture truly, but is it not more pleasing to see a man enjoying the pleasant sunshine of his Indian summer, not in rest, but in activity, still strong and sound of body and mind, a man of affairs, a participant in all the business and legitimate pleasures of his fellow men—middle-aged at sixty?

But to achieve this delectable state always remember that two conditions are absolutely necessary: prosperous finances and a good digestion. So take care that before the time arrives you have provided for the one and have not destroyed the other.

Songs of the Sword

The Procession *Ida Whipple Benham* *Independent*

I heard the bugles blow
Silverly, oh, silverly!
I saw the horseman go
With jeweled bridles ringing;
And maidens flowers were bringing,
The dusty way to strow—
When from a field of fame
The conqueror came.

I heard far drums beat low;
Red was the far stream's flow;
I remembered the widow's woe,
The conqueror went by;
"Hurrah!" said some, not I,
When I heard the bugles blow
Silverly, silverly.

Pelham *Frank Leslie's*

Up to the forefront, spoke never a breath;
Up to the battle, to cannon and death;
Up to the fierce guns over the ford,
Rode young John Pelham, his hat on his sword.
Out spoke bold Stuart, our cavalry lord,
"Back to your guns, lad!"—never a word
Uttered the gunner, as onward he spurred.
On with the cavalry—no business there—
Backward the wind blew his bright yellow hair,
Back blew the battle-smoke from the red fire,
Up rose the battle-dust, higher and higher.
Out rang the silver notes, clear as a bell,
Heard above bursting of shrapnel and shell.
Out rang the orders from Fitz Lee, the brave,
"Charge the left battery!" God! 'tis his grave!
On by the crashing balls, hissing balls, then,
Sabres and pistols and horses and men
Over the hill went, over the dead
Fitz Lee and cavalry, Pelham ahead.
Down by the sulphur smoke to the red plain
On the left battery, Pelham is slain.
Gently now, comrades, take up the bier;
Bear it back quickly, the battle is near.
Run down the charger, muffle the tread,
Weep, Light Artillery! Pelham is dead!

Soft! Let me look at the white, white face,
Fair as a woman, all womanly grace.

Lamentation *Wm. Watson* *Daily News (London)*

O early fall'n, uncrowned with envied laurel,
O lives that nameless come and noteless go,
Our vainly brave in an ignoble quarrel,
That fought unhating an unhating foe!

Ye pass, ye cease; in alien dust your dust is;
Carnage and tears depart not, wrath remains;
And Power derides the lips that counsel justice,
And nations wonder, and the world arraigns.

And foresight of how long the end yet tarries
To no man born of woman hath He given,
Who marshals all his flashing legionaries
Nightly upon the silent field of heaven.

The Sword *J. J. Roche* *Century*

I have sung of the soldier's glory
As I never shall sing again;
I have gazed on the shambles gory,
I have smelled of the slaughter-pen.

There is blood in the ink-well clotted,
There are stains on the laurel leaf,
And the pages of fame are blotted
With the tears of a needless grief.

When the volleys of hell are sweeping
The sea and the battle plain,
Do you think that our God is sleeping,
And never to wake again?

When hunger and ravenous fever
Are slaying the wasted frame,
Shall we worship the red deceiver,
The devil that men call Fame?

We may swing the censor to cover
The odor of blood—in vain;
God asks us, over and over,
"Where is thy brother, Cain?"

Battle Flags *Francis Gallagher* *Hartford Courant*

Nothing but flags—but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags;
Some walk before them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the patriot dead
That have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their life's young tide,
And, dying, blessed them, and, blessing, died.

Nothing but flags—yet, methinks, at night
They tell each other their tale of fright;
And spectres come, and their twin arms twine
'Round each standard torn, as they stand in line,
As the word is given, they charge! they form!
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm;
And once again, through smoke and strife,
These colors lead to a Nation's life.

Nothing but flags—yet, bathed with tears,
They tell of triumphs, of hopes, of fears;
Of earnest prayers for the absent men,
Of the battlefield and the prison pen,
Silent, they speak; and the tear will start
As we stand before them with throbbing heart,
And think of those who are not forgot;
Their flags came hither—yet they came not.

Nothing but flags—yet we hold our breath
And gaze with awe at those types of death;
Nothing but flags—yet the thought will come,
The heart must pray, though the lips be dumb.
They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
On those loved flags, which came home again;
Baptized in blood of our purest, best;
Tattered and torn, they are now at rest.

In Dialect : Selections of Character Verse

Ye Gallerye God.....J. J. MontaguePortland Oregonian

Ye Critick may write with satirical Penne,
And pick quite to Pieces ye Playe;
He may saye it be Rotten again and again,
Yt he knowes it will live but a Daye;
He may say ye Construction is notably weak,
Yt ye Lines are ye veriest Rotte,
Its Faults with ye keenest of Eyes he may seek,
And declare it is Lacking in Plotte,
And yt though ye Player ye Critick much fears,
When he makes to ye People his Nodde,
He knows ye play "goes" as soon as he hears
Ye voice of ye Gallerye God.

Ye Critic may say yt ye Playe is a Birde,
Yt ye Partes are most strikingly drawn,
Ye Lines are ye Brightest he ever has heard,
Yt ye drama is grandly putte on.
He may fire Bouquets at ye Author full oft
And say yt ye Players are great,
Yet ye Player looks up to ye Gallerye Loft
And listens to hear of his Fate,
For he knows yt ye Play is a failure forsooth,
Before he tenn minutes has trod
On ye Stage if he hear not a Sound from ye Youth
Who is known as ye Gallerye God.

Ship-o'-the-Line, AhoySan Francisco Bulletin

Ship-o'-the-line, ahoy—O!
Cap'n, I blush for you!
Sliver my timbers! Ahoy—O!
Wouldn't have thought it true!
Martinet's eye on the quarterdeck;
Heart of an oak in the reeling wreck;
Laughing at death on the ocean trek;—
Cap'n, I blush for you!

Ship-o'-the-line, what cheer—O—
Cap'n, she's hailing you!
Face turning pallid with fear—O—
Cap'n, what will you do?
Slippin' your cables so frenzied-lee;
Pointing your prow to the open sea;
Turning your back on the foe to flee—
Cap'n, what's ailing you?

Ship-o'-the-line, avast—O—
Cap'n, don't run away!
Got to surrender at last—O;
Do it the graceful way.
Conjugal life is a stormy sea,
Captains as rugged as you agree;
But woman is managed most easi-lee—
If only she has her way!

A Lay of Ancient RomeHarvard Lampoon

Oh! the Roman was a rogue,
He erat, was, you bettum;
He ran his automobilis
And smoked his cigarettum;
He wore a diamond studibus,
An elegant cravattum.
A maxima cum laude shirt.
And such a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-hæc-hock,
And bet on games and equi;

At times he won; at others, though,
He got it in the nequi;
He winked (quo usque tandem?)
At puellas on the Forum,
And sometimes even made
Those goo-goo oculorum!

He frequently was seen
At combats gladiatorial,
And ate enough to feed
Ten boarders at Memorial;
He often went on sprees,
And said, on starting homus,
"Hic labor—opus est,
Oh, where's my—hic—hic—domus?"

Although he lived in Rome—
Of all the arts the middle—
He was (excuse the phrase)
A horrid individ'l;
Ah! what a diff'rent thing
Was the homo (dative, hominy) .
Of far-away B. C.
From us of Anno Domini.

Life's Average.....New Orleans Times-Democrat

I never talk Philosophy
Like Pessimists an' such,
Who try to make a feller think
That Life ain't nothin' much.
I guess there never wuz a spot
Where shadders didn't fall;
But shadder's just the other side
O' sunshine after all.
An' there ain't no use in fumin'
When the world seems out o' gear,
Fer music's always in the air,
An' love, an' song, an' cheer
Jest keeps a feller's spirits up,
An' kinder makes him glad.
An' come what will, he's bound to think
Life ain't so awful bad.
Sometimes a feller has ter weep,
Sometimes he has to laugh,
The shadders an' the sunshine mix,
Jest kinder half an' half.

Take Things as They Come.....Boston Post

Got t' take things es they cum;
Hain't no use t' make a fuss:
When yew rip an' sware erround,
'Pears that allus makes things wuss.

Got t' take things es they cum;
Hain't no use t' sweat an' stew;
Dadburn sun can't allus shine,
Ner th' sky be allus blue.

Got t' take things es they cum;
Bitter dose 'long with th' 'sweet;
Now an' then yew'll find a thorn
On life's path t' prick yer feet.

Got t' take things es they cum;
Not set down with hone 'most gone,
But jes' face misfortune brave;
Grit yewr teeth an' push right on.

Folk-Tales of New England

It has with truth been said that "every league of the New England coast has its story or its legend." Mr. Samuel Adams Drake, in his revised edition of New England Legends and Folk Lore,* has recorded a great number of these old tales of the Puritan seaboard. He has omitted all the purely fictitious tales from his collection, but still has contrived to give us a volume of nearly five hundred pages of historic folk lore dear to the heart of the native New Englander. This new edition contains many new legends.

That strange delusion of the latter part of the seventeenth century, the fantastic belief in witches, with its cruel deeds, will always remain a bitter page in the history of Salem and the Massachusetts Bay colony.

GEORGE BURROUGHS' RIDE.

Of all the innocent victims to the witchcraft frenzy, the Reverend George Burroughs is, in some respects, the most striking figure, not only on account of his high calling, but also for the simple fortitude, destitute of all bravado, with which he confronted his perjured accusers, heard the wicked sentence pronounced by his merciless judges, and finally met a disgraceful death at the hands of the common hangman.

There is a traditional account of Burroughs' arrest, not unworthy of a place by the side of those weird legends for which the Black Forest, the Harz, and the Alps are famous. According to this account, the officers of the law, who were taking Burroughs to Salem, to be tried for his life, conceived the idea that the devil might take it into his head to play them some trick, if they took the road men usually traveled; so in order to outwit him they made their way by lonely and unfrequented paths to the next settlement. They had just buried themselves in the depths of the forest when a thunderstorm burst upon them in all its fury. In a twinkling the forest grew as dark as midnight. The wind howled, the lightning flashed, and the thunder pealed as if the Last Day were indeed at hand. Believing that their prisoner had summoned all the Powers of Darkness to his aid, the terrified officers now gave themselves up for lost. Presently a blinding flash, instantly followed by a deafening crash, that seemed splitting earth and sky asunder, brought horses and riders to a standstill. A moment of silence succeeded. The terrified animals trembled in every limb. Then a new terror seemed to seize them, and as if fear had really given them wings they sprang forward again into the darkness and gloom with a speed that threatened destruction to both riders and steeds. In vain the bewildered officers tugged at the bit: their frantic animals had yielded to the wizard's spell, and were bearing their helpless mas-

ters onward with the speed of the wind. On they went as if lashed by invisible hands, until, with the passing of the storm, the spell was broken, and a place of safety reached at last. When the officers drew rein, they were overcome with astonishment at finding their prisoner still among them. Even then it is asserted that the officers were so unnerved that Burroughs might easily have made his escape.

At his trial all the incidents of this adventure were brought forward as so many proofs of his dealings with the Evil One.

The tale of the frogs of Windham is in pleasing contrast to the foregoing.

THE FROGS OF WINDHAM.

On a dark, cloudy, dismal night in the month of July, A. D. 1754, the inhabitants of Windham, a small town in the eastern part of Connecticut, had retired to rest, and for several hours all were wrapped in profound repose—when suddenly, soon after midnight, the slumbers of the peaceful inhabitants were disturbed by a most terrific noise in the sky, right over their heads, which to many seemed the yells and screeches of infuriated Indians, while others had no way of accounting for the awful sounds, which kept increasing, but by supposing that the Day of Judgment had certainly come; and to their terrified imaginations the awful uproar in the upper air seemed the immediate precursor of the clangor of the last trumpet. At intervals many supposed they could distinguish the calling out of the particular names of Colonels Dyer and Elderkin, two eminent lawyers, and this increased the general terror. But soon there was a rush from every house (the tumult in the air still increasing): old and young, male and female, poured forth into the streets "in puris naturalibus," entirely forgetful, in their hurry and consternation, of their nether habiliments, and, with eyes upturned, tried to pierce the almost palpable darkness. My venerable informant, who well recollects the event, says that some daring spirits, concluding there was nothing supernatural in the hubbub and uproar overhead, but rather that they heard the yells of Indians commencing a midnight attack, loaded their guns and sallied forth to meet the invading foe. These valiant heroes, on ascending the hill that bounds the village on the east, perceived that the sounds came from that quarter, and not from the skies, as at first believed, but their courage would not permit them to proceed to the daring extremity of advancing eastward, until they had discovered the real cause of alarm and distress which pervaded the whole village. Towards morning the sounds in the air seemed to die away.

In the morning, the whole cause of alarm, which produced such distressing apprehensions among the good people of the town, was apparent to all who took the trouble to go to a certain millpond situated about three-fourths of a mile eastward of the village. This pond, hereafter in the annals of fame forever to be called the Frog Pond, in consequence of a severe drought which had prevailed many weeks had become nearly dry, and the Bull Frogs with which it was densely populated, at the mill, fought a pitched battle on the sides of the

*A Book of New England Legends and Folk Lore, in Prose and Poetry. New and Revised Edition. By Samuel Adams Drake. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

ditch which ran through it, for the possession and enjoyment of the fluid which remained. Long and obstinately was the contest maintained: and many thousands of combatants were found defunct on both sides of the ditch the next morning. It had been uncommonly still for several hours before the battle commenced, but suddenly, as if by preconcerted agreement, every frog on one side of the ditch raised the war-cry, "Colonel Dyer! Colonel Dyer!" and at the same instant, from the opposite side, resounded the adverse shout of "Elderkin, too! Elderkin, too!" Owing to some peculiar state of the atmosphere, the awful noises appeared to the distressed inhabitants to be directly over their heads.

The scare subsided, but not so the pleasantries indulged in at the expense of the crestfallen inhabitants of Windham:

Some were well pleased, and some were mad:

Some turned it off with laughter:

And some would never hear a word

About the thing thereafter.

Some vowed that if the De'il himself

Should come, they would not flee him,

And if a frog they ever met,

Pretended not to see him.

The mountains and streams of Maine and New Hampshire have their lingering memories of the past. The dark shadows of the hills and the flitting murmurs of the brooklets still exhale a subtle influence of superstition, based half upon fancy and half upon fact.

NANCY AND HER LOVER.

In the latter part of the last century a maiden, whose Christian name of Nancy is all that comes down to us, was living in the little hamlet of Jefferson. She loved, and was betrothed to, a young man of the farm. The wedding day was fixed, and the young couple were on the eve of setting out for Portsmouth, where their happiness was to be consummated at the altar. In the trustfulness of her love, the young girl confided the small sum which constituted all her marriage portion to her lover. This man repaid her simple faith with the basest treachery. Seizing his opportunity, he left the hamlet without a word of explanation or adieu. The deserted maiden was one of those natures which cannot sit down calmly under calamity. Urged on by the intensity of her feelings, she resolved to pursue her recreant lover. He could not resist her prayers, her entreaties, her tears! She was young, vigorous, intrepid. With her, to decide and to act were the same thing. In vain the family attempted to dissuade her from her purpose. At nightfall she set out. A hundred years ago the route taken by this brave girl was not, as to-day, a thoroughfare which one may follow with his eyes shut: it was only an obscure path little traveled by day, always deserted by night. For thirty miles there was not a human habitation. The forests were filled with wild beasts. The rigor of the season—it was December—added its own perils. But nothing could daunt the heroic spirit of Nancy: she had found man more cruel than all besides.

The girl's hope was to overtake her lover before dawn at the place where she fully expected he would have camped for the night. She found the camp

deserted, and the embers of his fire extinguished. Spurred on by hope or despair, she pushed on down the tremendous defile of the Notch, fording the turbulent and frozen Saco, toiling through deep snows and over rocks and fallen trees, until, feeling her strength fail, she sank exhausted on the margin of the brook which seems perpetually bemoaning her sad fate. Here, cold and rigid as marble, under a canopy of evergreen which the snow tenderly dropped above her lifeless form, they found her. She was wrapped in her cloak, and in the same attitude of repose as when she fell asleep on her nuptial couch of snow-crusted moss. The story goes that the faithless lover became a hopeless maniac on learning of the fate of his victim, dying in horrible paroxysms not long after. Tradition adds that for many years, on every anniversary of her death, the mountains resounded with ravings, shrieks and agonized cries, which the superstitious attributed to the unhappy ghost of the maniac lover. It is furthermore related by Dr. Jeremy Belknap, the historian of New Hampshire, that when making a journey through this valley in 1784, he was besought by the superstitious settlers to lay the spirits, which were still believed to haunt the fastnesses of these mountains.

The gloomy legend of Chocorna and his curse is intimately associated with the mountain fastnesses of the Granite State.

CHOCORNA AND HIS CURSE.

Chocorna was an Indian chief who continued to hunt and trap the beaver through the forests of New Hampshire after his tribe and race had deserted it. The beaver were still plenty among its unfrequented nooks, while its woods and waters, its crags and ravines, offered safe retreats to a still plentiful game. Chocorna had a son, the sole companion of his solitude. On some occasion, when the chief wished to make a long journey, he confided this boy to the care of a white settler named Campbell, against his own return to his wigwam. Prompted by a fatal curiosity, the boy drank off the contents of a bottle of poison, kept to destroy the wolves which prowled around the white man's lonely cabin. The poison did its deadly work all too quickly. Chocorna returned to find his boy a corpse. In vain was the manner of the foolish boy's death described to him. Chocorna believed it had been caused by Campbell himself, and with Indian vindictiveness vowed to be revenged. One day Campbell came home from hunting only to find his wife and children murdered in cold blood. In his absence they had fallen easy victims to the fury of Chocorna. It was now Campbell's turn to swear vengeance. Gathering some neighbors, the pursuit began. Chocorna was tracked to the mountain in which he had taken refuge, hunted from one hiding place to another, until brought to bay on the toomost crag, when, seeing further retreat impossible, he faced his pursuers with Indian stoicism. Another step would have hurled him to the bottom of a dizzy precipice. "Jump!" commanded the white men. Seeing nothing but death threatening him on all sides, Chocorna prepared to obey, but before doing so he launched this curse at his tormentors:

"A curse upon ye, white men! May the Great Spirit curse ye when he speaks in the clouds and

his words are fire! Chocorna had a son, and ye killed him when the sky was bright! Lightning blast your crops! Winds and fire destroy your dwellings! The Evil Spirit breathe death upon your cattle! Your graves lie in the warpath of the Indian! Panthers howl and wolves fatten over your bones! Chocorna goes to the Great Spirit—his curse stays with the white man!"

With this parting defiance the chieftain leaped into the abyss beneath.

Another version of the legend runs to the effect that Chocorna was a survivor of the warlike Pigwackets, who had fought a battle to the death with Lovewell's band of scalping white rangers, in the year 1725, and that having imprudently lingered near the spot he was tracked and slain in the manner already related.

It is a fact, well attested, that the white settlers of Albany, in which this mountain is situated, found their cattle to be wasted by a strange disease, of which they died; and it is also true that, for a long time, the disease was attributed to Chocorna's curse.

Mankind, civilized and uncivilized, from the earliest times has believed in the efficacy of propitiatory offerings, either to a beneficent or a malevolent power, to insure success in hazardous undertakings. The New England coast-line still has memorials of this old-time faith.

INDIAN LEGENDS.

On the Sasanoa River, one of the mouths of the Kennebec, in Maine, there is a fine promontory which goes by the name of Hockomock Head, in consequence of the legend related of it by Champlain, to whom, more than to any other writer, we are indebted for a knowledge of the manners and customs of the aborigines of the New England coast. It should be said that the navigation of the Sasanoa is sometimes rendered difficult and

even dangerous by the rapidity of its current, its tortuous windings, its eddies and its falls, not so easily overcome when Champlain ascended it as to-day. He moreover tells us that each of his Indian guides left an arrow at the bold headland, as an offering to its guardian Spirit, whose name it bears. Another legend of similar import runs to this effect:

Lake Champlain, of many names, was called Corlaer's Lake by the Five Nations, for the first Dutch settler of Schenectady, whom the Mohawks greatly esteemed, and who was drowned by the upsetting of his canoe there. This is the tradition. There is a rock in this lake on which the waves dash and fly up to a great height when the winds blow hard. The Indians believe that an old Indian lives under this rock, who has the power of the winds; and therefore as they pass it in their voyages over, they always throw a pipe or some other small present to this old Indian and pray a favorable wind. The English that pass with them sometimes laugh at them, but they are sure to be told of Corlaer's death. "Your great countryman, Corlaer," they say, "as he passed by this rock, jested at our fathers' making presents to this old Indian, but this affront cost him his life."

Whether the fisher-folk of Marblehead derived any of their superstitious beliefs from the Indians or not, we do not undertake to say. But some three miles out to sea, and midway between Boston Light and Cape Ann, a stark and solitary rock lifts its dingy brown back above the waves, when it is not smothered in foam or shut in by thick fogs. Half-Way Rock is, therefore, a veritable rock of danger. This may, perhaps, explain why fishermen outward-bound were long in the habit of tossing copper coins upon this rock, as they passed it, to bring them good luck on the voyage. If this rock did not stand with these rude minds for the symbol of some unseen, elemental power, why not throw their coin anywhere else?

Says Mr. Dooley to Mr. Hennessy*

By F. P. Dunne

The public is already acquainted with many of the quaint opinions of the philosopher of Archey Road. The following excerpts have been taken at random from his latest utterances:

Th' diff'rence between Christyan Scientists an' doctors is that Christyan Scientists think they're no such thing as disease, an' doctors think there ain't anythin' else. An' there ye ar-re.

"What d'ye think about it?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"I think," said Mr. Dooley, "that if th' Christyan Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christyanity, it wudden't make amny dif-

f'rence which ye called in—if ye had a good nurse."

The recent decision of the Supreme Court upon the constitution and the flag calls forth this:

Some fellow said that ivrywhere th' Constitution wint, th' flag was sure to go. "I don't believe wan wurrud iv it," says th' other fellow. "Ye can't make me think th' Constitution is goin' thrapezin' around ivrywhere a young liftant in th' ar-rmy takes it into his head to stick a flagpole. It's too old. It's a home-stayin' Constitution with a blue coat an' brass buttons onto it, an' it walks with a goold-headed cane. It's old an' it's feeble an' it prefers to set on th' front stoop an' amuse th' childher. It wudden't last

*Mr. Dooley's Opinions. By F. P. Dunne. New York. R. H. Russell. \$1.50.

a minyit in thim thropical climes. 'T wud get a pain in th' fourteenth amindmint an' die before th' doctors cud get ar-round to cut it out."

Lord Kitchener's declaration of peace in South Africa read, according to Mr. Dooley:

This war as a war is now over. Ye may not know it but it's so. Ye've broke th' rules an' we give th' fight to ourselves on a foul. Th' first principal iv a war ag'in England is that th' inimy shall wear r-red or purple coats with black marks fr' to indicate th' location iv vital organs be day an' a locomotive headlight be night. They shall thin gather within aisy range an' at th' wurrud "fire" shall fall down dead. Anny remainin' standin' afferward will be considhered as spies. Shootin' back is not allowed be th' rules an' is severely disountenanced be our ladin' military authorities. Anny attimpt at concealment is treachery. Th' scand'lous habit iv pluggin' our gallant sojers fr'm behind rocks an' trees is a breach iv internaytional law. Rethreatin' whin pursooed is wan iv our copyrighted manoovers an' all infringemens will be prosecuted. At a wurrud fr'm us, th' war is over an' we own ye'er country.

Speaking of mosquitoes, we learn that—

They on'y come aferher a heavy rain or a heavy dhy spell, or whin they're a little rain, followed be some dhryness; ye mustn't mind them, a mosquito on'y lives fr' a day. 'Tis a short life an' a merry wan. Do they die iv indigistion?

An Editor's position is not a sinecure.

"'Tis a hard job," said Mr. Dooley, "but 'tis a facinatin' wan. They're nawthin' so hard as mindin' ye'er own business an' an iditor niver has to do that."

"I shud think th' wurruk wud kill him," said Mr. Hennessy, sadly.

"It does," said Mr. Dooley. "Manny gr-reat iditors is dead."

The athletic tendency among women leads Mr. Dooley to remark:

I go home at night an' I'm met at th' dure be a female joyst. Me wife's th' champeen lady golufess iv th' Ivy Leaf Goluf Club; th' finest oarslady on th' canal; a tannis player that none can raysit without injury. She can ride a horse an' I cudden't stay on a merry-go-round without clothespins. She can box a good welterweight an' she's got medals fr' th' broad jump. Th' on'y spoorts she isn't good at is cookin' an' washin'."

"I see be th' pa-aper," said Mr. Hennessy, "th' athletic girl is goin' out, what iver that means."

"She had to," said Mr. Dooley, "or we wud."

The distinction between the truth and the lie is somewhat subtle, the philosopher finds.

An' what is a lie, tell me? I cud answer mesilf if I always knew what th' thruth was, me boy. A good manny iv th' whoppers I tell ye is th' raysult iv thryin' to take a short cut to th' thruth an' bringin' up just this side iv perjury. Some things that look like lies to me to-day will seem all r-right in th' prisidintial year. I lie a good manny times fr'm kindness, more often fr'm laziness, an' most often fr'm fear. Some iv th' boldest liars I iver met wud've been thruthful men if they'd dared to be.

Once he was called to give testimony in regard to the plumbing in Harrigan's house. He underwent the ordeal of cross examination.

I was two minyits givin' me tistymony, an' two hours thryin' to convince th' hon'rable coort—a loafer be th' name iv Duffy—an' th' able jury that I hadn't stolen th' shirt on me back fr'm a laundhry wagon. Th' coort was goin' to confine me in jail fr' life fr' contimpt, th' lawyer fr' th' definse strongly intimated that I was in th' neighborhood whin Charlie Ross was kidnapped an' th' jury ast to be allowed to bring in a verdict iv manslaughter again me without extra pay.

The attempts at vice crusades are nicely summarized:

I'm afraid, me la-ad, that th' frinds iv vice is too strong in this wurruld iv sin fr' th' frinds iv varchue. Th' good man, th' crusader, on'y wurruks at th' crusade wanst in five years, an' on'y whin he has time to spare fr'm his other jooties. 'Tis a pastime fr' him. But th' definse iv vice is a business with th' other la-ad an' he nails away at it, week days an' Sundays, holy days an' fish days, mornin', noon an' night.

The South was considerably worked up over President Roosevelt's dining of Booker Washington:

"Well, annyhow," said Mr. Dooley, "it's goin' to be th' roonation iv Prisdint Tiddy's chances in th' South. Thousan's iv men who wudden't have voted fr' him under anny circumstances has declared that under no circumstances wud they now vote fr' him."

Of the colored guest's behavior at the dinner itself Mr. Dooley remarks:—

There was no mark on th' table cloth where his hands rested an' an invintory iv th' spoons after his departure showed that he had used gentlemanly restraint. At th' con-clusion iv th' fishtivities he wint away, lavin' his friend standin' on th' top iv San Joon hill an' thought no more about it. Th' ghost iv th' other Wash'n-ton didn't appear to break a soop tureen over his head. P'raps where George is he has to assocyate with manny members iv th' Booker branch on terms iv akequality.

Animal Life: Stories, Studies and Sketches

The Demented Ratlet.....Outlook (London)

Demented, because he broke every one of the laws of prudence that govern a rat's existence. Rats no more than men become suddenly wise: their splendid cunning and audacity are due to heredity and strict parental training. This particular ratlet may have been an orphan, or the fact that he was a native of Cornwall may account for his extraordinary behavior; but the more probable explanation is that he was demented. He came into view first out of a hole in the sand on the path opposite the window. The road was a very quiet one. It had rained hard all the morning, and some gleams of sun gave promise of a fine afternoon. After looking about him for a moment or two the ratlet proceeded to wander far from his hole with an utterly unrat-like heedlessness of cats, dogs and other enemies. Although young, he was by no means a baby, but his proceedings were quite childlike. He would take a run and climb six inches of stone wall for the mere fun of falling back. He jumped about among clumps of wet grass, from which he came forth soaking but lively as ever. He walked through a pool of water which he pretended to swim. Then he sat on the top of a big stone and surveyed things. From that moment he became funny.

Espying a family of sparrows busy with some insects they had detected in a clump of grass, he made for them with sudden glee. The surprise of a big cock was so extreme that he nearly allowed himself to be seized by the leg, but saved himself by a sudden jump. But the ratlet was in no mind to let him rest; he raced now at him, now at the others. They leaped aside, jumped over his back, fluttered just above his nose, and altogether gave him five minutes of the wildest romps, all in the middle of an open pathway. It is a strange place, Cornwall. At last the old cock-sparrow called the others off, and the ratlet resumed his tilting at the wall and rolling in grass clumps. The sun began to shine, so he sat on a stone, perhaps to dry himself, for he looked very bedraggled. As he sat there a long, scraggy, farmyard fowl came along. Perchance she was of some Cornish breed, or maybe she was an outcast, but such a bunch of bones in feathers never was seen. Forth to meet her went the ratlet, expecting, no doubt, that she would jump about for his amusement as the sparrows had done—she, this sober, old, eggless maiden of fifteen summers. She gazed curiously at him as he assaulted her scaly leg. Recognizing her invulnerability he attempted to retreat, but

she laid her large and horny claws on his back and held him till he squeaked. Somehow he got free and made off to a clump of grass, where he lay feigning death, and the old hen, after sundry scratchings, passed on.

Then the ratlet resumed his mad gambols. He seemed to be trying a kind of high jump up the wall, never content with his highest mark, but ever essaying to surpass it. Alas! fate was near. A gray cat on the other side espied him, and, braving the pools of water, made for him with most stealthy approaches. Had he been sane he would at least have smelt the cat; but no, he went on with his high jump. "And shall Trelawney die?" Not if a stone can aid; and he who writes this was about to cast it at the cat, when round the corner came a much more efficacious terrier. Like a true dog he made a rush for the cat; the cat made a wild spring up the wall right over the ratlet's jumping place, and the dog remained at the bottom, having rubbed his nose badly by collision with its stones. And then he became aware of the ratlet, and—the ratlet became aware of him. And when shaken out and tossed and mouthed he looked such a piteous little chap, so unratlike a rat, that a pitying hand dug a hole in the sand by the wall for him and buried him decently. He may have been demented, or merely silly, but he had humor, and, alas! he was dead.

Diplomatic Beavers.....Boston Herald

Near the head of Spencer Bay is an extensive marsh, where in the summer time deer are wont to feed and frolic, where in the fall the lordly moose comes from off the mountain to mate, and where, at all seasons of the year, muskrats innumerable have dwelt. Not far away is a smaller marsh, where, for many years, a colony of beaver have lived in cosey houses built close by the water's edge. These two little communities never exchanged calls, but lived and prospered in happy exclusion.

The going out of the ice from the lake last spring was followed by an almost unprecedented rise of water, and the two marshes in Spencer Bay, the large one and the little one, were completely covered. Now, the muskrats did not mind the flood a bit. Driven from one hole, they sought another further back, and when there wasn't any more holes these happy-go-lucky vagrants set up housekeeping in a huge pile of driftwood, never losing a meal or a wink of sleep. But with the beavers it was different. These industrious property owners suffered severely, and when the

waters of Moosehead Lake at last receded the ruins of the beavers' lodges went with them. The beavers did not sit and sulk, neither did they for a moment think of building again on the same old site. They sought higher ground, where the flood of another spring could not reach them, and so it came about one fine morning when the muskrats came down onto the marsh to play they found the beavers there before them.

It was a large marsh, as has been stated before, but it was not large enough for both muskrat and beaver. War was at once declared, and the war ended in the breaking up of the muskrat colony and the scattering of the rats along the shores of Spencer Bay.

Two miles from the marsh and on the farther side of the bay was a clump of poplar trees, which the beavers selected as the best material available for their new homes. All day and all night they sawed, until finally they had floating on the lake and compactly rafted several hundred logs just the right length and thickness for up-to-date beaver houses. And then the troubles of these busy but unscrupulous little builders began.

They could not even stir the raft of logs from shore, to say nothing of towing it two miles across Spencer Bay to the marsh. Every beaver in the colony was summoned to the task. Young and old, big and little, weak and strong, they pushed and pulled, but they could not budge that raft of timber.

Then the head of the beaver colony called the other beavers together on the raft and laid before them this remarkable proposition: If the muskrats would lend a helping hand and tow that raft up Spencer Bay, they (the beavers) would permit them to return to the big marsh, where they might live without fear of molestation. The rest of the beavers agreed, and the muskrats, when appealed to, also agreed. And the following morning, before the waters of the bay roughed up, the deer and the squirrels and the gulls beheld with amazement beavers and muskrats, shoulder to shoulder, pushing a raft of logs before them up Spencer Bay.

The houses are built, and the beavers are in them. And all about are muskrat holes, and muskrats in them, too. And beaver and rat, who are at war everywhere else in northern Maine, are living together in peace on the big marsh at the head of Spencer Bay.

A Lizard that Flies..... Saturday Evening Post

The name "flying dragon" has been bestowed, quite appropriately, upon a very peculiar reptile that was discovered recently in Borneo. It is a lizard, and has wings which it uses in flitting

about from bough to bough of the trees in which it lives.

The National Museum has secured two specimens, but they are in alcohol, and afford no notion of the beauty of the creatures in life, for these strange reptiles, which are about nine inches long, are adorned with all the colors of the rainbow. Naturalists who have seen them in their native habitat declare that no butterflies surpass them in gorgeousness.

It was formerly supposed that the last of the flying reptiles had departed with the passing of the pterodactyls, which ruled the domain of the air during the Mesozoic epoch, ages ago, and long before the first birds made their appearance on the earth. Some of those great winged lizards had a spread of twenty feet or more, though most of them were much smaller.

Many scientists accept the opinion that the first attempts at flight made by animals on the earth were efforts, by certain reptiles, to leap from tree-branch to tree-branch. That birds are descended from reptiles is also believed by many; indeed, the anatomical likeness is so striking that the saying, "Pluck a bird and you have a reptile," has almost passed into a proverb.

But it is certainly very curious to find, in these modern days, a winged reptile still surviving. In form, the flying dragon somewhat suggests the vanished pterodactyl, though it is really constructed on quite different principles. Its wings are spread on a frame that is made of the outwardly extended ribs of the animal—certainly a most curious arrangement—and they are not provided with any muscular apparatus for flapping.

It is obvious that this strange lizard can use its wings only in kite fashion, as it were, spreading them out as it flits gracefully from bough to bough. In reality, it does not fly, but only soars, after a manner. When a number of living specimens are seen together they must, with their beautiful colors, produce a very pretty and striking effect.

Bird Architecture Gene-Stratton Porter..... Outing

Every scientist will agree that nests taken in the chosen location and just as placed by the birds are the only ones of any real value, and have only the utmost contempt for any man or woman who, under cover of any excuse, scientific, artistic or whatsoever, goes about tearing out and cutting down nests in order to carry them to studios or place them in a better light, so that they can more conveniently and successfully photograph them. Only such nests should be preserved for collections also as can be gathered up after the birds have abandoned them. Bird

architecture is one of the most interesting branches of natural history study, and its surprises in the way of location, material and construction are never ending. The delight of discovering these things for yourself is enhanced by every treat for the eye and ear that nature has in store for her children: lapping water, waving grain fields, delicately colored and perfumed flowers and pungent forest odors. For every day spent in exploring the secret of Mother Nature she pays you compound interest. Not only is your mind filled with her signs, wonders and mysteries, but your lungs expand with pure air, your blood washes free with delightful exercise, and your heart beats in closer touch with the Creator.

Influence of Music Upon Animals.....New York Times

The pleasing legend of Orpheus and the wild beasts has lately been put to the proof in Europe in a series of tests to determine whether music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. Not long since a concert was given at the poultry show at Posen. The fowls listened intently, and the only one which did not seem pleased was an old turkey cock, which gave every evidence of noisy disapproval, reminding the observers of certain musical critics. Herr Baler, the violinist, then made a series of experiments in the German Zoological Gardens with interesting results.

A puma was found to be peculiarly susceptible. As soon as the playing began he stretched himself and listened intently, giving every evidence of sensuous pleasure. This continued as long as the music was soft and low, but when the movement and tempo changed and the playing became loud and rapid he sprang to his feet, lashed his tail, and gave every evidence of high nervous excitement, as if he were a Frenchman listening to the "Marseillaise." Leopards showed complete indifference—as much so as fashionable people at the opera. The lions were nervous and apprehensive, but when the player passed on they lay down and went to sleep. The lion cubs seemed to show a disposition to dance when the music was animated, but the older members of the family were evidently better pleased with allegro measures. Hyenas were badly frightened. This is not surprising, as the hyena is not aesthetic. The monkeys showed much curiosity, but only one of them displayed evidence of great pleasure. If opportunity had been offered he would have given up other business to attend the concerts regularly, and, perhaps, would have been glad to try his own hand at the bow. Prairie wolves at first manifested great curiosity, but, having satisfied themselves as to where the sounds came from, they arranged

themselves in a semicircle and listened attentively. When the music stopped they pawed the player and seemed to solicit the favor of an encore.

The tests are to be continued, with a view to determining if musical perception is a trait in all animals if they get the kind of music which suits them, or only a nervous manifestation in recognition of the unusual and incomprehensible.

The Smart Mother Plover.....St. Nicholas

One day some men came to the part of the beach where the plover family lived. The little ones were much frightened, so they sat very close to the sand, and the men did not see them. Father and Mother Plover were quite uneasy, however. They flew near the men and cried, and tried to get the intruders to follow them away. The mother bird even pretended to be lame. When the men saw this, one of them said: "Look at that bird; she has a nest of young ones near here, or she would not act so. I have seen partridges on the mainland act in the same manner when I was near their young."

Then they began to search among the shells. This alarmed the parents so much that they determined to try their last and best trick. The little mother ran up close to the men, fell on her side, and fluttered and cried as if she were dying. The father bird and two other plovers, who had a nest farther up the shore, ran to her and rubbed her with their bills as if they were very anxious and so sorry about her sickness.

"Look there," said the man who had spoken before, "that bird really must be hurt. I have seen many kinds of birds pretend to be injured, but have never seen two play different parts in the same trick." So they started to catch her.

But Mrs. Plover seemed to get better, and ran on for fifteen or twenty yards, and then appeared to fall ill again. The other plovers gathered about as before, and put their bills under her as if to raise and help the sick one. The men went hurrying on; but the lady bird again recovered enough to run for a little distance. The young plovers saw the group pass off among the dunes, the four birds in front and the men following after. Twenty minutes later the shrewd old birds were back with their children, and the men, entirely outwitted, were far down the beach toward their boat.

The Saving of the Elk.....St. Paul Pioneer Press

Colorado is the natural home of the elk in the United States. In no other State are the magnificent animals to be found in such numbers. The hunting country in which President Roosevelt sought mountain lions and bobcats is their

favorite grazing ground. This is the heart of the big game region, where railroads have never penetrated, where stage drivers often wrap their reins around the brake and take a shot at a bear or deer, and where huge bands of elks have roamed for generations.

A few years ago the elk was threatened with extinction. Hunters killed indiscriminately, until the State of Colorado stepped in and limited the open season to twelve days. This gave the elk a chance for his life. The dwindling bands began to increase, until now it is estimated that there are more elk in Colorado than there were five years ago. Such a limitation of the elk season was necessary owing to the habits of the elk—habits which made the animal an easy prey. The elk feeds as high up in the mountains as he can, only coming down into the valleys as he is forced down by the deepening snows. Hunters knew that a heavy snow storm would invariably catch a lot of elk near the timber line. An active man on snowshoes could catch up with a band and shoot every one of the animals before they could flounder out of the deep snow into better footing. In consequence, the season is now closed before the heavy storms of winter set in. This makes it necessary for the hunter to stalk the elk through forests that are carpeted with dry twigs and rustling leaves. Inasmuch as the elk's sense of hearing is equalled only by his acute eyesight or sense of smell, the hunter's chances are indeed narrowed, and he earns every pair of antlers that he brings out of the Rockies to grace a dining-room or an eastern hunting lodge.

There is one band of elk in Routt County, Col., that numbers nearly 500. Late in the fall this band comes down and feeds in the headwaters of the White River, in Rio Blanco County. There is a smaller herd in the same section of the State, and scattering herds are to be found all along the Great Divide. A few seasons ago two "tenderfeet" came near exterminating a band of elk near Steamboat Springs, in Routt County. At the same time the hunters nearly signed their own death warrants. They had just arrived at Steamboat Springs, and had loudly announced that they intended to have some big game hunting. On the night of their arrival a heavy snow fell. A band of elk was caught near the town, and the citizens of Steamboat Springs made arrangements to feed the animals until they could make their way to a lower level. The "tenderfeet" came upon the band, however, and were delighted. The hunters approached on snowshoes and killed the struggling animals with clubbed rifles. Half the band had been killed when a mountaineer arrived on the scene and informed the "tenderfeet" that

they had made a mistake that was likely to prove fatal. Being fairly skilled in the art of using snowshoes, and having their feet winged with fear, the huntsmen managed to win the race to the Wyoming line, and thereby escaped the vengeance their indignant pursuers were prepared to wreak.

The fallen timber tracts in the Rockies are the favorite grazing places of the elk, owing to the abundance of grass that grows between the down trees. These fallen trees afford the elk excellent protection. The animals seem to be able to run as swiftly in the tangled mass of timber as in the open, and snapping twigs almost invariably give warning of the approach of the stalker. During the last two years there has been a large increase in the number and extent of forest fires in the Rocky Mountain States, and this has increased the feeding ground of the elk in proportion. It is only by much riding and close watching of trails that the hunter is enabled to locate a band of elk in October or November. Even when he has managed to successfully stalk his quarry his task is not done, for his first shot must be an accurate one. If the elk is only slightly wounded he is off like an arrow, but if he has received a desperate hurt, and if there are any young in the band, he turns like a lion at bay. Fortunate the hunter in such an instance who has an available tree to climb, or who is a sure enough shot to administer the final pellet at close quarters. If either tree or bullet fails, the only resource is the hunting knife, and this is slight armament in comparison with those branching antlers and those sharp hoofs, every blow of which will cut through buckskin like so much paper.

The elk bears the same relation to the big game of America that the tarpon does to its game fish. The men who spend small fortunes angling for the shiny monster in Florida waters are usually the same men who turn to Colorado every elk season just as the Mussulman turns his face to the east in the morning. Every large city in the United States has its elk enthusiasts, many of whom are millionaires. Brokers, railroad magnates and manufacturers are represented in the brief quest of the antlers in Colorado every autumn, and it is safe to say that money would not buy the average elk head that is borne away from the Rockies.

Probably the finest pair of antlers ever secured in the United States now adorn one of Emperor William's lodges in Germany. The elk that bore them was laid low by an admirer of the German Emperor, and the antlers were sent from Colorado Springs. It is a question if even Canada can produce anything to equal their magnificent spread.

Good Stories About Dogs

About Dogs *Ledger*

The friendship which men have established with dogs is celebrated in history. Lord Byron's love for his dogs, and the beautiful monument which he erected to the memory of one of his favorites at Newstead Abbey, are well known to every one familiar with his life. Sir Walter Scott's love for dogs, and the freedom they enjoyed at Abbotsford, is a tradition of the place. It is impossible to avoid loving these faithful and affectionate animals. Not to like dogs is to be open to the suspicion of a deficiency in natural affection. How the great good-natured St. Bernards ingratiate themselves in the hearts of the men whose duty it is to take care of them, is a fact well known to those who have visited the kennels. An illustration of it occurred when a collection of these dogs was taken from New York to a dog show in Chicago. As the dogs were passing through the street, a big St. Bernard got in front of a trolley car, and was for a moment in imminent danger of being run over. Without a moment's hesitation Walter Johnson, the animal's keeper, sprang before the oncoming car, and rescued the dog at the risk of his own life. Numberless instances come to mind of the deep grief which the death of favorite dogs has caused both men and women. The animal world is so intimately related to the world of humanity that it is difficult to imagine a world without them.

True Stories of Dogs *Martha McCullough Williams* *Toledo Times*

Beyond a doubt dogs are reasoning beings; further, they have almost human aptness in acquiring strange tastes. At least two dogs within the knowledge of this writer grew so fond of tobacco worms they went a-field to hunt them. Both were pointers, and each the property of a tobacco grower. As puppies both followed their owners into the tobacco fields, and at first sportively nosed over and tumbled about the fat, green worms, as they were pulled from the big plants, and flung on the ground. Pretty soon they got to eating the worms, and from that to worming on their own account. Of course, they caught only the big fellows, as thick as the little finger. But such was their eagerness for these choice morsels, they often broke down the upper leaves, resting the forepaws on them, as they smelled about. Both had white coats with liver spots, but in tobacco time it was impossible to tell the spots. Green tobacco exudes a thick, viscid gum, brownish and strong-smelling, fouling whatever touches it. The worming dogs were covered

with it from nose to tail tip, but never seemed to mind it.

One at least of these dogs could both reason and discriminate. It was her prime delight to run always at her owner's heels, but after she had been sent back half a dozen times from the road to the tobacco field, she stayed behind unbidden, when she saw her master start that way. A little later, by the time she thought he was there and busy, she set out on his track as hard as she could leg it. Once in a field, she ran straight to him, and slipped her nose in his hand, looking up at him the while, as though asking: "Now you see me here, what are you going to do about it?"

Here is a story of premeditation. Along about 1806, a Virginia planter imported a bull bitch, of a strain noted for staunchness, and kept her in his stable yard by way of guard. She was fierce, vigilant and fruitful, but of her many pups few came to maturity. A black stallion, the king of the stable herd, delighted to trample the pups, killing or maiming them. But in some way two escaped him, grew up into weanlings, and were given away. A year afterward, the black fellow kicked the bitch, breaking two of her ribs, and laming her badly. When she was again on her feet it was observed that she kept out of the stallion's way—so much so that all said she had been taught a hard lesson. As fall came on, the stallion was left out to grass several hours each day. His paddock was stoutly fenced—so stoutly there was no jumping out of it. The groom led him out into it one October morning. When he came again, at midafternoon, the stallion lay dying in the paddock's farthest corner, with the two bull pups at his throat, and their mother hanging to his muzzle. How or when she had summoned her children to avenge her, nobody knew, but the fact that she had so summoned them was beyond dispute. Their home was two miles off and they had never before been known to leave it, except at their master's heels. But they had answered her call and taken up her quarrel, as though it had been their own.

Instinct or Reason? *W. H. James* *Leisure Hour (London)*

When I was shooting with a friend in Northumberland some years ago, a black, curly-coated retriever accompanied the party. As the game keeper approached a gate in a high fence, a hare jumped up, and just as she popped through a "muse" (or hole) in the hedge near the gate, he shot at, and wounded her, but she struggled on for some little distance, and then sat down. The

retriever, who had carefully observed what had happened, was told to fetch the hare, and at once went straight for the gate, which he topped and cleared in fine style, soon coming up to poor puss on the opposite side. Then came the interesting part of the performance. At the keeper's suggestion, the party stopped and waited where the shot had been fired to see how the dog would surmount the difficulty of the gate on the return journey, for that which was a fairly easy jump for the dog alone, became a very different obstacle when he had a seven-pound hare in his mouth. He trotted slowly back toward the gate in rather a hesitating manner, seeming fully to appreciate the difficulty of the situation, then measuring his distance as he approached the obstacle, he made his rush and spring for the jump, but apparently with no great confidence in the success of his effort. He failed in his attempt, as he evidently expected, and fell back with his burden on the wrong side of the gate. Picking himself up, he carefully inspected the gate and fence for some little distance to the right and left, after which he again took the hare in his mouth, and walking with it toward the heel of the gate, put it down in a cart-rut near to the gate-post, where the ground was sufficiently sunk to permit of the hare being forced under it; he then quietly pushed the hare with his nose under the gate. This done, the dog retired a few paces, took his run toward the gate, jumped it as he had done in advancing, picked up the hare on the other side, and carried it to his master's feet. It was an excellent performance, which makes the distinction between instinct and reasoning power a little hazy, and for which every credit is due to the retriever and his race.

Affection for Masters.....St. Paul Pioneer Press

Dash, as they called him, was never contented when away from his master. Not long ago the master was taken ill. He had to be moved to a hospital and Dash was left at home.

About 11 o'clock one night he began to howl. His cries alarmed the members of the family, who were greatly concerned about the condition of the patient in the hospital. While his cries continued the telephone bell rang and the message of death came over the wires.

Dash was sent away until after the funeral. After his return a portrait of his dead master disappeared from the house. Search showed that the dog had carried it into a recess under the house. It was rescued from him with difficulty and screwed to an easel in the library. A rug was put down in front of it for Dash. He lay there with an expression of unutterable woe on

his face. He wouldn't eat. For a week he kept his vigil. Once or twice he licked up a little water and tasted dainty food, but he grew weaker day by day. One morning, ten days later, the library door was opened and there was the faithful Dash dead on his rug.

Instances are common in which dogs have remained by the body of a master, refusing to leave. It seems cruel to think of killing an animal of this kind to get him out of the way, and yet it has been found necessary in many cases. A very remarkable case of this kind happened a few years ago within my knowledge. There was a little fox terrier, a trim little animal with a wag of his stumpy tail for every one, and he was the pet of a young boy who had reared him from puppyhood. When the little fellow was taken ill the dog would creep into the room, without the least noise, and would lift himself on the bed to lick his master's hand. It was really touching. After a time the boy became dangerously ill. The dog had to be excluded from the room, but he sat by the door, never leaving it, with an expression of abject sorrow on his little face.

The boy died. The dog knew it just as well as if he had been human, and they took him away until after the funeral. In some way, however, he escaped and returned home just as the body was being placed in the hearse. He followed it to the cemetery. At the grave he sat on his haunches, his head cast down, and now and then his cries, always low and painful, caused tears to fall from the eyes of those who were watching the last rites. He moved up closer when the grave was being filled, and when the mound was being smoothed off and the flowers put down the dog advanced and laid himself down at the head. A member of the family tried to pick him up, but he snarled threateningly, and they left the little country cemetery, and the terrier stayed there to guard the last resting place of his master.

The family believed the dog would return home that night, but he was not in his box the next morning. By noon he had not returned and a servant was sent to the cemetery. Just as he got to the path leading down to the grave the servant heard a wild scream of pain and terror from the terrier, and before he could hasten to see the cause Mack had been killed. The blow that ended his faithful life was struck by a workman whom Mack had attacked when he tried to arrange the earth on the grave.

Comforted by MemoriesLos Angeles Herald

I don't know if dogs have souls—perhaps not—but they have hearts and love people just as we do—only more devotedly and disinterestedly, be-

cause they love their human companions for the good that is in them and for nothing else. I know a little dog who loves a woman like that, and, when she went away, his grief was piteous to see. He didn't know where she had gone, or why, or when she would return, only that it hurt. He was just a poor, helpless, affectionate, little beast, who couldn't reason nor philosophize, and his heart ached in a dull sort of way because he could not see her and lay his head against her to be patted. I tried to comfort him that first night when everything seemed so still and lonesome, but he couldn't understand. He would run about from one place to the other, searching—hoping to find her in some unusual spot—and then he would come back to me with a look of dumb inquiry in his eyes and whimper. Finally I found an old dress which she had worn, and spread it on the bed beside him. The little fellow snuggled down in it and seemed to draw some comfort from the fragrance of the woman's spirit which still lingered in its folds. And so we fell asleep together in an atmosphere of memories of her who had gone away, and the mutual love we bore her drew us very close together—the little dog and I.

An Experienced Traveler.....Boston Herald

A London gentleman, who had a beautiful collie, provided him with a collar on which the owner's name and address were engraved. On being asked whether this had ever served to bring the dog back to him, he told the following interesting incident:

"On one occasion I lost Scotti in Piccadilly. You know how much I rush about in hansom cabs, and Scotti always goes with me—we travel many miles in a week together in this way; but on this occasion I was walking and missed him. Search was in vain. The crowd was great, traffic drowned the sound of my whistle; and, after waiting awhile and looking elsewhere, I returned to my suburban home without my companion, and sorrowful, yet hoping that he might find his way back.

"In about two hours after my arrival a hansom cab drove up to the door, and out jumped Scotti. The cabman rang for his fare, and, thinking he had somehow captured the runaway, I inquired how and where he found him. 'Oh, sir,' said cabby, 'I didn't hail him at all. He hailed me. I was a-standing close by St. James' Church, a-looking out for a fare, when in jumps the dog. 'Like his impudence,' says I. So I shouts through the window; but he wouldn't stir. So I gets down and tries to pull him out, and shows him my whip; but he sits still and barks, as much as to say, 'Go on, old man.' As I seizes him by

the collar I reads the name and address. 'All right, my fine gentleman,' says I. 'I'll drive you where you're a-wanted, I dare say.' So I shuts to the door, and my gentleman settles himself with his head just looking out, and I drives on till I stops at this here gate, when out jumps my passenger, a-clearing the door, and walks in as calmly as though he'd been a reg'lar fare.' I gave my friend the cabman a liberal fare, and congratulated Scotti on his intelligence—be it instinct, or reason, or whatever it may be—that told him that hansom cabs had often taken him safely home, and therefore a hansom cab would probably do so again, now that he could not find his way and had lost his master."

Faithful Shepherds.....The Conservative

Last October a cold spell in Montana killed a sheep herder in the Great Falls district; two feet of snow covered the range in places and the thermometer indicated forty degrees below zero.

The herder was frozen to death on the prairies while caring for his sheep and it was three days before his fate was known to his employers. Two shepherd dogs were with him when he died, and one of these stayed with the body while the other attended to the sheep, just as though the herder had been with him. The dog drove them out on the range in the morning and back again at night, guarding them from wolves and preventing them from straying off. Neither dog had anything to eat during the three days' vigil, so far as could be ascertained, but the 2,500 sheep thrived as well, apparently, as though directed by human agency. The singular fact about the matter is that these faithful animals would have starved to death rather than harm one of the sheep left in their charge.

A Protestant Dog.....Edward Jesse's Recollections

A friend of mine had a brother, a rigid Roman Catholic, who resided a few miles from his house. He kept the forty days of Lent with the utmost strictness, so that but little was to be found in his house during that period except fish, eggs, and vegetables. He had a favorite old fox-hound, a parlor dog, who showed his dislike to this fare by always coming to my friend's house during the season of Lent; and when it was over, he made his way back to his old master.

* * *

A friend of mine, who resided much on the Continent, had a fine Newfoundland dog at his country seat in England. On one of his occasional visits to this place, he was accompanied by a courier, who amused himself with the dog,

teaching him to jump over a stick, to fetch logs for the fire, and other tricks. During the absence of the master of the house, the dog was kept chained up in the yard, and the person left in charge of the house was ignorant of the dog's accomplishments. At the end of nearly four years, Mr. S. returned to England, and sent his courier to the house to await his arrival there. The dog, on hearing the courier's voice, immediately recognized it, and showed his delight in a manner not to be misunderstood. On being let loose, he began to jump as he had formerly been taught to do; and on the courier's seating himself by the kitchen fire, the dog went into the yard, without any signal being given, and brought log after log of wood, and deposited them at the feet of his former instructor; thus showing the retentiveness of his memory after so long a period of time.

* * *

A family of my acquaintance, whose strictness in the observance of the Sunday is carried to a more than usual extent, have three dogs, which are turned out every morning into the garden, where they frisk and bark about on six days of the week. On the Sunday, however, the case is very different. The dogs are trained to complete silence on that day, of the arrival of which they seem perfectly aware. Not a sound is then heard, or a gambol seen, under a consciousness that their usual sports would subject them to reprehension.

An Accurate Ear.....Baltimore American

One of the most remarkable animals which come here on a ship is the dog Stella, which belongs to Chief Officer R. J. English, of the Lord Line steamer *Lord Downshire*, trading between Baltimore and Irish ports. Stella is fond of lump sugar. One of her tricks is to stand on her haunches with a lump of sugar poised on her nose. At the command, "Fire!" she tosses up her head, throws the sugar in the air and catches it in her mouth. Any word which sounds similar to that of fire, like hire or buyer, may be substituted, but Stella stands like a statue until she hears the word fire. Stella has been going to sea for nearly ten years, and is a jealous guardian of the officers' quarters.

A Canine Mind Reader.....Baltimore Sun

Bozzie, a dog whose wonderful intelligence has interested and puzzled thousands, arrived in Baltimore last Wednesday night with her owner, Mr. George B. Clason. At the parsonage on Bond street, yesterday afternoon, Mr. Clason gave a private exhibition of the dog's powers. The ani-

mal added figures, multiplied, divided, and subtracted them with a rapidity and accuracy that seemed incredible. The most wonderful performance, however, was the apparent feats of mind reading, the dog seemingly interpreting the thoughts of the spectators. At yesterday's exhibition a reporter for *The Sun* was told to think of a number and place his hand on Bozzie's head. Then Bozzie was asked what number had been thought of. The dog gave seven sharp barks. This number was correct. It was afterward shown that the placing of a hand on the dog's head was unnecessary. Mr. Clason and Bozzie retired from the room and the door was closed behind them. All present were told to agree upon a number and think of it. The number nine was agreed on. Then Bozzie and her owner were called back. The dog was asked what number had been thought of. Nine barks was the response. A gentleman retired with Mr. Clason from the room, and behind the closed door the gentleman held up four fingers to indicate to Mr. Clason the number thought of. "What number is the gentleman thinking of, Bozzie?" Mr. Clason cried out. The answer came in four barks from the dog on the other side of the door. These performances belittled in the spectators' eyes previous exhibitions of the dog's intelligence, which were also remarkable. There were seven persons in the room, four gentlemen and three ladies. "How many people are in the room, Bozzie?" Mr. Clason asked. Seven of the dog's sharp barks indicated that the animal had counted the number correctly. Then Bozzie in the same manner said there were three ladies and four gentlemen present. In various other ways the dog's knowledge of numbers was shown. The figure 5 was written on a piece of paper, and when Bozzie was shown the paper and asked what number it was she barked five times. "Subtract one from it, and how many remain?" asked Mr. Clason quickly, and the dog as quickly responded with four barks. "Divide that by two, and what is the result?" asked Mr. Clason again, rapidly, and the response was two barks. "Divide again by two, and what is the result?" continued Mr. Clason. The dog barked once. Mr. Clason and one of the gentlemen together worked out an arithmetical example on paper. They took the number 3, multiplied it by 5, added 19 to the product, divided the result by 2, subtracted 3 from the quotient, and divided the remainder by 2. The result was 7. Mr. Clason read out the example so rapidly that none of those present could follow him and work out the result in his mind. The dog, however, gave it promptly in seven barks.

Electric Lighting: *The Invention of a New Illuminant*

The demonstration of Mr. Cooper Hewitt's Mercury Gas Electric Light before the Institute of Electrical Engineers, which is referred to in the opening pages of this number of Current Literature, makes it apropos to quote an article upon the general subject which gives an outline of the progress recently made in the effort to secure a light cheaper than the present incandescent one. While Mr. Hewitt's light fulfills the requirement of economy, the question of its commercial value is open to some doubt owing to the absence of all red rays. The light is, in consequence, of a livid color at present. The facts which follow are from an article in the New York Evening Post.

Another experimenter in the field of electric lighting has apparently gone a step farther, and if his lamp should show the same results in practical use that it has in the laboratory, it would not be surprising to see electricity replace all other methods of lighting in the first decade of the present century. An account of the invention is given in London Electrician, by F. Z. Maguire, who seems to be fully convinced of the practicability of the new light. The lamp is the invention of William Lawrence Voelker, who has been working upon it since 1897. It is known as the Crawford-Voelker lamp, and has been under test at the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, England, by Col. H. C. L. Holden, who is well known for his work in connection with registering electrical measuring instruments, and who has made a series of tests of the lamp covering a period of 1,000 hours. These tests showed the following results: Watts per candle power at start, 2.535; after 500 hours, 2.845; after 1,000 hours, 3.35. Comparing these with the tests of lamps of other manufacturers by Sir William H. Preece, the new lamp shows at the start an economy of 39.8 per cent.; after 500 hours burning, as compared with 400 hours for the other lamps, 50.4 per cent. No higher tests were made by Sir William H. Preece, because the lamps he purchased were running so high in wattage as to make them uneconomical, but comparing the new lamps at 1,000 hours, with his 400-hour test, the economy was 41.6 per cent., with 600 hours to the good for the Crawford-Voelker lamp. Mr. Maguire then goes on to say that when Thomas A. Edison was engaged a number of years ago upon an attempt to further improve the carbon filament, he stated that Professor Marx, who was then at the head of the Edison Illuminating Company, had told him that if a sixteen-candle-power incandescent lamp could

be made to run twenty to the horse power, he could pay 10 per cent. dividend on the capitalization of the company and compete with gas at 75 cents a thousand feet. Up to the present time it has been impossible in general practice to get much more than thirteen to fourteen lamps to the horse power with the carbon filament, or ordinary incandescent lamps, while the Holden tests appear to show that the Crawford-Voelker lamp has an efficiency of 21 to 21 1-2 lamps per horse power, which makes the proposition of Professor Marx particularly interesting.

According to Mr. Maguire, the inventor of the new lamp has discovered a method of effecting a chemical union between several rare metals or earths and carbon, thereby being enabled to produce for the first time a true carbide filament. The filaments made under the new process possess a higher specific resistance than carbon filaments, seem to disintegrate or waste away much more slowly, and are uniform in their resistance. An interesting feature of the new lamp is that it is bifurcated at the end, the purpose of which is to insulate the two ends of the filament. This is done to increase the life of the filament by using the waste energy which, Sir William H. Preece has shown, is due to a current passing through the exhausted space between the heels of the filament of a glow lamp, without passing through the filament at all, when the voltage is increased. Numerous tests by the inventor have shown that this bifurcation has fulfilled the expectations. In making the base, porcelain is used for high voltages; and a division of porcelain is made in the center for the purpose of continuing the insulation through the base of the lamp, for low voltages. The results mentioned above refer to the use of carbide of titanium in the filament, but experiments in the laboratory have shown that a number of rare earths other than titanium produce just as interesting results, but have not been worked out commercially. The lamp is already being made in the Crawford-Voelker laboratory and over 200,000 filaments have been turned out. The field open to the lamp is open to wide discussion, but it must be evident to the ordinary observer that any improvement in the present incandescent lamp which will make electricity a more active competitor with gas will not only have a practically unlimited field, but will also be a great public benefit.

Sayings of the Children

—The reading class was on the floor and the teacher asked Tommy to read. The lesson was about a little boy who had told his mother a falsehood and as a punishment she had bound a bunch of fresh grass over his mouth. The story closed with a passage of scripture which pointed the moral. Tommy read until he came to the word "transgressor," then he stammered: "The way of—the way of—the way of the grass-poultice is hard."

—A little man of five had recently learned his first piece. He was ready for bed and kneeling to repeat his prayer; this is what he said: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, I'm sure I'm not to blame 'cause my new pants are white. If mamma had made 'em pig-color—oh, rats! There I've got off on the wrong piece—Now I lay me down to sleep—" This time he succeeded in saying the right piece to the end.

—Tommy seemed to be engaged with some problem. "Papa," he said, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you,—that's the Golden Rule, isn't it, papa?" "Yes, my son." "And it's puffickly right to follow the Golden Rule, isn't it, papa?" "Yes, indeed." Tommy rose, went to the cupboard, and returned with a knife and a large apple pie. The latter he placed before his astonished sire with great solemnity. "Eat it, papa!" he said.

—Two children, playing in the garden, quarreled; and the younger, a boy of three years, began to cry. "She called me a bad name, mother," he said; "and I'm not that." The culprit confessed that she had pointed at her little brother, and said, "Go up, thou bald head, go up, thou bald head," to him. As a punishment, she was told that the children were to be taken to the Zoo, and that she should be left at home, when she replied, "If I went, I suppose the bears would eat me!"

—Little Mabel went to a neighbor's one day just as the latter was taking a fine custard pie from the oven. Mabel intimated clearly that she would like a piece of that pie, but was told that it was too hot just then to cut. She gazed longingly at it for a few moments, and then began to sing to the tune of a well-known Sunday-school hymn, "Why not, why not, why not cut the pie now?" She got her pie.

—The lesson had been about the prodigal son, and the entire Sunday-school had been properly impressed. The superintendent rose at the close, and with a view of inculcating a highly moral

lesson, asked, "Now, my little friends, who stood by objecting to this proposed banquet to the prodigal?" And a voice in a far corner answered, "The calf."

—When my eldest brother (an exceptionally gifted man, who scarcely lived to middle age) was a very little boy, his mother had occasion to correct him for some fault, telling him that his parents could not love him so well if he did such things. He thought a moment, then gravely replied, "When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up!"

—The child of strict parents, whose greatest joy had hitherto been the weekly prayer-meeting, was taken to the circus by his nurse. When he came home, "O mummy," he exclaimed, "if you once went to the circus, you'd never go to a prayer-meeting again in all your life."

—"Will you get wings when you go to heaven?" asked little Elsie of her father, who is baldheaded. "Yes, dear," he replied. "And will they put feathers on your head, too, papa?" she persisted.

—A little girl from an East End slum was invited with others to a charity dinner given at a great house in the West End of London. In the course of the meal the little maiden startled her hostess by propounding the query: "Does your husband drink?" "Why, no," replied the astonished lady of the house. After a moment's pause the miniature querist proceeded with the equally bewildering questions: "How much coal do you burn? What is your husband's salary? Has he any bad habits?" By this time the presiding genius of the table felt called upon to ask her humble guest what made her ask such strange questions. "Well," was the innocent reply, "mother told me to behave like a lady, and when ladies call at our house they always ask mother those questions."

—"Mother," said Little Oscar T—, "Dave don't half say his prayers; he gets through too quick." "I do, mother," replied David indignantly. "I say 'Now I lay me,' the 'Lord's Prayer,' and what I throw in."

—An amusing example of Southern idiom, in their common use of the word "branch" for small stream of water, was given recently in a North Carolina Sunday-school. The teacher had required each tot to give a Bible verse at roll call. Bessie's was the XXII Psalm, second verse. This is what she said: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me by the branch."

Treasure Trove: Old Favorites Recalled

The Maid of Toro *Sir Walter Scott*

O, low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,
All as a fair maiden, bewildered in sorrow,
Sorely sigh'd to the breezes, and wept to the flood.
"O saints! from the mansions of bliss lowly bending;
Sweet Virgin, who hearst the suppliant's cry;
Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die!"

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout and the groan and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamor came loading the gale.
Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary;
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide marked his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and wo was his mien.

"O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying.
O, save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low!
Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is lying;
And fast through the woodland approaches the foe."
Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them, benumb'd with despair:
And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of Toro,
Forever he set to the brave and the fair.

Love's Own *Unidentified*

Deep 'n the vanished time two statues white
On an old temple front, against blue gleams
Of an Athenian sky instinct with light,
Blended their marble beams.

In the same shell embedded (crystal tears
Of the sad sea mourning her Venus flown),
Two pearls of loveliest ocean, through long years
Kept whispering words unknown.

In the fresh pleasaunce by Granada's river,
Close to the low-voiced fountains' silver showers,
Two rose trees, from Boabdil's garden, ever
Mingled their murmuring flowers.

Upon the domes of Venice, in a nest
Where love from eye to eye has had his day,
Two white doves, with their feet of pink, found rest
Through the soft month of May.

Dove, rose, pearl, marble, into ruin dim
Alike dissolve themselves, alike decay;
Pearls melt, flowers wither, marble shapes dislenn,
And bright birds float away.

Each element, once free, flies back to feed
The unfathomable life-dust, yearning, dumb,
Whence God's all-shaping hands in silence knead
Each form that is to come.

By slow, slow change, to white and tender flesh
The marble softens down its flawless grain;
The rose, in lips as sweet, and red, and fresh,
Refuged, blooms again.

The doves once more murmur and coo beneath
The hearts of two young lovers when they meet;
The pearls renew themselves and flash as teeth
Through smiles divinely sweet.

Hence, sympathetic emanations flow.
And with soft tyranny the heart control;
Touched by them, kindred spirits learn to know
Their sisterhood of soul.

Obedient to the hint, some fragrance sends,
Some color, or some ray, with mystic power;
Atom to atom, never swerving, tends,
As the bee seeks her bower.

Of moonlight visions round the temple shed,
Of lives linked in the sea, a memory wakes.
Of flower talk, flushing through the petals red
Where the bright fountain breaks.

Kisses, and wings that shivered to the kiss
On golden domes afar, come back to rain
Sweet influence. Faithful to remembered bliss,
The old love lives again.

Forgotten presences shine forth; the past
Is for the visionary eye unsealed:
The breathing flower, in crimson lips recast,
Lives to herself revealed.

Where the laugh plays, a glittering mouth within,
The pearl reclaims her lustre softly bright;
The marble throbs, fused in a maiden's skin,
As fresh and pure and white.

Under some low and gentle voice, the dove
Has found an echo of her tender moan;
Resistance grows impossible, and love
Springs up from the unknown.

Oh, thou! whom burning, trembling, I adore,
What shrine, what tree, what rose-tree bower,
Saw us as mingling marble joined of yore;
As pearl, or bird, or flower?

The Adopted Child..... Felicia Hemans

"Why wouldest thou leave me, oh gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild—
A straw-roofed cabin, with lowly wall;
Mine is a fair and pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of pictures for ever streams."

"Oh, green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer day:
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they
know—
Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go."

"Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell:
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest so well;
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune,
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

"My mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half slumbering on her knee;
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go."

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou wouldest meet her footsteps, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?
—But I know that my brothers are there at play—
I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well;

Or they launch their boats where the bright streams
flow—
Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go."

"Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now:
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?
—But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;
And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go."

How It Happened..... George Colman

Adam and Eve were at the beginning,
Ashamed of nothing till they took to sinning;
But after Adam's slip—the first was Eve's—
With sorrow big

They sought the fig,
To cool their blushes with its hanging leaves,
Whereby we find
That, when all things were recent
(So paradoxical is human kind!)
Till folks grew naughty they were *barely* decent.

Thus dress may date its origin

From sin;
Which proves beyond the shadow of dispute,
How many owe their livelihoods to fruit;
For fruit caused sin, and sin brought shame,
And all through shame our dresses came—
With that sad stopper of our breath,

Death!
Now, had not woman worked our fall,
How many, who have trades and avocations,
Would shut up shop, in these our polished nations,
And have no business to transact at all!

The Old House at Home..... Unidentified

Oh, the old house at home, where my forefathers dwelt,
Where a child at the feet of my mother I knelt.
Where she taught me the prayer, where she read me the page,
Which if infancy lisps is the solace of age;
My heart 'mid all changes, wherever I roam,
Ne'er loses its love for the old house at home.
The old house at home, the old house at home,
My heart never changes for the old house at home.

'Twas not for its splendor that dwelling was dear,
'Twas not that the gay and the noble were near;
O'er the porch the wild rose and the woodbine entwin'd,
And the sweet-scented jessamine waved in the wind,
But dearer to me than proud turret or dome,
Were the halls of my fathers, the old house at home.
The old house at home, the old house at home,
My heart never changes for the old house at home.

But now the old house is no dwelling for me,
The home of the stranger henceforth it must be;
And ne'er shall I view it, or rove as a guest
O'er the evergreen fields which my fathers possessed;
Yet still in my slumbers sweet visions will come
Of the days that I passed at that old house at home.
The old house at home, that old house at home,
My heart never changes for the old house at home.

Historic, Statistic and General

The Real Barbara Frietchie.....Marian West.....Munsey's

The evidence in favor of "Shoot, if you must," when gathered together, is not very impressive. Whittier first received the story from Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, a novelist ("and consequently unhampered by facts," a Southern officer adds). The philanthropist Dorothea Dix investigated it farther, and pronounced it true; the stanch old patriot had hung out the Stars and Stripes when Stonewall Jackson marched through the town of Frederick on his way to Harper's Ferry, and had bidden him shoot her if he must, but spare his country's flag; but philanthropists, also, have been known to disregard facts. A Southern soldier not only indorsed the story, but claimed that one of his own individual bullets had hit the flag staff when out blazed the rifle blast. Further testimony is offered in an ambiguous letter from Whittier himself, which at least proves beyond dispute how he came into possession of the incident. Here is the letter:

Oak Knoll, Danvers (Mass.),
10 Mo., 19, '80.

My dear Friend:

I had a portrait of the good Lady Barbara from the saintly hand of Dorothea Dix, whose life is spent in works of love and duty, and a cane made of wood from Barbara's cottage, sent me by Dr. Steiner of the Maryland Senate.

Whether she did all that my poem ascribed to her or not, she was a brave and true woman.

I followed the account given me in a private letter and in the papers of the time.

I am very truly thy friend,

John G. Whittier.

The lack of definite assertion in this letter may be due to the Quaker habit of mind; but it sounds much more like an honest doubt of the facts.

Some try to preserve a semblance of the incident by claiming that the old lady waved from the attic window a greeting to McClellan's troops as they passed through the town—a feat that would have been noteworthy only as showing the agility possible to ninety-six years. One of her relatives has testified that from her doorway she reviewed the Northern soldiers as they marched past, three days later, and that many left the ranks to shake hands with her, out of respect to her great age. General Reno was invited into the house, and when she had offered him a glass of her home made currant wine, she gave him a small flag—now in the possession of his son.

This does not quite accord with the testimony of another relative that at this time she was completely bedridden and helpless; but perhaps a journey to the front door of a little story and a

half brick cottage might have been managed when attic stairs would have been an impossibility.

In Frederick, the story seems to be accepted as a cherished local legend, which no true son or daughter of the little Maryland town would be unpatriotic enough to question.

The strongest disproof of the story seems to be that, according to trustworthy authority, Jackson, who had just joined Lee's forces in their invasion of Maryland, did not pass the Frietchie house on his way through the little Maryland town. General Henry Kyd Douglas, who became commander of the "Stonewall Brigade" after Jackson's death, was with him at this time, and has since publicly described the events of those few days:

General Jackson, just before our entry into Frederick, had been seriously injured by a fall from a horse that had been presented to him by some admirers. We were obliged to place him in an ambulance and stop at Best's Grove, about three miles from Frederick.

General Jackson, on the following Sunday evening, insisted on being taken into Frederick in the ambulance to attend church. He did not return to town again till the morning of the supposed incident—September 10, 1862. Then we again took him into town in the ambulance. We stopped at the corner of Patrick and Main Streets, and there he asked some of the citizens misleading questions about the surrounding country. Then he directed that I drive with him to the residence of the Rev. Dr. Ross, the Presbyterian clergyman, whose church we had attended on the preceding Sunday. It was still so early Dr. Ross was not up, so we left in a hurry.

We drove the ambulance past the present Court House, past the home of William Bantz, then down Mill Alley to Middletown Pike, when we reached Jackson's column and rode up to the front. We did not pass Barbara Frietchie's house. No soldier of our army or resident of Frederick saw a flag at her window.

General Jubal A. Early, who was also with Jackson on this occasion, vigorously attacked the veracity of the poem, not allowing the poet even his "Over the mountains winding down," since Lee's army crossed the Potomac a little above Leesburg, Loudoun County, where there are no mountains. On the famous 10th of September, General Early saw but two flag demonstrations. One was the work of a little girl of ten or eleven, who waved a small "candy" flag, reciting, without apparent heart or interest, "Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes! Down with the Stars and Bars!" as if it were a meaningless lesson. The other demonstration was made for the benefit of the Louisiana brigade as it was passing through the western part of the town, and is shruggingly

described as the appearance of "a coarse, dirty looking woman" who rushed out of an alley with an equally dirty Union flag, but retreated before the jeer of a soldier. Just why the woman's lack of neatness and refinement should rob her patriotism of all value, the general does not explain.

We have the word of Jacob Engelbrecht, who lived opposite the little house on Patrick Street, close by the Town Creek bridge, that no flag appeared at the opposite windows on the memorable tenth. A nephew of Barbara's even throws doubt on her devotion to the Federal cause; though he somewhat weakens his authority by describing her as a "maiden lady," while she was in fact a childless widow.

And now, having completely pulled down the tradition and rubbed its face in the dust, it may be interesting to find out something about Barbara Fritchie as a woman. As Barbara Hauer, she entered this world on the 3rd of December, 1766, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and was still a little girl when she came to Frederick, Maryland, to spend the rest of her long life. Her forebears had taken an active part in the founding and preserving of the Union, so that she had an inherited right to stand for it, "bravest of all in Frederick town." She did not marry until she was forty, and, having no children of her own, she expended some of her notable good sense and energy upon her nieces and nephews. Her husband did not live long, and in later life her face grew somewhat stern, but she was always warm in loving, and quick to laugh. In her old age, her manner of dress was always the same—a black satin gown with a white muslin kerchief, and a close cap with strings. Nearly all her ninety-six years were spent in Frederick, which is a pleasant little colonial town midway between Baltimore and Washington, remarkably rich in historical associations.

It is pleasant to find that there is one small flag incident left to her without dispute. When General Lee, during the three days of his occupation, ordered the Union flags down and the Confederate up, an old Revolutionary flag fluttered persistently from Barbara's dormer window. Her people urged her to take it down, and finally, fearing to lose what was a very precious possession, she drew it in and laid it between the leaves of her Bible, with the caustic remark: "This is the last place where a rebel against his country will care to go." The comment was scarcely a just one, but it showed a valiant spirit in an old lady of ninety-six, and somewhat disproves the carping nephew who found her true to the Union cause only by fits and starts.

She died a few months later, in December, 1862,

and her grave may still be seen in the Frederick cemetery, not far from that of Francis Scott Key, surrounded by the tranquil slopes of the Maryland hills, still "fair as a garden of the Lord."

If we must lose a heroine, it is good to have found a fine woman in her place.

The Greater Cost of Living.....Chicago Tribune

According to Dun's Review the cost of living in this country has now reached the highest point attained during the decade. November 1 last the average cost was \$97.73. This is an increase of 7 per cent. as compared with the same date last year. Many Chicago housekeepers, who are reminded every time they go to market of the advance in the price of beef and some other articles of food, will be of the opinion that the increase much exceeds 7 per cent. They know that their housekeeping allowances do not go anything like so far as they did last year.

The increase in the average cost of living has been most notable since July 1, 1897. The figures then were \$72.45. They were not so low because food, clothing and the other necessities of life were cheap, but because consumers were poor and were unable to buy extensively. The country was just getting through hard times, during which many had been practicing enforced economy. For many there was no work. For others there was work at low wages.

The higher cost of living at this time does not, as a rule, mean higher prices for commodities. There has been in some food products an advance, due partly to the short corn crop, but the manufactured goods which are most in demand have not gone up in price materially, if at all. The per capita expenditure for living purposes has risen to its present high point mainly because business conditions are good and labor is fully employed at high wages. The condition of the people is so much improved as compared with 1897 that they can afford to spend money more freely than they did then and yet have considerable over to put in the savings banks.

The Second Pilgrimage of the Friars.....Harper's Weekly

In England, in Elizabeth's time, laws were formulated and enforced which discriminated against Roman Catholics, and as a result there was an immediate exodus of Catholic orders to France and other Continental countries; but now, in Edward VII.'s time, the tide has changed; from ebb it has passed to flood. The members of these orders and institutions are returning to English soil from long-established and flourishing colleges, convents, monasteries, and other settlements in large numbers.

The reason for this second pilgrimage of the friars to England is that France recently passed a measure, known as the "association act," which requires every religious body within its confines to make public the source and disposal of all its funds, and to publish the rules governing these bodies. There were in that country 16,468 establishments of a religious character which were subject to the terms of this act. Of this number only 5,141 have applied for the registration provided for. This leaves a balance of 11,327, which, by their apparent unwillingness to become registered, would make it appear that rather than take the French Government and the world at large into their confidence with regard to their finances, they will leave the country which has been their home for so many years.

In fact, this exodus has already been started. For the past few weeks monks of the Benedictine and other orders have been landing in England in large numbers, and the Spanish authorities report that monks and nuns from France are crossing into Spanish territory almost daily. Following so closely upon the return of the friars from the Philippines, these new arrivals are regarded with anything but favor by the anti-Catholic body of the Spanish population.

It is, however, to the Parkminster monastery and the Benedictine monastery at Appuldurcombe in England that the largest number of these self-exiled monks have repaired. The former is owned by the order of Carthusians, monks whose reputation as the manufacturers of that fine liquor chartreuse is almost universal. Here at Parkminster are rapidly congregating all the monks of that order. Nothing but French is spoken within its gates, and it would seem almost as though a portion of France had been transposed to the heart of England. The monastery is a noble collection of buildings, probably the most noted being the one now used as a guest-house.

Of all the orders which refuse to recognize this new French law the Jesuits probably command the most interest. Following their time-honored custom, they were the first to make known their decision to leave France rather than bow before any secular authority. This is not the first experience of this kind which this particular order has had, by any means, but it must be admitted that they have generally returned stronger in numbers and power than when they were banished. The Jesuits, together with those other orders which are grouped usually under the title of Assumptionists, declare that, as free men, as citizens, as Roman Catholics, and as Jesuits and Assumptionists, the new law wounds their rights. On the one hand, the French Government insists that

they shall renounce all canonical exemption; on the other, the Holy See declares that "it will not permit any lessening of the exercise of its supreme authority over the religious orders and institutions."

One outcome of this anti-monastic legislation in France seems to be the revival of Nationalism, or, as it is called, "Gallicanism," among a large section of the French priesthood, who were largely represented at the recent Catholic congress at Lille. These priests are all perfectly orthodox, but say that they believe that the French church would wax stronger and more potent if removed from the direct rule of the Vatican.

Apparently Cardinal Vaughan looks with favor upon this general exodus of religious orders from France, for it is said that he has promised homes and protection to many of them. It is different with those who crossed the border into Spain. They will not be so fortunate, as Spain has an "association act" similar to that recently passed in France, but which has been observed more in the breach than in the observance heretofore. Since the exodus began, the Spanish Liberals and Republicans have been making vigorous efforts to secure a more strict enforcement of this law, and it is thought that within a short time the incursionists will be compelled to once more wander forth in search of a refuge where they can remain unmolested by the publicity of "association acts."

Railways of the World . . . Paul Barré . . . Magasin Pittoresque (Paris)

The first locomotive was seen in England in 1825. Le Tour du Monde tells us that France inaugurated her first railway in 1828 (between Saint-Etienne and Andrézieux), and the second one in 1837 between Paris and Saint-Germain.

America had her first railway in 1829, Asia in 1849 (in India), Oceania in 1854 (colony of Victoria), and Africa in 1856 (Egypt).

The whole world that had only 332 kilometers of railways in 1830, could boast of 8,641 kilometers in 1840, 39,443 kilometers in 1850, 106,836 kilometers in 1860, 221,980 kilometers in 1870, 367,855 kilometers in 1880 and 608,828 kilometers in 1890. To-day we count 794,000 kilometers or thereabout.

America alone possesses more than half the whole amount, or about 400,000 kilometers. Europe next with 285,000 kilometers, then Asia with 60,000 kilometers, and Africa with 21,000 kilometers.

The United States of North America is a great deal ahead of the other nations, its lines being 307,000 kilometers in length. The second place belongs to Germany 51,000 kilometers, then

comes European Russia 46,500 kilometers, France 43,000 kilometers, British India and dependencies 40,000 kilometers, Austro-Hungary 36,500 kilometers, Great Britain and Ireland 35,000 kilometers, Canada 28,000 kilometers, Continental Australia 21,000 kilometers, etc., etc. If we add to the railways of the various countries the railways of their colonies, we find the following classification: United States 310,000 kilometers, England and possessions 137,000 kilometers, Russian Empire 54,000 kilometers, Germany and colonies 51,500 kilometers, France and colonies 48,700 kilometers, Austro-Hungary 36,500 kilometers, etc., etc.

From the viewpoint of the density of railways, that is, the relation between the length of the lines and the superficies of the countries, Belgium leads with 21 kilometers of railway for each hundred square kilometers. The other countries follow in order: Great Britain and Ireland 11 kilometers, Germany 9.3 kilometers, Holland and Switzerland 9 kilometers, France 7.9 kilometers. The United States has only 3.9 kilometers per 100 square kilometers; European Russia .9 kilometer, and Norway .6 kilometer.

If we consider now the relation between the railways and the population we notice that the less populated countries are the more favored. Continental Australia has 130.4 kilometers of railways per 10,000 inhabitants; Southern Australia 83.4 kilometers, Queensland 91.1 kilometers. Canada possesses 52.9 kilometers, the United States of North America 41.1 kilometers. In Europe, Sweden has 21.4 kilometers per 10,000 inhabitants, France 10.9 kilometers, Germany 9.5 kilometers, Belgium 9.2 kilometers, Great Britain and Ireland 8.6 kilometers only.

The most septentrional railway of the world is in Sweden and crosses the Polar Circle. It is the line extending from Lulea (Gulf of Bothnia) to the iron mines of Gellivara, opened in 1894. It has been decided to extend that line from Gellivara to Ovoten (Victoria), on the coast of Norway, a distance of 292 kilometers. Furthermore, this hyperborean line is to be connected with the Russian system of railways, from Lulea to Uleaborg (Finland), where the railway from St. Petersburg was completed in 1886. This last line, previous to the opening of the Swedish railways, was the nearest to the Pole. The railway which starts from Vologda, Russia, reached Arkhangelsk in 1894, and is also one of the most septentrional lines, although it is located south of the Polar Circle. The line from Perm to Kotlas, on the Dvina, completed in 1899, is a little further down South. The line, now under way, in Alaska, between the coast and Dawson (Klondike), al-

though far advanced toward the North, will never attain the latitude of the lines of Uleaborg and Gellivara.

In regard to the most meridional lines of our planet, we must look for them in Tasmania, New Zealand and South America. The nearest line to the Antarctic Pole reaches Invercargill and Campbelltown, at the southern extremity of New Zealand. It is much further from the Southern Pole than the preceding lines are from the Arctic Pole. The second nearest line in that direction reaches the Rio Chubut, at Trelen, Argentine Republic.

The longest tunnel in the world is the Saint-Gothard, in Europe, which measures 15 kilometers; the Simplon follows with 18.7 kilometers. The railway located the highest in Europe is to be looked for in Switzerland. It runs from Zermatt to Gornergrat, and was inaugurated August 20, 1898; the passengers are carried by electric traction to an altitude of 3,018 meters. But in America much higher altitudes have been reached for years. In Mexico, for instance, the railway reaches an altitude of 3,041 meters at La Cambra de las Cruces, near Salazar. In the United States, the mountain railway of Denver and Rio Grande attains 3,119 meters at the Genn pass, at 3,453 meters at the Frémont pass. The trans-andine line, through a section "à crémaillière" ascends to Cumbra, 3,190 meters. The Antofagasta and Bolivia reaches 3,956 meters at Ascatan.

In Bolivia, near the Palacayo mines, the railway has an altitude of 4,152 meters. The Southern Peruvian ascends to 4,470 meters at Portez del Cruzera, near the Lake Titicaca. The record of the altitude, however, belongs to the line running from Callao to Oroya, Peru, which reaches at the Gallera tunnel the enormous height of 4,774 meters, or 46 meters only less than the summit of Mont-Blanc.

Egypt's Vast Age.....W. W. Viator.....New Orleans Picayune

Professor Petrie, by his recent discoveries at Abydos, has thrown much valuable light upon the prehistoric period of Egypt. He has shown that this prehistoric period explains the paleolithic age of man, evidence of which has been discovered not only on the plateau above the Nile, but also in the river valley. From borings that have been made through the deposit of Nile mud, Prof. Petrie assumes that the date in the history of the world thus decided may be assigned to about 7,000 B. C. The earliest prehistoric graves which he has discovered reveal a people skilled in the manufacture of pottery and acquainted with the use of copper. They possessed various forms of pottery, stone

vases, carved ivory and finely wrought flint instruments. They also understood the art of weaving. At a later date, which he cannot fix precisely, came another wave of immigration to take the place of Libyan stock which had previously come into Egypt. The later immigrants the professor believes to have been from Syria. These new people introduced silver, lapis lazuli and lametite, and the amalgamation of the races resulted in a brilliant epoch of art. Then came along the most elaborate metal work, showing valuable beads of gold, turquoise and amethyst. Later there came a degradation which continued down to the foundation of the first dynasty.

The work of the Egypt exploration fund on the royal tombs of the first Egyptian dynasty has proved in some respects more surprising than even that of Prof. Petrie, the development of the civilization during some four hundred years having been clearly traced from the time when writing was but rarely used, then only in a rude and pictorial stage, down to the common use of figured hieroglyphics practically indistinguishable from those used for thousands of years after. The finely wrought jewelry in gold and engraved ivories of the time of Menes, fashioned more than 6,000 years ago, were brought to light. From these we ascertain the names of three kings—Narma, Qua and a name written with a fish sign. One of the strangest objects is a massive strip of gold with the name Menes upon it. Of Zer, the successor of Menes, an astonishing find was the forearm of the queen, still in its wrappings, with four splendid bracelets intact.

Prof. Petrie describes one of them as a series of figures of the royal hawk perched on the tomb, consisting of thirteen figures in cast and chased gold, alternating with fourteen carved in turquoise. Another bracelet is of the spiral beads of gold and lazuli in three groups. A third is of four groups of hour glass beads and bands of braided gold wire. This brilliant and exquisitely finished group of jewelry shows what a high level was attained at the beginning of the first dynasty. The arm of this queen has the advantage of being carefully examined as found, being exact in the arrangement of the ornaments. It had apparently been broken off by the first plunderers and hidden in a hole of the wall of the tomb, where it had remained undiscovered by those who at a later period had cleared out the tomb. Relics of the same king have also been found, consisting of forty inscribed pieces of ivory and stone and two lions carved in ivory. The great royal tomb-stone has also been found, broken in pieces, which have been pieced together. Of King Den, the fifth of the first dynasty, twelve inscribed ivories

have been discovered, together with an impress of a beautiful royal seal, showing the king struggling with a hippopotamus and spearing a crocodile.

Old Ironsides.....New York Journal

In connection with the proposed plan for rebuilding "Old Ironsides," an old scrap-book gives an interesting piece of history. The trees from which were made the masts of the frigate Constitution—"Old Ironsides"—grew in the valley of the Sheepscot River. Her masts were cut in the town of Malta, now Windsor, on the north side of the present Augusta Road, between Cooper's Mills and Bryant's Corner. Thomas Cooper of Newcastle and one Gray, who afterward settled in Windsor, or Whitefield, cut the trees, swamped a road to "Puddle Dock" in Alna in the winter of 1796-97, and hauled them into the Sheepscot River, and in the spring took them to Wiscasset, where the Government's agents yoked them at both ends with pieces of white oak 2x8, slipped through mortises in the trees, which were then towed to Boston. This information is from the Bangor Historical Magazine, and upon the authority of John M. Bond¹ of South Jefferson.

Wiscasset Point, from which the "Old Ironsides'" masts were shipped to Boston, had long before become the center of an extensive and lucrative timber and lumber trade. As early as 1754 a Spanish man-of-war loaded there with spar timber. In 1796 the traffic of the place was carried on in 102 vessels, with a registered tonnage of 9,944, and, as an old-time account picturesquely states, "During the war of 1812 and the two embargoes preceding, the long wharves of Wiscasset were lined with vessels—ships, brigs, square-rigged and hermaphrodite, topsail schooners and sloops—which previous to that time had been engaged in carrying Maine timber and lumber to foreign ports."

The famous Constitution may be said to have taken its start from Wiscasset, and another famous craft came to its doom there; for, according to record, "The British brig Boxer, armed cruiser, captured off Pemaquid, September 16, 1813, was tried and sold under orders of prize court at Wiscasset, at special term, October 12, 1813, under libel filed by Silas Lee, Esq."

Captain Richard P. Tucker, one of Maine's rapidly passing generation of ship owners and masters, wrote a few years before his death: "The port of Wiscasset, with the adjacent waters of the Sheepscot River, offers the most perfect accommodation for the steam commerce of the day. It is the nearest point to Europe in the United States answering all the requisites of the present heavy ocean steamships."

Unusual, Ghostly, Superstitious, Queer

Queer Wills.....John De Morgan.....Green Bag

"The true index to a man's character is contained in his last will and testament," wrote an able jurist of the last century, and there is a great deal of truth in the statement. The strange and erratic testaments presumably sane people leave behind them when compelled to part with the wealth they have been able to acquire during life, prove beyond all doubt that very few men are really known until they are dead.

An American, named Sanborn, living at Medford, Mass., in his will, dated 1871, bequeathed his body to Harvard University, and "especially to the manipulation of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Louis Agassiz." He requested that his skin be made into two drumheads, to become the property of his life-long friend, Warren Simpson, leader of a drum corps, of Cohasset, on condition that on Bunker Hill at sunrise, June 17th, each year, he should beat on the said drum the tune of "Yankee Doodle." On one drum-head was to be inscribed Pope's "Universal Prayer," and on the other the "Declaration of Independence."

"The remainder of my body," he continues, "unless for anatomical purposes, to be composted for a fertilizer to contribute to the growth of an American elm, to be planted in some rural thoroughfare, that the weary wayfarer may rest, and innocent children play beneath its umbrageous branches rendered luxuriant by my remains."

The distinguished author and founder of the school of Utilitarianism, Jeremy Bentham, bequeathed his body to Dr. Southwood Smith for dissection, desiring that a lecture might be delivered over it to medical students and the public generally.

He had experimented with many embalming preparations, and on the day of his death declared himself satisfied with a preparation submitted to him. His last words were, as he examined the mixture, "That will do," and in a few minutes he was dead. He had desired that his body, after dissection, should be embalmed, and dressed in his ordinary clothes, to appear as natural as possible, and seated in his old arm-chair, he wished to be placed at the banquet table of his friends and disciples when they met on any great occasions of philosophy and philanthropy. When he died his wishes were carefully carried out by his favorite disciple, to whom he had bequeathed his body.

Dr. Ellery, a distinguished member of the Society of Friends in London, who died in 1827, inserted this clause in his will:

"Item: I bequeath my heart to Mr. W.—, anatomist; my lungs to Mr. —, and my brain to Mr. F—, in order that they may preserve them from decomposition; and I declare that if these gentlemen shall fail faithfully to execute these my last wishes, I will come—if it be by any means possible—and torment them until they comply."

John Rudge, of Trysull, Staffordshire, England, by his will, dated April 17, 1725, bequeathed the sum of twenty shillings a year, payable at five shillings quarterly, to a poor man, "to go about the parish church, during the sermon, to keep people awake, and to keep dogs out of the church." There was a quiet sarcasm in that bequest which must have caused the rector to wonder how it came about that it was necessary to keep people awake while he was preaching.

A peculiar will was recently filed in Montreal for probate. The late Mrs. T. P. Roe bequeathed to her husband during his lifetime the interest on twelve shares of Montreal Bank stock, the same on his death to be given to the Church of St. John the Evangelist. To her little dog Frolic she bequeathed the interest on four shares of Montreal Bank stock for use during its lifetime, and at its death to be sold or given in stock to the Church of St. John the Evangelist.

Personal prejudice, pique and passion sometimes find their way into wills, the testator often telling the "plain, unvarnished truth" in an offensive manner. In the will of a Mr. Parker, probated in London, 1785, there was this clause: "I will and bequeath the sum of £50 to Elizabeth, whom, through my foolish fondness, I made my wife, without regard to family, fame or fortune; and who, in return, has not spared, most unjustly, to accuse me of every crime regarding human nature, save highway robbery."

Even Lewis Morgan, of Gwyllgyth, in Wales, in the ninety-eighth year of his age, made a new will which was probated; it was brief and to the point. It read as follows: "I give to my old, faithful servant, Esther Jones, the whole that I am possessed of, either in personal property, land or otherwise. She is a tolerable good woman, but would be much better if she had not so clamorous a tongue. She has, however, one great virtue, which is a veil to all her foibles—strict honesty."

David Hume and John Home used to have frequent discussions as to the correct manner of spelling their respective names; each insisted that his was the original, and the matter was not

settled during life. Home detested port wine, while Hume preferred it to any other, and when the debate on patronymics waxed warm, the one would switch off to the merits or demerits of port wine. When David Hume died, the following clause was found in his will: "To Mr. John Home of Kilduff, ten bottles of my old claret, at his choice, and one bottle of that other liquor called port. Also six dozen of port, provided he attests under his own hand, signed John Hume, that he has himself alone finished that bottle at two sittings. By this concession he will at once terminate the only two differences that ever arose between us concerning temporal affairs."

A Sea Spirit.....New York Sun

"They're a queer set of sperrits that frequents the seas and they do some mighty queer things, as any sailorman knows," said Capt. Bill Kinsman as he cut a pipeful off a plug and proceeded to roll it between his horny palms. "But the queerest spook I ever see was one that put itself out of the business for sixty odd years by making a mistake.

"It happened when I was a young man on a voyage from Maracaibo to Liverpool, on the bark Ingomar, with a cargo of mahogany. A chap by the name of Teague was the captain, and the sickest-looking skipper he was that ever let a ship's crew do as it pleased. He was a powerful, big-boned man, but gaunt as a wolf, with his clothes hanging loose all over him and his eyes burning away back at the ends of two sort o' caverns.

"Instead of taking his rest like a Christian, he set up on the taffrail, in his watch and out of it, fair weather or foul, sleeping sometimes but most while looking out over the sea like a man in a trance. 'Bout once a day he'd come down for a bite to eat and a look at the first mate's figgers and then back he'd go with never a word out of him.

"It didn't take many days out of port before they begin to be whispers among the crew. What was it, we wanted to know, that'd make a man like Teague shrink away from his clothes and shun decent men's neighborhood? What was it his burning eyeballs saw out yonder in the black water?

"'Mates,' says Ben Wicks, who'd lost one of his eyes on a man-o'-war, 'I know the signs. It's blood spots he sees out there—blood spots of his own making, and they's no good goin' to come to them as travels with him.'

"I don't know jest what the crew'd a done if it hadn't happened that Ben's remarks come to the

ears of the first mate. Soon's they did the mate comes thumping into the fo'c'sle, and lays Ben out with a smash under the ear.

"'Now, ye swine,' he says, turning to the rest of us, 'is they any of you ever had sense enough to love a woman? Two years ago they was a feller about to get the likeliest gal in Portland, Me., for a wife. She quarrelled with him a week before the wedding, about nothing, as women will, and up and married a dub that was worth no good woman's thoughts. Well, the chap that got left is him that's sitting up there on the taffrail. Ye dirty snakes, that's what love does sometimes to a man. Now if they's any of you wants a broken head let me hear another yelp about blood spots.'

"After that nobody felt called on to give his opinions of the captain. I reckon the crew was more sorry for him than anything else, though Ben Wicks shook his head and did a heap of mumbling under his breath. And we certainly begin to have a queer voyage. We was on a nor' nor'east tack and we had a purty fair breeze most of the time, but somehow that ship seemed to make mighty little headway. The sea was a dirty oil color and it seemed to sort of ketch hold of us and stick on. It was like sailing through molasses.

"'It's coming soon,' says Ben Wicks, one dog watch, when the first mate was out of hearing.

"That same night it comes up to rain on the captain's watch and he sent me down after his oilskins. Foot of the companionway I looked into the cabin and there at the captain's table, as I'm a living man, sat a little brown-haired woman writing. Everybody aboard knew they was no woman on the Ingomar and hadn't been. I took one look, and then made for the quarter-deck.

"'Where's them skins?' says Teague.

"'If you please, sir,' I says, 'they's a lady at the cabin table writing.'

"Teague looked at me for full half a minute and his eyes was like them of a man that's gone blind. Then he spoke kind of soft.

"'What kind of a looking woman was it?' says he.

"'She was a little plump woman,' I says, 'with brown hair that was brushed back—'

"Teague's face became white as a corpse's and he held up his hand.

"'That'll do,' he says. 'Go down and ask the lady to kindly step up!'

"I wasn't hankering after that cabin jest then, but it was better than Teague's voice. Before I got to the foot of the companionway I see she was gone. I went over to where she'd been setting and there on the table was a sheet of paper and on it in a woman's writing was the three words, 'Steer due south.' I grabbed the paper and went

back on deck. As I came up it seemed as though Teague's eyes grabbed hold of me.

"The lady's gone, sir," I says, "but this here paper was on the cabin table."

"I don't know how he got the paper. I didn't hand it to him. He jest had it. Then there come a sound like a herd of bulls bellowing and it was Teague calling to the man at the wheel.

"Hard starboard," says Teague, and around she swung.

"Keep her due south," says Teague, "and mind your eye."

"That minute the breeze shifted fair and began to freshen and inside of two hours we was jumping along at ten knots. The first mate looked feazed when he come on deck to take his watch, but Teague give his orders and didn't make no explanations. Then he went up into the bow and took his seat in the knighthead.

"For seven days that fair breeze lasted and for seven days we went clipping South, with the sun so hot that it boiled the pitch out of the decks, and our port of destination further and further over our port quarter. And for seven days Teague set up there on the knighthead looking forward, out over the sea. We passed ship; and then got past the traveled way and Teague paid no heed.

"But on that seventh day we raised a speck on the horizon and Teague jumped to his feet when he seen it. We come up to it in the first dog watch. She was what was left of a fine schooner, her masts gone and laying so low in the water her decks was partly awash.

"Lower away the yawl," says Teague. It was his first words sense he'd turned the bark south.

"I was in the yawl's crew. They was a dozen starving men with bloodshot eyes on that wreck and two or three dead ones.

"Water," the men whispered, as Teague come aboard, and held out their hands.

"Where's the woman?" says Teague.

"Dead—under yon tarpaulin," says one of the men. "Poor little woman, Barker beat her to death before she starved."

"God be praised," says Teague, in a quiet voice that shook that waterlogged wreck. "And which of you's Barker?"

"Dead a week," says the man. "Give us water."

Teague went over, pulled the tarpaulin off and picked the woman, that was lying under it, up in his two hands. They said afterward that she'd been dead three days. He looked at her a minute and put his face down to hers. Then he hollers out:

"Some brandy here—this woman's alive."

"They passed him a flask out of the yawl and he forced some down between her set teeth. Then

he loosened her dress and rubbed her body and blew in her mouth and worked over her for two hours without raising his head. And then, as I hope for mercy, the woman's eyelids begin to flutter like a loose studdin' sail in a light breeze and her eyes opened and she smiled with 'em up at Teague. And Teague, as I live, set there swelling up to the size of his clothes with every second that passed.

"Come here, Bill," says he to me, speaking soft as a woman with a young baby; "is this her you see in the cabin?"

"I crept over and looked at her.

"Yes, sir," I says, "though not near so pale."

"Well, how," says Teague, "could that sperrit of hers come to be settin' in that there cabin, with her not dead yet, down here fourteen hundred miles away?"

"At that the woman opened her eyes and smiled up at Teague again.

"You was a long time coming, Jim," she whispered. "I—I been a-dreaming that I was writing you a letter."

"They was married when we got to port a month overdue. Teague lived to be 78, but his wife was 81 when she died. Sometimes I've felt sorry for that poor little brown-haired ghost that had to wait them sixty long years before it had a chance to get about again."

Blood Red Rain.....Chambers's Journal

A peculiar phenomenon was observable throughout Southern Europe, and more especially in Sicily, on the 10th of March last, in the occurrence of what seemed to be a rain of blood. The fields, trees, and roofs were "painted red" in a very literal sense, and doubtless in many outlying parts the occurrence was regarded as a portent of terrible significance. The rain, however, was subjected to chemical analysis—a process which has little sympathy with supernatural things—and its exact composition ascertained, confirming the accepted theory of its origin. It consisted of 60 per cent. of red sand, and the rest was composed of clay, a little organic matter, and about 5 per cent. of water. Under the microscope vegetable fibres, fragments of diatoms, and other débris could be seen.

It was evident that the red matter was not of volcanic origin. The various chemists who examined it agreed that it had come from the Desert of Sahara, and so the mystery of the "rain of blood" was explained. The matter is of great interest when we remember that similar occurrences are described by Livy and other old writers, at a time when microscopes were not and the oracles were ignorant of analytical chemistry.

W h a t i s L i f e ? *

By Arthur E. Bostwick

What is the characteristic feature of a living being? The answer to this question is harder than it seems at first sight. Is it the possession of a regular and beautiful form? Then certainly the frost crystals on a window-pane must be alive, while the lower forms of marine creatures are not. Is the power of growth the criterion? The frost crystal grows as well as the fern. Is it that the living body is a system capable of absorbing and giving out energy and thereby performing useful work? Then a steam-engine lives. In like manner we may test and reject all the definitions that have been proposed. Yet there are certain features common to all such matter as is usually spoken of as "living," and among these the most conspicuous is the kind of material of which they are chiefly composed.

Every living thing, simple or complex, plant or animal, bacillus or man, is made up of cells, and these cells consist largely of a slimy substance called protoplasm, which is so universally present in living nature, and plays so important a part in vital processes, that it was described by Huxley as "the physical basis of life." The first observers thought it a definite chemical compound, and they believed that if this compound could be made in the laboratory, the great abyss between dead and live matter would be bridged. Now it is known that protoplasm is not merely a chemical compound, but has organic structure. As early as 1867 this was described as like a network, and some biologists still consider this as accurate. Others have regarded it as more like a complex tangle of fibres, and a few think that it is a smooth jelly in which are imbedded granules, which they regard as vital units. These different ideas are due to the difficulty of microscopical study. All have now agreed, however, that protoplasm has a structure, and consists essentially of a framework of some kind filled with a soft or liquid substance. Whether the phenomenon of life depends on the one rather than the other, and if so, on which one, are unsolved questions. If the living cell is really such a complicated affair, of course there is no use in trying to imitate it artificially. But many observers now hold that the complication is in the microscope rather than in the protoplasm, and that the latter is really only a sort of fine lather, the drops or bubbles of which, closely pressed to-

gether, appear through the instrument as a complex network. The chief advocate of this view is Dr. O. Bütschli, professor of zoölogy in the famous German University of Heidelberg, who has made himself also famous by his demonstration that the conditions of the phenomenon called life are in much larger degree purely physical than could have been supposed possible. He has, in short, succeeded in manufacturing artificial protoplasm, or at any rate a very good imitation of it.

Dr. Bütschli had been struck with the similarity of protoplasm to a fine froth. The commonest froth, soap-lather, consists of minute air bubbles entangled in a soap solution. Bütschli, after long and patient experiment, succeeded in making what he calls an oil-foam, consisting of minute drops of soapy water entangled in olive oil. These drops are so small that they can be seen only under the microscope, and the appearance of the lather thus obtained is very like that of the "physical basis of life."

But the similarity goes further than mere outside resemblance. The drops of oil-foam act as if they were alive. When a drop of oil-foam is placed under a microscope and carefully washed with water it immediately begins to crawl about—at least that is what we should call it if the drop were alive.

The movements of the drops of foam, when free from pressure and hence quite opaque, take place in such a manner that without any striking change of shape they creep somewhat rapidly backward and forward under the cover glass. At the same time the direction of movement changes fairly often, though it sometimes happens that a drop may retain for a long time, or permanently, the direction of movement it has once taken up.

As has been said above, there is little change of form in these creepy, slimy, artificial jelly-fish; that is in accord with their general resemblance to living bodies. There is, however, the slight change that is constantly taking place in any living creature—a lengthening out in the direction of the forward movement, such as we might see in a worm, and a bulging out here and there on the edge. Opaque as the drops are, they can be seen under the microscope to be the seat of a very lively circulation—here again they are like living beings. To quote again from the description of their manufacturer:

Every bulging out of the edge is accompanied by a stream which starts from the interior and spreads out on the surface; the creeping, progres-

*Everybody's.

sive movements are, without doubt, in connection with such streamings. If the water be slowly replaced by semi-dilute glycerine, a system of very energetic circulating currents is gradually set up.

All these movements described by the German professor are most strikingly like those of life as observed in the small jelly-like marine creatures of the lower orders. The drops sometimes move as fast as half an inch a minute—not railroad speed by any means, but very swift progress when we consider their size and conditions.

Sometimes a drop would run quickly toward one of the strips of glass employed as supports; indeed, such foreign bodies seemed to attract the drops. If they had been really living creatures one would have said that they were on an investigating expedition. The behavior of neighboring drops is still more curious. They seem inclined to run toward one another, and when they touch each other the streaming or circulation phenomena become much more noticeable. Large drops develop subordinate centers of circulation and push out long arms like tentacles. In the amoebas, jelly-like microscopic creatures, this same process goes on and the arms are called "pseudopodia"—false feet. Sometimes one of the subordinate centers separates from the mother drop and goes off by itself, thus recalling in a striking manner the phenomenon of reproduction by division, common in many of the lower orders of life.

The drops do not remain "alive" indefinitely any more than do creatures that are really alive. Sooner or later their activity comes to an end and they "die." Successfully manufactured drops keep up their motion for twenty-four hours or longer, sometimes for two or three days, and Bütschli reports that one drop "lived" from May 28th to June 3, 1889—six days. The larger the mass of artificial protoplasm, the longer its life. So, too, the elephant lives longer than man, and man than the dog, although this analogy, of course, cannot be carried too far.

Every one knows how warmth increases the activity of living things. The same is true of artificial protoplasm. If the drops are heated their streamer or circulatory internal motions become quicker and more intense, and even drops that have apparently "died," or come to rest, may be given a new lease of life in the same way. Bütschli also believes that the drops are sensitive to light, but his experiments on this point appear hardly decisive. Electricity, which has so marked an effect on living matter, has also its influence on the artificial protoplasm, the drops extending toward the positive pole when a current is passed through them, and reacting noticeably to a sudden shock.

Now Bütschli has no wish to make a mystery of all these movements. His desire is not to endow his oil drops with "vital force," in identifying their behavior with that of living creatures, but rather to explain the movements of the latter in the simplest manner possible. He has found out what makes his oil-foam so lively; he believes that the activity of living protoplasm is due to like forces.

In order to understand why the drops act as if they were alive, we must remember that currents arise in a liquid when its surface is interfered with by bringing any liquid of a certain class into contact with it. Such movements are observed in a drop of oil when weak soapy water is brought close to it. Radiating currents begin to move in the drop even before the soap touches it. The drop also moves in the direction of the soapy water. These motions belong to the class of phenomena usually known as "capillary," such as the rise of water in a small tube, etc., which depend on the relative attraction of the molecules in the same and different substances. They can be explained in detail, but the main point to be dwelt upon here is that they are purely physical, as much so as the fall of an apple to the ground.

In the oil-foams we have the same phenomena on a more complex scale, each tiny mass consisting of thousands of drops of soapy water in contact with oil. Bütschli has succeeded in explaining the internal circulation, the change of shape, the pushing forth of tentacles, the division, and the effect upon all this of heat and electricity. It is his contention that exactly the same explanation applies to living protoplasm, since it is made on precisely the same plan as the oil-foam, although, of course, with different materials. He has even gone further, and claims that muscular contraction, which is the means of all movement in the higher animals, and even in man, is essentially of the same nature. In other words, the dumb-bell lifted by the athlete, or the brush in the hand of the painter, are put in motion by capillary action that takes place in the minute cells forming the muscular tissue of the one or the other.

It was not to be expected that such a view as this should be without critics. One biologist has sneered at Bütschli's foam drops as being of no more real use to science than the knowledge that an umbrella is shaped like a jelly-fish; to which the investigator has very properly responded that if jelly-fishes were made of silk with steel ribs the knowledge that a similar structure could be formed by the hand of man would indeed be interesting and valuable. Other

critics have suggested that there is no reason why all protoplasm should be alike, and that there may be various kinds in different cells. Indeed, students have used the word itself, sometimes to mean the whole cell-substance, sometimes for the "living" part of it, and sometimes for the hypothetical portion that is the real "basis of life." But when all is said and done, Bütschli has certainly made a substance which is so like protoplasm in appearance that experts cannot tell them apart, and he has shown that in this sub-

stance movements take place from purely physical causes that are almost precisely the same as those made by the lower animal organisms and ascribed in them to a "vital force." He has not claimed that he has constructed the real physical basis of life, because protoplasm is not made up of oil and water, but of complex albuminoids; but he does claim to have shown that the primary movements of life may be due to structure, and that there is no necessity of believing in any peculiar vital essence or force.

Among the Plants: *Garden, Field and Forest*

Edited by Robert Blight

The lover of plants finds little difficulty in making the interest which he bestows on the objects of his affection world-wide. Although in his wanderings in field and forest he finds scope for his studies which becomes the more extensive the more diligently he investigates, the highest pleasure is probably to be found in a well-ordered garden. There he finds not only the choicest flowers of his own land, but also those of many climes. Thus he is brought to make comparisons between the plants which are native to his own district and those which are denizens of foreign countries; and there is no phase of botanical study more fascinating than that of geographical distribution. It is my purpose in this paper to carry my readers far a-field, now that the winter weather prevents them from taking delight in the plants near at hand. The first excerpt is peculiarly valuable as showing the kind of questions which have to be dealt with in studying plant-distribution:

Arctic Vegetation.....*British Geographical Journal*

Professor J. Wiesner, of Vienna, who has for some years been engaged in researches on the requirements of plants in the matter of light, has come to the following conclusions with regard to the plants of the Arctic regions. The demonstration previously put forward by him with regard to low and middle latitudes, that with the increase of latitude the light requirement of plants also rises, has been shown, by observations made in Norway and at Advent Bay, Spitzbergen, to apply equally to sub-Arctic and Arctic regions. The reasons for this marked need of light are the low temperatures which prevail at the vegetative period, the want of heat being made up for by the excess of light, the amount of which must therefore increase with the decrease of temperature. It thus comes about that a limit is set to the migration toward the pole of bush and tree vegetation less by the cold of winter than by the constantly increasing need of light, which can, of course, be

less and less satisfied. As a rule, the plants of the far North can stand but a small diminution of their quantum of light, such as is caused by the interception of the sun's rays through the configuration of the country.

Dr. Peucker's researches on mountain shadow have shown how the amount of light required can be laid down with precision in each particular case. The intensity of the direct sunlight to which Arctic plants are exposed is very slight, for it only becomes perceptible when the sun reaches an altitude of fifteen degrees above the horizon, whereas in the most favorable case, on June 21, the sun only attains at Advent Bay an altitude of thirty to thirty-five degrees. Direct sunlight here at best reaches the strength of the light radiated from the whole expanse of the sky, the so-called "diffused light," so that the illumination available for polar plants is at most double the amount of the diffused light. The high Alpine plants of mean latitudes, on the contrary, enjoy an amount of illumination which may be estimated at a maximum of at least four times that due to the diffused light, the sun reaching a mid-day altitude of sixty-six to sixty-nine degrees. These differences result, as Bonnier has shown, in considerable variations in the organs of plants like species which occur both in high Alpine and high Arctic regions. In middle latitudes the effect of aspect on vegetation is very striking, the northern slopes of mountains being often bare of plants. But in view of the much nearer approach to a complete circuit round the horizon made by the sun in Arctic latitudes, it is easily seen that this influence is less felt there than anywhere else.

Of much interest, lastly, is the demonstration of the influence exercised by differential lighting on the forms of trees, the low angle at which

light is received especially favoring the pyramidal shape in Arctic latitudes, though this is by no means detrimental under the more nearly vertical lighting of low latitudes. The cypresses of the South are, in fact, protected by their form from the injurious effects of a vertical sun, while the same form enables the firs, pines and white poplars of Norway and Sweden to make the most of the horizontal ray of the northern sun.

Having seen some of the conditions under which Arctic plants grow, we can turn with greater interest to the account of an actual scene, given by Dr. Robert Stein, writing from Northumberland Island, in North Greenland, in August of last year:

A Letter.....*New York Tribune*

Going out this morning I found ice a quarter of an inch thick on a lake behind the tent. On small pools it is thicker. The dwarf willow, whose bright green was so conspicuous during the brief summer weeks, is now turning yellow. Autumn evidently is upon us. And the sun does not yet set at midnight! When we arrived here on July 5 the plants were just beginning to burst into bloom. All the wet, sandy places were dotted with the brilliant purple of the serwusa, the earliest flowering plant in this region. I do not know its English name. The peaty edges of rills and pools were gay with buttercups; the bright gold of the poppy began to gleam here and there on gravelly slopes and on the shelves of rock faces. A week later everything was in full bloom. I was especially delighted to find quite a colony of an old acquaintance—dandelion. It may give an idea of Arctic plant growth to say that the colony of some hundred specimens occupied a piece of ground of about two acres, sharing it with grasses, mosses, willow, etc. The ground slopes very gently southward, the surface is diversified by ridges of rock with gentle slope northeastward, and vertical faces, about a foot high, southeastward. At the foot of these vertical faces, in a soft bed of peat and mould, nestle the dandelions, often intertwining their roots with the dwarf willow. Now the dandelion has committed its tufted seeds to the wind, most of the poppies have wilted or turned green; hardly a flower is to be seen. Six weeks in what in New York could be called October weather, interrupted by an occasional snowfall—that is the Arctic summer. The record would be a gloomy one if the winter temperature were correspondingly low. Fortunately, the process which lowers the summer temperature, namely, the absorption of heat by the melting of snow and ice, is reversed later on; the freezing of water and vapor sets free enough latent heat to keep the temperature, at least in this region, almost always above -40° , and generally above -20° . In

other words, the winter of Smith's Sound is, on the whole, with the exception of seventy-five days of complete darkness, not much different from that of Dakota.

Let us now turn to a very different climate—the deserts of California. With all the difference, there is a similarity, owing to the short time suitable for plant growth.

Flowers in the Desert *Success with Flowers*

Any one coming to California crosses the desert, and if they come when the rainy season is past, it is truly a desert. But in the spring of the year, after the wild flowers have responded to the gentle rains, the desert looks like a great flower garden, and one cannot put one's foot down without crushing beautiful, delicate flowers. The wild flowers of the desert are in a class by themselves, springing to life in a single day after the rain has touched the loose, sandy soil. When the rains cease the flowers wither and blow away, and all that remains is a wide expanse of unlovely sand studded with huge native Cacti and Spanish Dagger. The latter is the Yucca, and bears enormous spikes of waxen bells. Its leaves are veritable daggers, sure enough, and woe betide any one who runs into them unwittingly.

Some of the Opuntias among the Cacti, especially the Tuna, are called Prickly Pears and Indian Figs, from the shape of the fruit. They have yellow, pink and red blossoms and they grow to immense size. The old mission fathers planted them along the boundaries of their missions to keep out savage Indians. These hedges have grown for the last century until now they are great walls twenty feet high and as many wide, and perfectly impregnable. The fathers have long since mouldered to dust, the Indians have faded from the country, and the missions are crumbling to decay, but the Prickly Pears are growing and flourishing and gaining strength as the years pass. The Turk's Head Cactus is the oddest one. It is round, with a pink body and yellow spines, which are in the shape of curved thorns. There is nothing fascinating about the Cacti of the desert. They possess neither beauty nor grace, and the brilliancy of the flowers does not atone for their hideousness. The Prickly Pears supply various reptiles as well as travelers with drink, as the fleshy leaves give forth water when crushed. The Indians and Mexicans use the fruit as a fig, and the dry stalks to burn, so that the Cacti have their uses if not beauty. The rattlesnakes abound on the desert, and the slow-going tortoise will be found hundreds of miles from water.

As the Yucca mentioned in the foregoing passage is often seen in our gardens, it is interesting to follow up its history in the following:

Two Queer Plants in Mojave Desert Baltimore American

The western rim of the Mojave Desert, in Southern California, is outlined by forest groups of Yucca palms or *Yucca brevifolia*, strange, weird-looking productions of nature, that are indigenous to dry, sun-scorched areas. For a distance of many miles these trees creep along the tops of the mountains, sometimes crawling intrusively up the rocky slopes, until they are met by a formidable army of luxuriant trees that stop their progress with stolid inhospitality. The outline mass of their straggling forms is eerie, fantastic, demoniacal; but, though lacking in beauty, they are golden at heart, giving to humanity material for an endless variety of useful things. The trees attain a height of thirty to forty feet, and in rare instances reach a height of fifty feet. The trunks, from two to three feet in diameter, support ten or twelve branches, on which are crowded rigid, spine-tipped leaves averaging eight inches in length. The younger leaves are ashy green, while the older are sun-bleached and dangle dismally. The trees flower from March to May, the blossom being dingy white in color, and filling the atmosphere with a fetid odor. The flowers are in sessile ovate panicles several inches long, and terminate the branches. The unopened panicles form cones from eight to ten inches long, covered with close overlapping scales, flushed with purple at the apex. The pulpy fruit is from two to three inches long, and, having a savory date-like flavor, is a popular food with the Indians, who, after eating copiously of the ripe apples, cure immense quantities for winter use. A floral stew, which is considered a delicacy by the omnivorous aborigines, is made of flower buds and flowers, while the dry seeds, after being ground into meal, are utilized for mush and flour.

Interesting relatives of these scraggly desert monarchs are the Spanish bayonets, or *Yucca whipplei*, which dot the mountain slopes and foothills of California from Monterey to San Diego. In some localities they are so numerous that they present a low, bristling forest, lapping their formidable, dagger-like leaves across the trails, where they prick the shins of grunting pack animals, and sometimes startle the soliloquizing pedestrian who unexpectedly comes in contact with the protruding spikes. These plants are in form of half a ball, with linear-lanceolate leaves from one to three feet long and one to two inches wide, radiating closely from the center and stretching their sharp needles toward every point of the compass. The flower stalk usually attains a height of fifteen feet, being six or eight inches in diameter, and often bears 6,000 blossoms, that hang like pendulums from their family stems. All

the vitality of the curious plant is exhausted by the time the bloom attains perfection, and after this decorative effort it gradually droops and dies.

The blossoms are so peculiarly constructed that self-fertilization seems impossible, and scientists who have investigated the conditions claim these plants to be dependent on a small white moth that takes nocturnal pilgrimages and performs the office for them. This industrious little mother flits from plant to plant gathering the pollen, which she rolls into a ball with her feet. Thus laden, she darts to another plant, deposits her egg in its ovary, and before leaving ascends to the stigma, where she actually pushes the pollen into it; for with clever intuition she seems to realize that her progeny would have no means of subsistence if she should fail to perform this last office.

The Indians derive much nourishment from this species also, the undeveloped flowering shoots, which are eaten raw or prepared as mescal, being especially liked. After being stripped of all leaves and blossoms, the stalks are roasted over hot stones, and when sufficiently cooked form the basis of a feast, delicious, inexpensive, but befuddling to the brain; for the plant prepared in this way is said to have intoxicating properties. The meat is soft and pulpy, and in flavor much like baked apples. The fruit ripens in August and September, gradually turning from green to tawny-yellow, afterward becoming brownish purple, and then black. It is cylindrical in shape, with sweet, succulent flesh, very palatable, either fresh or dried.

Let us now pass to Australia, to view one of the curiosities of the Vegetable Kingdom—an *Adansonia*. It is a tree which is not very distantly related to our Mallows. Until the discovery of a species in Australia, only one member of the genus was known in the world. That is a native of Africa, and specimens seen in Senegal were supposed to be the largest of all trees. Adanson, the Swedish naturalist and traveler, from whom the genus takes its name, found there specimens the age of which he reckoned at 5,150 years, and on some were carved European names, one of which was dated in the fourteenth century and another in the fifteenth. They had also been seen in 1555 by Thevet, a French traveler. Whatever may be the truth about the age of the Senegal *Adansonia*s, they must yield the palm for height to the Redwoods of California and the Eucalypti of Australia. The following selection from an article by W. Saville Kent, F.L.S., is an interesting account of this vegetable wonder:

Bottle Trees..... Pearson's Magazine

A conspicuous feature of the Australian landscape in the "coastal" region of the Nor'west or Kimberley district, that extends from King's Sound to Cambridge Gulf, is the abundant presence of the quaint tree *Adansonia Oregonia*, other-

wise known to botanists as the "boab" or "baobab." To the ordinary traveler the "bottle" or "gouty" tree is its more familiar title. The essential peculiarity of the bottle tree is the abnormal size of its trunk. This, as compared with other forest trees, is out of all proportion to its spreading branches. In its early youth the baobab is relatively slender, and gives but little indication of its latent obesity. The "gouty" phase becomes more manifestly developed with advancing years, or it might be suggested—as sometimes happens to the human individual—subsequent to a more or less prolonged innings of the bottle period. In some cases the trunk is nearly spherical, somewhat resembling a colossal turnip. Or, if shorn of its branches and its abnormally exposed roots spreading along the ground, it might be said to bear no inconsiderable likeness to a gigantic octopus. A not uncommon growth-variety of the West Australian baobab is that in which the young tree starts with a double crown, and develops into the form of a Siamese twin-like brace of almost uniform, radish-shaped trunks.

A dead baobab, like a derelict donkey, is a very unusual sight. Numbers of these trees were hewn down and dismantled, root and branch, in laying out the roads or "streets" that constitute the township of Derby in Nor'west Territory. But these trees were by no means killed by this drastic treatment. Within a short period of their presumptive destruction a fresh growth or growths started, and so progressed that within a few years new and sturdy trees had arisen, phoenix-like, from the prostrate parent trunks. This latent power of rejuvenescence that is pre-eminently characteristic of the West Australian bottle tree is probably accountable to a great extent to the peculiar nature and qualities of its woody tissues. These are of a soft and spongy character and contain a large quantity of moisture in the form of mucilage. This to such an extent, indeed, that in the times of drought the trees are not infrequently felled, and split up into small fragments, for the cattle, who will eagerly devour this improvised fodder. The wood toward the lower portion of the trunk, near the origin of the roots, is more particularly retentive of the watery element. For the human species the baobab also provides a store of nutriment. Its fruit takes the form of thin-shelled gourd-like capsules covered with a thin green velvety pile, which in fine examples are equal in size to small cocoanuts. When ripe, they contain a flour-like powder having a peculiar acid flavor, from which, mixed with water, a by no means unpalatable and very thirst-quenching substitute for lemonade can be concocted. On this account the name of the "Cream of Tartar" tree has occasionally been ap-

plied to it. The fruit of the Australian baobab remains attached to the branches for a considerable time after the leaves have fallen. The flower that precedes the fruit is white, somewhat like that of an eucalyptus, its center being filled with a sheaf of slender stamens.

The allied African baobab, *Adansonia digitata*, is even more conspicuously noted for the nutritive properties of its fruit. Among other instances it is recorded as having provided Major Pedley and his exploring party with their sole commissariat for several weeks when engaged in their search for Mungo Park. A peculiarity of the fruit of the African species is that it hangs from the branches by long, cord-like stems, that may be as much as eighteen inches or two feet in length. These may be abundantly produced by even comparatively small trees, and impart a very distinctive aspect.

The baobabs, in common with the famous dragon tree of Teneriffe, are regarded as representing the most slow-growing and longest-lived members of the vegetable world.

It commonly happens that in the older trees decay sets in at the center while vigorous life and growth persist at the periphery. Hence it is that their ungainly trunks frequently constitute huge hollow chambers capable of containing quite a respectable crowd of people, and which, with a little contriving, may be converted into a commodious domicile for a small family.

Australian vegetation is different to that of any other country. The various species number about 10,000—far more than are to be found in all Europe. A peculiarity of the trees found on the highlands near the coasts is the vertical direction of the foliage, which allows the sunlight to pass easily between the leaves. Many curious trees are found, the "beef-tree," as hard as oak, and of the color of beef; the "grass-tree," whose short stem is crowned with grass-like foliage, with a single flowering spike; "fire-trees" and "flame-trees," blazing with brilliant blossoms.

The Dragon Tree of Teneriffe, spoken of by Mr. Kent, was a *Dracæna Draco*, belonging to the natural order of Lilies. It stood near the town of Orotava, in the Island of Teneriffe, and was one of the wonders of vegetation. Meyen found it to be seventy-five feet high and forty-eight feet in girth. Just above the ground it was seventy-nine feet in circumference. Humboldt measured it and found that the diameter was identical with that given by the Bethencourts, French adventurers who seized Teneriffe in the beginning of the fifteenth century; so that the tree has not increased in size in four centuries. The trunk was hollow, and a staircase had been erected inside by which one could ascend to the height at which the branches began. Unfortunately, the interesting survivor of so many ages was destroyed by a hurricane in 1867.

Newspaper Verse: Selections Grave and Gay

Under Difficulties.....Arthur Crawford.....Smart Set

Oh, I-lovely one! h-h-hear m-m-m-me
Is a-a-all I ask;
I long to b-b-be with thee
That I may b-b-bask
Within the w-w-warmth divine
Of th-th-thy caress.
W-w-wilt thou be m-m-mine?
Oh, answer, "Y-y-yes!"

Good thir, alath! I cannot thay
Thith thing thou athketh me.
Thop! lithen! hathten not away!
The reathon'th plain to thee.
If I for theven ageth thtrove
My anthwer to ekthpreth
To thith the thtory of thy love,
That anthwer'd thtill be "Yeth!"

The American Girl's Appeal.....C. Leech.....Critic

Am I "Priscilla," of the bard,
For "Miles" pursued?
Or apple-paring "Hulda," who
By "Zeke" was wooed?
Or the intrepid warrior maid,
With fire-arms
More thoroughly acquainted, than
With hymns and psalms?
Am I the poor and petty thing
That Howells makes me,
The stone that sharpens up the wit
Of him that takes me?
Or am I Mary Wilkins's kind,
Bilious, inane,
All conscience and self-consciousness,
Never quite sane?
Am I the Anglo-Yankee prig
Of Mrs. Ward?
Does she or does she not portray
Quite by the card?
Tell me I'm each or all of these;
My faults unfurl
To every breeze; but am I, pray,
The Gibson girl?
Am I the worldling he depicts,
The "up-to-date,"
Self-seeking, mercenary, shrewd,
A thing to hate?
My sweet girl cousins 'cross the sea
Du Maurier drew,
And every one adores, while I—
What can I do?
"T's "Punch's" dowager gets off
The naughtiness,
But I am made to voice it. Oh,
Have I redress?
What knight will to the rescue, who
Will speak me fair,
And on his heart and pencil my
True colors wear?

The Calamity.....Chicago Tribune

All at once the street car sort o' hopped,
And then, with a jolt and bump, it stopped,
For another car was just ahead,
As motionless as if 'twere dead,
Another car was ahead of that,

Two men inside, one lean, one fat,
And ahead of that was another car,
With one lone man of the G. A. R.
Another car was ahead of that,
In which a sleeping copper sat.
And another car, ahead of that,
Was as empty as a looted flat.
Ahead of that was another car,
And ahead of that another car,
And ahead of that another car,
And another car ahead of that,
And another car ahead of that,
And other cars ahead of those,
And still more cars ahead of those,
And ahead of those were others still,
And stretching ahead were others still,
While each was silent as the tomb
And a veritable cave of gloom.
For a wagon filled with soft coal slack
Had broken down on the street car track.

The Editor.....Ethel M. Kelley.....Criterion

There is a being brave and bold,
Omnipotent and wise,
In trailing robes of cloth of gold
And plumes of Paradise.
His mandates breathless thousands wait
(Oh, aspirations nipt!);
He sits apart in kingly state
Rejecting manuscript.

On locust and wild honey fed
Ambrosia and dew,
A laurel crown upon his head,
He holds a pencil blue.
Into that chamber consecrate,
No alien ever slipt,
He sits alone in kingly state
Rejecting manuscript.

With gleaming eyes he loves to sit
Inditing, calm, serene,
"Your work is good but will not fit
Within our magazine."
The literaries at his gate
Are with keen anguish gript
The while he sits in kingly state
Rejecting manuscript.

The stalwart man child of our brain,
The baby of our thought,
He eyes them both with cold disdain
That withers them to naught.
They come back wearily and late
Of all their splendor stript,
From him who sits in kingly state
Rejecting manuscript.

There is a being brave and bold
Omnipotent and wise,
In trailing robes of cloth of gold
And plumes of Paradise—
As long as in the ink of fate
Our foolish pens are dipt
He'll sit apart in kingly state
Rejecting manuscript.

The Night Express W. Hurd Hillger *Sunny South*

There's a light at last in the sable mist, and it hangs like a rising star
 On the border line 'twixt earth and sky, where the rails run straight and far;
 And deeply sounds from hill to hill, in mighty monotone,
 A distant voice—a hoarse, wild note with savage warning blown.
 'Tis the night express, and well 'tis named, for behold! from out of the night
 It comes and darkly adown the rails it looms to the startled sight—
 Larger, nearer, nearer yet—till at last there's a clang and roar,
 A wave of heat, and a gleam of red from a closing furnace door;
 Then the crash and shriek of the rushing train—and our hearts beat fast and high
 When sudden and swift through the shadowy mist the night express goes by!

The Schley Case S. E. Kiser *Chicago Record-Herald*

I've read the Schley case every day
 And weighed the evidence;
 I've calmly tried to figure out
 The wherefore and the whence;
 I've tried to learn the truth about
 The loop they say was made;
 I've read through all the stories of
 The part the Brooklyn played;
 And the only things I'm certain of
 Are that the charts are wrong,
 And that the smoke was thick enough
 To shovel right along;
 I've learned that naval officers
 Are reckless on the guess;
 What Higgins calls a mile Magee
 Calls fifty yards or less;
 I've learned that eighty tons of coal
 Will last a ship a day,
 And that it takes three hundred tons
 To steam ten knots away;
 I've learned that in a battle all
 The captains go ahead
 Each one his own commander, by
 No higher leader led,
 And that the fearless admiral
 Who always keeps in sight
 Gives signals to the rest of them,
 And so directs the fight;
 I've learned that when it's over, when
 The battle has been won,
 The hard work of the heroes has,
 In fact, but just begun,
 And I've found out that the fellow who
 Was right there on the spot
 Knows just about as much about it as
 The people who were not.

What Wins *Boston News*

Saddle and bridle and girth,
 Stirrup and crupper and bit;
 Man on the top of a little horse
 Shaggy and strong and fit;
 Rugged and bearded face,
 Ragged old hat of felt,
 Rifle that kills at a thousand yards.
 And a tight-crammed cartridge belt.

Oh, it isn't by turning out your toes,
 You can beat the foe in a fight,
 Or by learning to march like a marionette,
 Or by keeping your buttons bright;
 And it isn't the way that you crook your arm
 When you shut your eye to shoot;
 But it's taking to cover at every chance
 Hillock and rock and root.

He doesn't know how to dress,
 And he doesn't know how to drill;
 But he met the smartest troops in the world,
 And fought till they had their fill.
 He's a slovenly, awkward chap;
 He's a lubberly farmer-man;
 But he lay on the veldt from dawn till dawn,
 And shot till they broke and ran.

For it isn't the way that you keep the touch,
 Or the way that you wheel about;
 And it isn't by pulling your waist-belt in,
 And by padding your tunic out;
 And it isn't by cocking your forage cap,
 Or by gluing a glass in your eye;
 But it's knowing the way to shoot like—,
 And it's learning the way to die.

They have gathered his kith and kin,
 In a prison beyond the sea;
 But they can't imprison a daring soul,
 That lives in a bosom free;
 They have shattered the calcined walls,
 Which sheltered his child and wife;
 But they can't extinguish the flame they've lit,
 Till it dies with his dying life.

For it's never the heat of a burning home,
 That has softened a foeman's heart;
 And it's never the reek of a lyddite shell,
 That has riven his ranks apart;
 And it isn't money; it isn't men,
 When the guns' loud song begins;
 But it's feeling your foot on your native land,
 And it's being right—that wins.

Life's Stream Helen B. Lough *Canadian*

Whether our life's a stream which gaily flows
 'Tween mossy banks where the blue violet grows,
 Or rushes angrily where deep rocks lie
 And white-sailed shadows quivering fade and die,
 To the same ocean we all flow at last,
 Our fair green banks or muddy channels past;
 And when in rainbow beams we softly lie
 We know not which is fairer, you or I.

An Idea *Judge*

The snowflake, dainty little star,
 Whirls gayly round the ashen bough,
 The wild wind moans
 And snores and groans,
 The rooster roosts upon the cow,
 While sphinx-like, in a joy full-blown,
 The sceptered sausage holds the throne.

Matters Musical and Dramatic

Bell Music H. R. Haweis Harper's

Bell music is a specialty; its fascination and emotional effect are like nothing else in the realm of music. A vast ocean of sound is generated, each bell yielding not only a musical chord with a major or minor third (and major and minor bells must not be confounded with one another, much less mixed in the same suite or carillon), but each leading note or fundamental with its third or fifth in each bell has innumerable other attendant "satellites" or fainter overtones. Each bell is, in fact, an ocean of sound in itself, and when all the bells are ringing they empty their tributary volume of lesser seas into the great carillon ocean to which all belong. This produces that strange "ébranlement" or perturbation which seizes upon the senses when, for instance, we ascend the tower of St. Romuald, Mechlin, what time all the bells are in full clang. Then we seem to float in an atmosphere which at once buoys us up and pierces every sentient pore of the soul. We are, as it were, steeped in a hypnotic vapor bath. Presently the ear discerns the mighty fundamental rolling out a fugue or melody with full accompaniment, just as amid a blaze of fireworks the eye is suddenly arrested by the balls of white, crimson, or blue fire that spring out and play in the midst of the flame-atmosphere, or soar aloft and die into the darkness whence they sprang.

In such moments of aural bewilderment, the whole air being shaken, the ear is hurried out of its critical attitude, and it neither requires nor desires an impossible accuracy in the fundamentals which define, or rather suggest, the melody. Important detail of the combined effect, the actual melody remains a detail, thrilled with so much else is the nervous system. Of course there are limits, and when the offending fundamentals are too wildly astray, as in the Antwerp carillon, fine as are many of the bells, then the bell-founder must be taken to task. But a clever carillonneur will never betray his carillon or his bell-founder. He will study his forty or fifty bells, and, marking those he cannot use effectively, so construct his performance as skilfully to avoid the discordant notes, such as bells having overtones stronger than their fundamentals, or which may belong to a different tonal system altogether.

For the bell is a musical note.

Before I left Belgium Monsieur Denyn père, the greatest carillonneur of the century, favored me with a special carillon recital at Mechlin. Shall I ever forget how the vast tower of St. Romuald, matchless and majestic in bulk and architectural

proportions, seemed to rock and palpitate as I ascended the long spiral staircase till at last I reached the great musician at work. A veritable Rubinstein, thick-set and muscular, clad in flannel, with protective leathers on each foot and hand, he struck before him the row of big pegs which did duty for keys, and stamped the mighty pedals which liberated the hammers aloft, falling on the bells externally as a piano-forte hammer falls on the strings. As I entered the bell-room Denyn was absorbed in a mighty elephantine galop, in which bells of five and six tons thundered out a rollicking pedal bass, while the smaller bells galloped about to order, the whole belfry seeming to swell and sweat with the breathless and exuberant pounding dance-music. Never a stroke behind time, never a moment of relaxation; the fun waxed even more fast and furious as Denyn forged ahead in Broddingnagian career, in full piano-forte, or rather bell-orchestral score: a galop rolling out over the market place till the citizens in the great square below began to beat time, and some even to foot it lightly, a galop rolling out over roofs and ramparts, floating for miles and miles over the grassy flats where the Belgian kine raised their heads to listen, and the Sunday holiday-makers who met along the white poplar-lined roads on their way to Mechlin nodded to each other and said: "Denyn is at work. He is grand to-day! Listen how the big bells tumble to the dance!"

For dear are the bells to the citizens, now as in old days, when they were used for all sorts of political, warlike, or social purposes, to mass people, to sound the alarm, even to cheer the lost traveler out on the misty plains at night homewords. The enemy knew this well; and so the struggle was always for the belfry; for he who commanded the bells commanded the situation.

But Denyn has ceased playing. I watch him with interest; he is sweating from head to foot and wiping his brow. He did not notice my arrival; he was far too absorbed. He now turns to me and greets me with quite an old-world dignity and politeness. Great musical artist, great carillonneur, his son now reigns in his stead.

The charm of the Belgian carillon, as contrasted with the exasperating ear-tension caused by the muscular exercise known as bell-ringing, is obvious to any musician. Bell-ringing is very good exercise, but very poor music.

In the old days of the Van der Gebyns the organist used to charge himself with the function of carillonneur, but organ-playing was a more

simple affair in those quiet times, and the execution now required makes it impossible for the same hand accustomed to manipulate tours de force on an organ key-board, which looks like a staircase, to box and wrestle with the pegs or keys of a gigantic carillon. Thalberg we know in his best days would not even carry an umbrella, for fear of injuring his touch. What would he have said had he been invited to engage in the rough manual labor of the carillonneur?

What is to be done, then? Why should not some of our amateur pianists turn their attention to carillon-playing? A few lessons from Denyn on the clevecin, a little instruction from Michael of Mechlin on the machinery (for the carillonneur will need to keep his machine in order), and the thing is done.

The Telephone in the Drama.....Electrical World and Engineer

The use of the telephone on the stage is not new. One early instance of the use of it is in Bronson Howard's *Henrietta*. A more recent case is the rather vulgar comic opera, *The Telephone Girl*, in which Mr. Louis Mann was genuinely funny. It is now noted from Paris that of the six new plays last week, one produced at the Theatre Antoine, written by De Lorde and Roley, and entitled *Telephone*, deserves special mention, because it owes its extraordinary success to absolutely novel construction, and presents melodrama in a phase of modernity which, in Paris at least, has not hitherto been attempted. A husband hears through the telephone his wife and children being assassinated in a deserted country house 80 miles distant. In the cleverly and realistically staged first act we see the husband taking a hasty leave of his family. He shows his wife a revolver in a drawer for use in case of emergency and confides his family to an old and trusty servant. He promises to telephone during the evening, and departs. Afterward a messenger arrives with a letter summoning the old servant away to his mother's deathbed. The messenger, left alone for a moment in the hall, takes note of the premises and steals the revolver. The wife, daughter of 20 and infant get nervous toward sunset and think they hear steps in the garden. To cheer them up they telephone to the husband and the curtain falls.

In the next act we are at the other end of the telephone. The husband, called up by the wife, exclaims: "What, you say you hear footsteps in the garden? What nonsense! Anyhow, you have the revolver. What? The revolver is no longer in the drawer?"

Antoine, who plays the part of the husband, thus relates each detail of a terrible murder, as it comes to him over the telephone. Antoine's ex-

clamations as he hears the steps, hears the door open, hears the murderers approach his wife and children, hears their struggles and death wails, and when he quits the telephone and breaks forth into unearthly screams and goes mad—all this has a tremendous effect on the audience, and is the Parisian actuality of the moment, causing the critics to ask: "Is this the melodrama of the future?"

The opinion of the public seems about evenly divided. Some say yes, others most emphatically no. Anyhow, Antoine's realistic innovation causes a sensation, and an effect such that during the first performance, it is stated by the Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune, a woman whose literary attainments are appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic, and near whom he happened to be seated, was seized with an attack of nerves, and, unable to master her emotion, had to be carried away from the theater.

Japanese Art and Caucasian.....W. B. Van Ingen.....Independent

If it were required to express in one word that quality in the graphic art of the Japanese which characterizes it, positively or negatively, in opposition to the art of the Caucasian, that word would not be perspective, but it might be calligraphy. It is true that the Japanese do not seem to have a formulated system of perspective, but they comply with the truths of sight which are put under the name perspective; comply with them with very great perspicacity of judgment, though there are not lacking those who deny them credit for doing so. The Caucasian having happily discovered a very useful working formula which he has called perspective, from words signifying "to see through," seems fondly to imagine it is based on truth and that the Japanese base their methods on falsehood. Where this imagination exists, it is the Caucasian who is ignorant, for while his perspective is based on truth, it is the truth of geometry and not the truth of sight.

The difference in the methods of the two peoples may be summed up by saying that the Japanese looks at his picture as though the nature it represents were seen from more standpoints than one, while the Caucasian does so, too, only he says he does not.

The Japanese has for generations studied how to make his brush stroke most expressive; how to convey from one mind to another as much truth of observation as is possible, or desirable, with the greatest economy of means. And further, he has made a most careful study of how to convey these truths in the most pleasurable way; how to make his lines most beautiful, as though a speaker would

use but words of most exquisite sound. To do this he has cultivated his "touch" until it is but mockery to compare it with that of his European brother. He has learned to handle his brush with a directness and precision which is a thing of wonder, and he has studied with a patience beyond compare the possibilities of each particular kind of brush. He knows, for instance, that one kind of brush may be used to express a bamboo stem and that another brush will be less efficacious. He knows how to fill each particular part of that brush with a certain amount of color or of water, so that a single movement of the hand over the paper will paint the stem, its light and shade, its peculiar characteristics, complete. And to the perfecting of that single movement of his hand over the paper he and his ancestors have given years of study.

In Art Education Mr. Bunkio Matsuki gives us a list of six kinds of brushes which he tells us are "confined mostly to the painting of birds, flowers and landscapes." Number two, he tells us, is called a "Korin" brush, because it was used by a renowned artist named Korin. "It is of great value in sketching stems, petals of flowers, etc." Number three, he tells us, also derives its name from that of a great painter; it is called "Chinzan brush" and has a most important place in work of the present day because of its practical use in drawing landscapes, flowers, birds, etc. Speaking of another brush, we are told: "It has added new life to the work of Japanese painters . . . it has the peculiar merit of making thin or broad lines in one stroke." And the same writer says, speaking of a particular painting, "Observe what freedom of arm movement in each stroke, particularly in that of the willow tree trunk." And again, "No retouching of the master stroke," and still again, "Every brush has its own habitude, and if used unnaturally, does not work well." Perhaps these quotations will suffice to tell us with what exquisite care the Japanese have studied the means to their ends. True, all this study, which relates to but a part of calligraphy is only the language, so to speak, of his art, but its power must be considered would we know why this or that is beautiful to the Japanese. Surely no one will deny the power of words over thought.

We may turn now from a development of the Japanese to one of the Caucasian's which seems lacking in the East. Perhaps that may best be expressed by the word personification. That we should paint a nude woman pouring water from a jar and so represent a spring is incomprehensible to the Japanese. That an artist should try to express electricity, or dawn, or geometry, by placing a woman in a graceful position and giving

her something to hold in her hand is to the Eastern mind a mystery, and yet it appeals to our minds.

Just why the Japanese make no use of the exquisite opportunities of personification and metaphor afforded us would be difficult to say, but it would be equally difficult to say why the Caucasian makes so little use of calligraphy.

Hokusai, one of the greatest artists of modern Japan, tells something about their writing that is suggestive. "From the earliest days," he says, "man has copied the forms of nature; from the sky he has taken the sun, the moon, and stars, and from the earth the mountains, trees and fishes, the houses, too, and the fields; and these images simplified, modified and denaturalized have become the characters of his writing." Then, if we remember that the Japanese uses the same word to express writing and drawing (as the Greeks did), and remember that he has no alphabet, and that there is much similarity in the use of the fingers in holding his chop sticks and his brushes—he simply learns to use his brushes early—we may easily believe that he has a highly developed brush stroke.

It seems, too, that in our use of words we may find a possible analogy to the Japanese's use of his brush stroke. We know our words have a meaning in sound as well as in sense, and we know those meanings are both independent of, and intimately associated with, each other. We know there is an implication in the sound of "smooth," and we know the sound of "rugged" is knit closely with its meaning.

Mr. La Farge has used words in speaking of Japanese art which are very clarifying. He says: "This extraordinary pursuit of mechanical excellence, this learning to render each classified fact of nature by a certain touch, a certain meeting of lines at certain angles, all this has ended in so drilling the pupil as to make him find original departure difficult." These words, "render each classified fact of nature by a certain touch"—may not this be clarified by recalling words of the commentator of Gustave Flaubert when he says:

The one word for the one thing, the one thought amid the multitude of words, terms that might just do, the problem of style was there. The unique word, phrase, sentence, paragraph, essay or song, absolutely proper to the single mental presentation or vision within. . . . One seems to detect there the idea of a natural economy, of some pre-existent adaptation between a relative somewhere in the world of thought and its correlative somewhere in the world of language.

There are differences between the art of the Japanese and of the Caucasian, but there are similarities.

Vanity Fair: *Fads, Foibles and Fashions*

Dame Fashion's Thumb..... Marian Gertrude Haines..... Arena

If he who runs can read, it is very profitable business to appeal to woman's vanity. In fact the tailor and millinery shops, increasing at the present rate, will soon equal the every-other-door prominence of the saloon. The situation truly demands another Frances Willard and a new Temperance Union that will strive to overcome not only King Alcohol but Dame Fashion. The royal autocrat seems to have revived and adapted to her caprices the old game of "Solomon says, 'Thumbs up!'" somewhat after the following fashion: "Skirts down, skirts up, coats loose, waists tight; hats bare, hats loaded, shoes pointed, shoes broad," etc. And her subjects? Behold their zest in the game!

The four-dollar-a-week shop-girl displaying her last penny on her back hastens with all possible speed to join the throng, quite unmindful of the disapproving frowns of her wealthy sisters, who will soon have to adopt Puritan simplicity in order to be distinguished from plebeians—just as royalty and the Four Hundred have discarded their carriages and now "walk down town."

It is truly amazing to observe the number of enthusiastic clubwomen who pride themselves upon their independence of thought and opinion and are yet among the most abject slaves of Fashion. They are positively afraid to be seen in church in a last year's garment; nor do they dare to wear loose sleeves at the present moment even though their proportions be those of a match. They willingly wear their nerves to a frizzle studying how garments not strictly up-to-date can be altered, and devising new creations according to the prevailing styles, almost never according to their comfort, convenience, or proportions. It is no wonder that the little daughter of such a devotee, after hearing nothing but styles and patterns talked over by the dressmaker and family, should in her evening prayer ask the "dear Lord to bless us an' help us all to be stylish."

In a discussion that recently took place in one of the woman's clubs of Chicago to ascertain the cause of the prevailing nervousness of women, it was attributed to various things—even to inoffensive health foods; but no one mentioned the harassing, nerve-wearing endeavors to keep in the fashion. The Rev. Jenken Lloyd Jones, in a recent address to women, paid tribute to the average society woman's powers of endurance in the following words: 'I know of no skin so tough and enduring as that of a society devotee. Subject a strong, healthy man to the same harrowing efforts

to be in proper form for one year, and he would be prostrated without a doubt.' He also reminded us of the fact that it is dishonest to spend more money than we earn, whether it be the gift of father, brother, or husband; and also that religious, educational, and philanthropic movements are lacking funds for no better reason than woman's willingness to gratify her love of adornment, which places thousands of dollars in the hands of persons that already possess much more than their share of this world's goods.

The footpad is doing his best to teach women the safety and convenience of plain street attire. Perhaps after a few more women have their hands and faces lacerated in being shorn of their jewels, Dame Fashion will permit her subjects to appear in something less elegant than the finest of broad-cloths, silks, and laces. It will be interesting to observe how long a lease of life the royal dame will allow the golf skirt—the only rational thing she has invented since the shirt waist, which she now decrees must be relegated to the past.

In the face of such incriminating evidence of women's extravagance, it is comforting to reflect that there is a steadily increasing minority who believe that society has a rightful interest in the amount and use of the time and money spent on dress, and who feel morally responsible for the standards of economy and honesty held by their households and the girls and women of slender means with whom they come in daily contact in the shops and streets.

Another hopeful sign is the increased number of organizations throughout the country whose members endeavor to put into practice the rule of beauty given by William Morris: "Nothing can be truly beautiful that is not useful." They try to overcome their physical defects and then model their gowns according to their own natural outlines, believing those lines to be beautiful enough to observe since the Creator saw fit to pronounce them good; and artists and poets use the natural form as a subject in preference to the corset figure. For pattern suggestions, they study the portrait and figure paintings instead of Parisian La Modes, and it is needless to add that they discard the corset. Such gowns are simple, comfortable and beautiful—beautiful because they are governed by the same laws of color and harmony that characterize all other artistic productions.

To plan a gown, choosing the material with regard to color, design, texture, means and occasion, is a subject worthy of serious consideration. If the day is past when we allowed ministers

to do our spiritual thinking for us and physicians our health thinking, just so surely has the time arrived for us to become responsible for our clothing and no longer allow the dressmaker to do our thinking for us. To be told what one should and should not wear is an indignity that every mature woman should resent.

That it is right to beautify one's clothes cannot be doubted when we look about us and observe all other creatures of Nature clothed in such loveliness of color, texture and form, all of which are absolutely essential to the life of the object. The most common illustration of this fact is observable in the reciprocal relations of insects and flowers. Extreme plainness of dress is little better than carelessness, and can seldom boast of a better excuse than the plea of "being too busy."

It is pleasant to observe the increasing evidence of the influence of all those who have stood for these principles—from the Grecian to the medieval period, from the Napoleonic empire to Ruskin and Morris, and to such dramatic artists as Bernhardt, Terry, Langtry and Powers. There is a yearly increase of intelligent and capable women to be seen on the platform, in clubs and society, who have the courage to defy Fashion and dress in the above-mentioned manner, and whose ability and character are appreciated even by the fashionables—thus proving that true worth appeals to the human heart and is respected quite regardless of Dame Fashion's say-so.

Concerning Hairdressing Lelly Bingen Cassell's

It must not be overlooked that many uncivilized people express age, position, and married or single state by the way they dress their locks. After all, when one comes to think of it, the idea is just as practical as the wearing of a golden band on one finger. The wedding ring is not always en evidence here, for a lady is oft-times gloved; and while some married men wear the circlet in England and on the Continent, others do not; and again, many bachelors sport the very ring that should only be used to proclaim the wedded state. But the Zulu woman is really more practical, for a first glance at her coiffure assures the observer whether she is maid or wife. The cone-shaped erection is the legitimate symbol of her state of wifehood, and, indeed, cannot be legally worn till the marriage rites are duly completed. Save for this all-important cone the bride's head is closely shaved, an assegai being used to perform this delicate operation.

A marriageable Kaffir youth is also to be recognized by the way he wears his hair. It is shown to leave a ring round the scalp, and then liberally smeared with ochre and fat. When all the hair

has been removed save the woolly portion on the crown, which is trained in a circular form and about four inches in diameter, a ring of gum and charcoal is firmly attached, and this serves as a convenient pocket for the young man. He is proud of this token of manhood, and thrusts into it much of the small miscellanea which an Englishman stows away in his trouser pockets.

Miss Balfour, in her interesting volume "Twelve Hundred Miles in a Waggon," describes one or two novelties in the way of hairdressing. From Umtali she writes of the people, "Considering how short their woolly hair is, it is wonderful in what a variety of ways they do it. Many wear combs made of twelve or more small sticks about as thick as a match, tied together in the shape of a half-closed fan, and this often fastens in one or two shabby bits of ostrich or other feathers. Sometimes the hair is divided in wide partings all over the head, and one of the most peculiar ways of decorating is by taking a number of small locks and tying each of them closely round and round with a wisp of grass, leaving a little tuft at the end."

Obviously, the gentleman who decks himself in this fashion has no need to hurry to catch a suburban train to take him daily to the scene of his work.

The Basutos, says Miss Balfour, have their heads more or less shaved, and the hair grows in little knots and rings dotted all over, like bedded-out plants in a garden, with bare spaces between. While in Johannesburg at a Kaffir dance she noted one man with a child's circular comb coquettishly stuck upside down on one side of his woolly head, his snuff-box (an aged cartridge case) being thrust through a slit in the lobe of his ear.

The women of India, further India, and the Malay Peninsula, are comparatively simple in their methods of dressing the hair. The Malay woman, though she decks her locks with a veritable garden of flowers, merely draws her hair back from her forehead and lets it fall loosely down her back; and the same simplicity of style characterizes the Bhootea girls, who, as if to counterbalance the severity of the plain bands and parting, deck themselves with heavily-chased earrings calculated to permanently disfigure the lobes of the ear.

In Burmah, where the women have the best of it, their coiffure is less striking and certainly more becoming than that adopted by their male relatives.

The Burmese lady, with her soft, dark eyes, and straight silky black hair, like her Western sister, recognizes that woman is made to be wooed and loved, and that a dainty appearance

should be hers by right; and so she coils her abundant tresses into a smooth, sleek coil at the top of her head and thrusts in, by way of adornment, some choice jewel occasionally, but more often a cluster of sweetly-smelling flowers, such as jessamine or roses and orchids. The men and women are alike proud of the wealth of their hair, especially if it reaches below the knee, or in some cases to the ankle, and even tails of false hair, as in civilized countries, are deftly added where Nature has been scanty in her gifts.

The modern American woman is so exceedingly dainty in matters of coiffure that she is very far removed from her primitive sisters, the Indian women of Vancouver Island, who seem singularly unconscious of the fact that beautiful locks have ever been regarded as one of women's greatest adornments. They content themselves with the simplest and least effective style; the hair is plainly parted and drawn into neat little pigtails, either falling loose upon each side of the face or methodically turned up behind the ears, in a mode not unknown to small children here when a fond mother or nurse wishes to prepare the way for an array of "crimps" on the morrow.

Head-dressing forms a most important feature in the life of the flowery East, and everyone, down to the boy who has seen the Chinaman taking his walks in town, is familiar with the shaven head and long pigtail which form the most distinctive national item in the toilette of a Chinaman.

"Every eye makes a beauty" is a trite old saying, but a contemplation of a few of the coiffures of the world emphasizes the adage, for it is difficult to believe that some of the extraordinary and grotesque methods of dressing the hair practiced can appear in any eyes more attractive than the trim, close crop of the self-respecting Englishman and the graceful and becoming arrangement of the hair adopted by civilized ladies.

Fashions of the Past.....Tit-Bits (London)

The Earl of Northumberland who lived in the latter part of the fourteenth century boasted no fewer than sixty suits of cloth of gold alone; and the Bishop of Ely of that time had a change of raiment for every day of the year. Much later, in Queen Mary's time, the wardrobe of a bishop might have been the envy of Solomon for the variety and costliness of its contents; and even a simple village priest, according to Fuller, wore "a vestment of crimson satin, a vestment of crimson velvet, a stole and fanon set with pearls, gowns faced with taffetas," etc.

In the days of Chaucer fashionable men wore

clothes as many colored as Joseph's coat; so that "while one leg would be a blaze of crimson the other would be tricked out in green or blue or yellow, without any regard to harmony or contrast."

Even as late as the middle of the eighteenth century a dandy would deck himself in "a vivid green coat, a waistcoat of scarlet, yellow breeches and blue stockings," and the gentleman of a few years later wore, among similar sartorial vagaries, "a coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff breeches, without money in their pockets; clouded silk stockings; a club of hair behind, larger than the head that carries it; a hat of the size of a sixpence on a block not worth a farthing."

At one fashionable epoch our ancestors, to quote the words of a quaint chronicler, "would weare clothes so tighte to ye skin that it might well be conceived they wore no clothes at all," and at another they would wear them "so voluminous that a single suite might well have afforded rayment for a whole familie, and so stuffed out with feathers that, of a verity, their wearers resembled nothing so much as walking sacks."

At another period it was the grotesque fashion to combine on one person the dress of all the countries of Europe; the hat would be Spanish, the coat French, the trousers Turkish, and so on; so that the wearer was a "walking epitome of the dress of a continent."

At one time shoes would be worn with square toes of such width that a royal proclamation was issued limiting the width to six inches, and these shoes were succeeded by others which came to the finest of points at the toes.

In Henry II.'s time shoes with points two feet long were worn by the fashionable, and in the reign of Henry IV. these points had grown to such an inordinate length that, in order to be able to walk at all, it was necessary to attach the tips to the knees by chains, which were of gold or silver, while the tops of the shoes were carved with all kinds of fantastic designs and curious patterns.

In the early part of the eighteenth century it was a common thing for a man of fashion to spend several hours a day with his valet, among the many quaint operations being "the starching of the beard and the proper perfuming of garments, the painting of the face and anointing with oils, tinctures, quintessences and pomatums." It is even said that some of the dandies of the time bathed in wine and milk "for the preservation of their complexions and the rejuvenation of their energies."

Current Literary Thought and Opinion

State of American Literature.....Andrew Lang.....Independent

The present condition of American literature? How is a "foreigner" (though he does not look very like one) to write on this theme without giving offense? Mr. Matthew Arnold, I have been told privately, raised "a storm of indignation" in the States, as I understand, because he ventured some criticisms. M. Paul Bourget was asked to come and criticise, and, when he did so, Mark Twain leaped out and tomahawked him. Mark may bury his calumet and excavate his tomahawk and pitch into me, if I criticise your literary condition. My grizzled scalp may be hung up in his wigwam, where I would far rather smoke the calumet of peace with the amiable chief. On the other hand, Mark has danced Dr. Oliver Goldsmith at the torture stake, yet I have not, in the Doctor's defense, decorated myself with the war paint. I merely don't care, though my opinion about the Doctor's novel varies enormously from that whispered by the creator of "Huckleberry Finn."

Enfin, if I must speak out, I think that American literature is much in the same plight as English or French literature. Few figures tower above the crowd, though there are differences of inches. I really do not detect your contemporary Hawthorne, or Emerson, or Prescott, any more than I mark a living Tennyson, or Froude, or Thackeray. But this blindness, you may tell me, is only caused by the peevishness of hoary old. I allow for that; nobody, as a rule, does overestimate his juniors. I hope that I am wrong when I fail to find great eminence. Yet, even if I am right, only Nature is to blame. Genius is her gift, to give or to withhold. Now she pours out sparkling souls, now she is rather stingy. We cannot breed people of genius. Education, social environments, have next to nothing to do with producing genius. The wind bloweth where it listeth; we cannot raise that wind. It may breathe on a cottage on Domremy, a "clay biggin'" in Scotland, a modest house at Stratford, with a dung-hill before the door. Or it may sweep across the playing fields of Eton, or "down Ettrick break"; we know not whence it cometh. I wish it would come!

Secondly, your literature, like our own, seems to me to be swamped by the novel. I would give a wilderness of novels, just now—yea, of good novels—for a Macaulay or a Hazlitt, a Tennyson, a Gibbon, a Hume, a Wordsworth. I receive a volume of critical essays from a friend. It is almost wholly occupied with novels. I want history and poetry and essays and novels, but I want the

other three first. The novel, of course, has taken all knowledge for its province, worse luck, because the novelists do not really know everything, and I regard their attempts to instruct as frivolous. They dabble (I am thinking of England) in religion, and science, and social philosophy, ah, with what rejoicing ignorance, in what a barbaric style! We all know and confess that you cannot learn history from historical novels. Why, then, should we expect really to learn from novelists, and to know about, other high matters? Now, if the public will read novels only, must not its powers of attention be debauched? The faculty of really attending, of taking a little intellectual trouble, distinguishes progressive man from the savage.

Now I do not wish to be disagreeable, but are your reviewers and literary journals all that you could wish? I know that there are laudable exceptions, but, on the whole, have the reviewers read the books? I do not mean the novels. Did they know, before dipping into the books, anything about the subjects of which they treat? Can they correct and instruct the authors? If they can, you are more fortunate than we usually are. In one English journal it is almost a regular formula for the critic to say that he knows nothing about his subject. The confession is honest, but superfluous, and rather discouraging to author and reader. Are your literary journals apt to publish photographs, personal gossip, talk about literary earnings, rather than "scholarly" and maturely considered reviews? If so, this is another essay toward the demoralizing and, if one may say so, dementalizing "popular." The idea is that the public wants gossip and photography, and the public cannot but acquiesce. A supposed demand for trash is met by an overwhelming supply.

As to the novels, they seem mainly to be historical novels (chiefly patriotic), or "mordant" studies of the society of to-day, or "daring" novels, from which we suffer more than you do. Oh, the "woman problem" and the "studies in sexual problems!" As to the other kinds, I am happy enough to be able to read almost any historical novel, except Quo Vadis. The great interest in patriotic historical novels appears to me to be a most hopeful symptom. It is desirable that a people should be interested in the lives and deeds of its ancestors, and from the novel some may go on to the serious history and the document. The novels of to-day, as long as the authors do not think it should always be to-day, without a memory of yesterday, or a glance at to-morrow,

provide a natural and wholesome recreation. Personally, I wish that some novelists would preach less, but we all like to preach when we get a chance. It might also be wished that there was less of the misdirected search after "style." Nobody imitates that of Swift, which is good enough. But there are still several novelists wise enough to write in a plain, natural manner the spontaneous expression of their thoughts. There cannot be too many novels, if they are good, but do let us try to remember that there are other forms of literature not wholly to be neglected.

Some one wrote a historical novel in the guise of a newly discovered set of medieval memoirs. People thought that the transparent pretense was a fact, and would not read that novel. They were unconsciously right, for it was, as a novel, badly done. But had it been what the persons alluded to thought it was, a genuine medieval narrative, nothing could have been more thrillingly entertaining. But the novel mania has come to the pitch that a contemporary account of things old and real must be necessarily "awfully dry." Just so far as this opinion prevails must literature suffer. We become a generation of children, crying out for fairy-tales. I am devoted to fairy-tales, but they are not everything.

It would be merely impertinent in me to praise the work in historical research, philology, archaeology, ethnology, and so on, that is being done in America, and we receive admirable examples of criticism. The literature is on a level with the contemporary literature of Europe, but the level is, though often respectable, not on the same plane as that of the most favored ages, while les sommités (among writers under fifty) are few and far between. The great peril is the peril of the "popular," a term which means a voluntary and injurious and even insulting degradation of the literary standard.

Russia and Her Prophets Literature (London)

A rigid supervision and control of men of letters has long been the recognized Russian equivalent of the policy of stoning the prophets. Erudition is allowed by the Government of the Tsars; but the divine gift of imagination has hardly ever failed to get its possessors into trouble. Pushkin was banished to some place in the remote country. Shevchenko was sentenced to serve as a private soldier on the Asiatic frontier. Tourguenoff had to seek safety in flight. Dostoieffski was exiled to Siberia and knouted. Korolenko was condemned to spend three years in a frozen Yakut village. Tolstoi was but lately excommunicated. And now there is the case of Gorki, turned out of St. Petersburg, kept out of Moscow, and only allowed

to winter in the Crimea on condition that he does not visit Yalta, to be added to the list. A book, rather than a note, would be required to discuss the rights and wrongs of all these cases; but perhaps after all the rights and wrongs are less interesting than the reasons which cause the Russian police to watch poets and novelists with so excessive a caution. The reason is that imaginative literature is the only medium in Russia for making fair and reasonable comments on matters of public interest. The Russian journalist has little power to do anything of the kind. Sometimes, but not always, he may criticise English statesmen and their military policy; sometimes, but not always, he may criticise the action of his village council in some matter of local interest. The discussion, except with permission and in accordance with instructions, of any matter of real interest to his readers is too likely to lead to suppression of his paper, or to its being forbidden to receive advertisements for a month or two, according to the gravity of the offense. A good many Russian leader-writers naturally cultivate obscurity in the hope of eluding supervision, but the censor generally sees what they are driving at, and takes such disciplinary measures as seem good to him. The novelists who write a whole book to convey an idea which the journalists could crystalize into a paragraph have obviously a better chance of running the gauntlet. They do not, of course, write novels with purposes after the style of the late Charles Reade. To do that would be to give themselves over, bound hand and foot, into the enemy's hands. It is enough for them to drop hints or to supply premises, leaving readers to draw conclusions. The censor is puzzled, there is nothing for him to lay hold upon, and he does not wish to pose as the implacable enemy of literature. So the novelist is allowed to sow the seed, but gets into trouble when the crop comes to maturity. This, if we are not very much mistaken, is what has happened in the case of Maxim Gorki. We have read a good many of his stories without suspecting that they were anything more than very gloomy works of art. But we have looked at some of them again in the light of recent events; and an aphorism has occurred to us, based upon the old formula for rule of three sums. As philosophy: politics :: pessimism: discontent. Evidently, therefore, the books of "The Bitter One" are so many bitter cries into which political meanings can be and are being read. And bitter cries cannot be tolerated by an autocracy. They imply unfavorable criticism, they may be preliminary to violent deeds. An autocracy must, if necessary, make people contented by the same stern methods by which Dr. Keate undertook to

make the Eton boys pure of heart. If it cannot put under restraint all the people who feel miserable, at least it can restrain the ringleaders. So the Russian autocracy, finding that Maxim Gorki was being made a hero of on account of his pessimism, has punished him, and will no doubt increase the punishment if he does not mend his ways. If he is a wise man, he will evade the further punishment by removing himself to some country in which the right to be unhappy is included among the rights of man, and pessimists and optimists are equal before the law. It is even conceivable that he may get rid of his pessimism by doing so, whereas he will probably retain it as a possession forever if he continues to reside at Nijni Novgorod.

Hugues Le Roux..... Alvan F. Sanborn..... Boston Transcript

When word came to Paris last spring that M. Hugues Le Roux had been selected as the Harvard lecturer for 1902, nine-tenths of the Frenchmen who gave a thought to the fact queried, "Why?" while nine-tenths of the Paris Americans queried not only "Why?" but "Who?" And it is probable that the greater part of these querists have not found answers to their queries yet.

A goodly portion of that versatility which characterizes modern French writers, as it characterized the lettered Italians of the Renaissance, has been vouchsafed to M. Le Roux; although he has never made any pretensions to poetry and has limited his relations with playwriting—so far as I am at present able to recall—to a successful adaptation for the Odéon (in collaboration with Paul Ginisty) of the Russian Dostoieffski's *Crime et Châtiment*. His *L'Attentat Sloughine*, following close on and probably growing out of his first published volume (a translation of Stepnjak's *La Russie Souterraine*, with introduction by the revolutionist, Pierre Lavroff 1885), was a Nihilist novel; his *Médéric et Lysée*, a novel of provincial life; his *Amants Byzantins*, an historical novel; and his *Chez les Filles* and *Entre Hommes* were collections of short stories as spicy as their titles imply. His other fictions—and it is rarely, indeed, he has let a year pass without producing one volume or more—have been realistic and analytic, mondain and demi-mondain, military and naval, erotic and unexceptionable novels and tales. He was the dramatic critic of the *Revue Bleue* for a time, succeeded Claretie, on the latter's acceptance of the directorship of the *Comédie Française*, as *chroniqueur de la Temp*s under the rubric "*La Vie à Paris*," and collaborated, in a similar capacity, on the *Revue Politique et Littéraire*.

His essays along these diverse lines have all

been happy but not remarkable, since it would be easy, in all these departments of literature, to name off-hand anywhere from a dozen to a score of his colleagues who are more in the public eye. It is surely not then by reason of his renown as a critic, short-story writer or romancer that M. Le Roux has been summoned to America to represent literary France.

In 1898 M. Le Roux published a volume of serious essays entitled *Nos Filles* in which he discoursed conscientiously and ably on the proper training for and behavior of the French girl. This volume stirred the ire of the Paris correspondent of the London Academy, who took after M. Le Roux instanter with (pardon the colloquialism) hammer and tongs. "Suppose," said, among other things, the irate Anglo-Saxon, "some middle-aged lady" (M. Le Roux is forty-one) "were to write excellent articles telling young men what the girls they aspire to marry expect from them; what they should do and think and learn in order to please their future wives, bitterly condemning their iniquitous taste for clubs and absinthe, their bicycling, betting and racing, and foretelling that the day would come when these now tolerated habits should prove disastrous to domestic life. This is exactly what M. Le Roux has done."

M. Le Roux is a very open-minded, progressive man, still he is a Frenchman and cannot, it seems, rid himself of the Frenchman's inborn horror of the old maid. Woe be to him, though, if he tamers with the ideals of our charming bachelor maids, of whom we are so proud and who are, withal, so proud of—themselves! But M. Le Roux is, above all, a tactful gentleman, and we may safely acquit him in advance of any and every discourteous design.

A year or so ago M. Le Roux conducted a sort of Ruth Ashmore question and answer column for troubled French consciences, in the piquant boulevard sheet *Le Journal*. It is sincerely to be hoped—and in the absence of proof we give M. Le Roux the benefit of the doubt—that he is not coming to our shores burdened with any such benevolent purpose as setting up as a doctor of the soul.

I do not remember having seen an extended notice of M. Le Roux in any of the volumes of criticism by Béranger, Doumic, Rod, Faguet, Lemaitre and Anatole France which treat of the younger writers; and in going over with a fine-tooth rake M. Petit de Julleville's monumental history of French literature, which comes up to 1900 and includes all the more striking young men, I find but one mention of him. In the chapter on the press M. Le Roux is referred to, not as a critic or *chroniqueur*, but as one of ten men of letters who have carried to a high degree of perfection the

imported American arts of "l'interview" and "le reportage."

M. Le Roux, then, may well stand to us as typifying the new French journalism, which is only another way of saying that he may be held as coming to us to interpret ourselves to ourselves, so to speak, by illustrating the progress a certain set of American ideas has made in France, and the influence one of the most characteristic institutions of the New World has exerted on one of the most characteristic institutions of the Old.

London's Choice of Books.....Academy (London)

In accordance with our custom, we sent last week to a number of well-known men and women a request that they would name the two books which, during the past year, they have read with most interest and pleasure. A large number of replies have already been received, some of which we print below:

The Bishop of London: Rigg's *Anselm of Canterbury*, Bishop's *The Yangtze Valley and Beyond*.

The Lord Mayor: *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*, *The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen*.

Professor Skeat: My business is to explore old authors; and for this particular purpose new books afford small help.

Mr. Arthur W. Pinero: George S. Layard's *Life of Mrs. Lynn Linton*, R. Barry O'Brien's *Life of Lord Russell of Killowen*.

Mr. Herbert Beerbohm-Tree: I must confess that I have not had leisure to read any new book during the present year.

Mr. Edmund Gosse: Of recent English books those which seem to have interested me most are Mr. Hardy's Poems of the Past and of the Present, and Mr. Wells's Anticipations.

Mr. F. J. Furnivall: I hardly ever get time to read a new book. Of the very few I have read, I think highest of G. M. Trevelyan's *England in the Age of Wycliffe*, second edition, 1901, and Professor G. C. Macaulay's edition of Gower's *Vox Clamantis*; but Boas's edition of Kyd's Works is a first-rate bit of work.

Dr. Richard Garnett: Letters of John Richard Green; Bernard Holland's *Imperium et Libertas*.

Mr. Wm. M. Rossetti: W. J. Stillman's Autobiography of a Journalist; Lord Rosebery's *Napoleon: The Last Phase*.

"Ian Maclarens": *Kim*, and Gore's *Body of Christ*.

Mr. Arthur Symons: W. B. Yeats's *The Shad-owy Waters*; George Moore's *Sister Teresa*.

Mr. F. C. Burnand: Difficult to make a summary of year's books, and to select. Mr. Jacobs's *Many Cargoes* has pleased me most, as far as I

can recollect; but interested me—well, *The Life of Sir Charles Russell*, i.e., *Lord Killowen*, without doubt.

Mrs. Craigie: Thomas Hardy's Poems; Viscount St. Cyres' *François de Fénelon*; Frank Norris's *The Octopus*.

"Lucas Malet": Rudyard Kipling's *Kim*, and Herbert Trench's *Deirdre Wed* and other Poems.

Miss M. E. Braddon: For novels in 1901, of which I read very few, I would name Arthur Morrison's *Cunning Murrell* and Maxwell Gray's *Four-Leaved Clover*.

"Rita": Anonymous's *Shams*, and Hall Caine's *The Eternal City*.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett: Andrew Lang's *The Mystery of Mary Stuart*; A. E. W. Mason's *Clementina*.

Mr. H. G. Wells: I know not which two of these three—W. E. Henley's *Hawthorn and Lavender*; G. Archdale Reid's *Alcoholism*; G. B. Shaw's *Three Plays for Puritans*.

Mr. Max Pemberton: Tales from Tolstoi; W. W. Jacobs's *Light Freights*.

Mr. F. Bullen: With much regret and some shame-facedness I confess that I haven't read any new books this year except *Kim*, in which I took the very keenest possible delight. I did try to read two or three of the much advertised and tremendously successful (in a financial way) books of recent publication, but found them such unutterable twaddle that I gave them up, and fell back on Dickens and Thackeray, as usual.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims: *The House With the Green Shutters*; Despair's *Last Journey*.

Mr. I. Zangwill: Maeterlinck's *The Life of the Bee* and Rudyard Kipling's *Kim*. But the real revelation of the year for me has been the critical and other work, uncollected in book form, of Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Mr. Andrew Lang: In reply to your question, I find that Mr. Pollen's *Papal Negotiations with Queen Mary* is the most interesting of recent historical works, and in fiction I have been most impressed by Mr. George Douglas's *The House With Green Shutters*.

Mr. E. T. Cook: Maeterlinck's *Life of the Bee*; Samuel Butler's *Erewhon Revisited*.

Henry Norman, M. P.: *The Autobiography of the Amir of Afghanistan*; Hertslet's *The Old Foreign Office*.

Mr. Sidney Lee: W. J. Courthope's *Life in Poetry*; *Law in Taste*; Francis Morgan Nichols's *The Epistles of Erasmus*.

"Zack": Maeterlinck's *The Bee*; May Sinclair's *Two Sides of a Question*.

Mr. Harry Furniss: *The Confessions of a Caricaturist*.

General Gossip of Authors and Writers

Out of the list of books selected by the London Academy as the best books of the year, there were but two of American authorship; of these the most praised and lauded and the one which is really making almost a sensation abroad was Frank Norris's *The Octopus*. Very lavish, indeed, have been the words bestowed upon it. Mr. Norris has been compared with Zola and has come out of the comparison with a great deal of honor indeed. Many critics have not hesitated to call him a genius of high wonder. It is noteworthy that *The Octopus* was in no way a "popular" book here; on the contrary it was so serious in its character that it had a tendency to repel its readers. It is time that America came to recognize Mr. Norris at his true worth; for the author of Mr. Tague and *The Octopus*, who is just reaching his prime, is a man of artistic ideals, of broad scope and sincere purpose. These qualities are bound to fetch the recognition which becomes in time lasting fame.

Unusual and very interesting has been the career of Onoto Watanna, who in private is Mrs. B. W. Babcock. For one so young—she is but twenty-three—she has been more of a wanderer, and has seen more of the world than the usual person of twice her years.

As is generally known, she is half Japanese, her father being an Englishman in the consular service, and her mother a full-blooded Japanese. Her parents were married according to the rites of the Christian church and are both still living.

Onoto Watanna was born in Japan, but was educated here and in England. She entered literature, as have many others, through the door of journalism. When but fifteen years of age she reported the debates of the legislative council in Jamaica, West Indies, for a small local newspaper. She then came to this country and did work for the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune. Her first Japanese story was published by that paper. She left Cincinnati and went to Chicago, and for four years wrote for papers and magazines. Her first magazine story came out in the Ladies' Home Journal; since then she has written for nearly all the large periodicals of the country. While in Chicago, she wrote her first book, *Miss Numé of Japan*. She has lived in New York but two years, during which time she has worked for Munsey's and has studied at Columbia University. Her beautiful story, *A Japanese Nightingale*, which came out last year, is of course her most important piece of work and her finest. It was

this story which established her claim and suggested something of the strength and power and poetry which she possesses. The book was really an achievement for one so young, and a vague analogy between it and her life, which the curious might care to draw, gives it additional interest.

Miss Josephine Preston Peabody is another recent arrival in the field of larger literature. Her poetic drama—*Marlowe*—which has been printed by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, shows her to be a woman of intellectual training and rare poetic gifts. The tragedy, which is thoroughly steeped in Elizabethan color, suggests something of its author. Miss Peabody was for two years at Radcliffe College, Cambridge, where she devoted herself to a minute study of the Elizabethan literature. She is now lecturing at Wellesley College, where she gives two courses which were formerly in charge of Miss Vida D. Scudder.

It has been reported that M. Pierre Loti is seriously ill. The news comes not without a shock to many who have read this novelist's charming pictures painted in the various colors of various climes. Most delightfully will be recalled those stories of the Southern atmosphere of which a typical one was *Pecheur d'Islande*. He was probable best known over here by his Japanese story, *Madame Chrysanthème*, which called forth no little discussion on account of its pessimistic view of the Japanese character. M. Pierre Loti, who is M. Viaud of the French Navy (retired), has had a varied career and has written his stories at first hand.

It was something in the nature of a sensation when Emperor Francis Joseph elevated Maurus Jókai to the peerage. Jókai is the editor of the most influential newspaper in Hungary, and the author of a score or more of novels. His literary fecundity is amazing, and story after story, novelle after novelette, keeps coming from his facile pen. For us over here his work seems to be melodramatic, and a bit lacking at times in taste; but among his own people he is an idol.

F. Berkeley Smith, author of *The Real Latin Quarter*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this magazine, is a son of F. Hopkinson Smith. As his famous father he is most versatile, being clever in three or four kinds of work. He is an amateur musician, an architect of considerable ability, a decorator and an illustrator. He is a graduate of

Princeton University, and has spent ten years in Paris, becoming intimately acquainted with the scenes of which he writes.

There is always interest and often a real knowledge of an author's work to be gained by a glance at his early youth. The following bit of autobiography by Zola in M. A. P. (London) is highly illuminative:

I never see a beggar in the streets nowadays in one of those tattered old coats which the sunshine and the rain have discolored, without thinking of my twentieth year. And yet, as I said before, youth—even hungry youth—is a happy time. If I did not find food for the stomach, I found it for the mind; for when I was not seeking work or exploring the banks of the Bièvre or the plain of Ivry, I roamed the quays of Paris, reading the second-hand books which scores of dealers set out for sale in little boxes on the parapets. Those boxes constituted my free library, and when I returned home I wrote—chiefly verses, for literary aspirations now came strongly upon me, casting my former scientific predilections into the background; and I imagined that I should some day become a great poet, a Milton, or rather one of the Lucretian school, for I dreamt of writing a huge epic on the Creation and the march of humanity through the centuries. It was a grandiose conception, just suited to the exuberant imagination of one's twenty-first year, when one can find no regular work and very little daily bread.

Mr. Herman Knickerbocker Vielé, the author of those quaint books, *The Inn of the Silver Moon*, and *The Last of the Knickerbockers*, was educated to be a civil engineer. He has practiced his profession widely in this country, his most important work in that connection being the recent extension of the city of Washington. At that time he came into an inheritance which permitted him to retire, to travel, and to write.

Among the younger writers of to-day one of the most unique in style is Josephine Dodge Daskam. Her descriptions and recitals of child life are incomparable, and her work possesses what so little of the work of the new generation of writers possesses or cares to possess, an individuality and a character. She has in no way catered to the cheaper taste, and yet she has the distinction of never having had her articles refused. Probably the most daring and one of the most beautiful productions from Miss Daskam's pen was her recent poem, *Motherhood*, which has been widely quoted.

There is no author whose writing more curiously reflects his life than that of Hamlin Garland. Mr. Garland might be said to have lived many of his characters. He has roughed it all through his

existence, and has had to fight his way step by step. His early life was passed amid the wild surroundings which he has painted in his novels. His education he cut out for himself. Like the pioneers of the frontier, he has worked his way through life.

There have been many glowing tributes paid to Mark Twain, but hardly any we can recall which are more fervent than the following by Williams D. Howells in the *North American*:

He is not only the greatest living humorist, but incomparably the greatest, and without a rival since Cervantes and Shakespeare, unless it be that eternal Jew, Heinrich Heine, who of all the humorists is the least like him. Heine's humor is at every moment autobiographical, and for far the greater part of Mr. Clemens's humor is so; Shakespeare's alone is impersonal, but this may be on account of the dramatic form, and more apparent than real. Heine and Mark Twain are both archromantic, just as they are both autobiographical, though to what different ends!

The election of Mr. Hall Caine to the House of Keys, in the Isle of Man, brings out forcibly the reported desire on the part of Mr. Booth Tarkington to represent Marion County in the Indiana Legislature. With a literary president in this country and several literary senators, it would seem that over here politics and literature are growing close together. It is not beyond imagining, although distinctly in the realm of fancy, to foresee the day when a Disraeli shall arise in our midst. Meanwhile let us hope that the author of *Monsieur Beaucaire* may have the opportunity of experiencing some of the hair-breadth escapes of American politics.

A Copenhagen publisher recently wrote Björnsterne Björnson for a short biography. He received this reply: "I was born in 1832, and have been done to death in Christiania many times, the last time in November, 1901; but not quite completely." This is certainly short and—to the point.

On April 3 next, Dr. Edward Everett Hale will be 81 years of age. This calls to my mind the fact that Dr. Hale and Charles Eliot Norton are almost the only ones remaining of that famous literary circle which may best be grouped about the name of James Russell Lowell. They belonged to the golden age of American letters, to the time and spirit which produced an American literature. Dr. Hale is five years Mr. Norton's senior. He is still strong and his mind is as vigorous as ever. He is often met upon the streets of Boston. Mr. Norton lives in Cambridge and still gives a course on Dante at Harvard University.

Brief Comment: *Literary Sayings and Doings*

—With the issue of January 4th, The Living Age printed its three-thousandth number. For nearly the fifty-eight years that the magazine has been in existence it has steadily preserved its original character, and it is to-day what it was twenty or thirty years ago. This conservativeness might be considered derogatory were it not for the conditions that maintain in regard to this magazine, and its high character, in which case the conservativeness is to be viewed in the light of praise.

—Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company announce the third printing of Halliwell Sutcliffe's strong novel, entitled *Mistress Barbara*. This clean, sweet story recalls Hardy at his best and promises much for its writer.

—Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given \$5,000 for a reference library for the New York Press Club. Mr. Carnegie, it is to be remembered amid all this giving for libraries, is himself a writer and has produced four books of some prominence, the best known one of which is probably *The Gospel of Wealth*.

—Mrs. Carrie Nation's paper—The Smasher Mail—has been forced to suspend owing to lack of funds. The query naturally arises, will not the lady now set to work upon her memoirs?

—The only magazine published in Oklahoma and Indian Territories is edited by a woman—Miss Orra V. Eddeman. The magazine, which is called *Twin Territories*, has been in existence three years.

—The following little anecdote told by Harry Furniss, the caricaturist, in *Harpers'*, is full of interest:

It is a curious fact that I really never had a seat allotted to me at the *Punch* table; I always sat in Du Maurier's, except on the rare occasions when he came to the dinner, when I moved up one. It was always a treat to have Du Maurier at "the table." He was by far and away the cleverest conversationalist of his time I ever met; his delightful repartees were so neat and effective, and his daring chaff and his criticisms so bright and refreshing.

Du Maurier's extremely clever conversation struck me the moment I joined the staff of *Punch*. As I went part of his way to Hampstead, we sometimes shared our cab, and in one of these journeys I mentioned my conviction that he, in my mind, was a great deal more than a humorous artist, and if he would only take up the pen seriously the world would be all the more indebted to him. He told me that Mr. James had for some time said nice things of a similar character.

About ten days afterward I received a letter saying that my conversation had had an effect upon him, and that he was starting his first novel. So perhaps the world is really indebted to me, indi-

rectly, for the pleasure of reading Peter Ibbetson and *Trilby*. The fact is that he had, with Burnand and myself, just visited Paris—the first time he had set foot in the gay city since his youth. Many things he saw had impressed him, and Peter Ibbetson was the result.

—The preface to Dr. van Dyke's *The Ruling Passion*, beginning "Lord let me never tag a moral to a story, nor tell a story without a meaning," which we printed in our last issue, has been calling forth an almost endless amount of discussion. In England it has been widely praised and widely censured. Both abroad and at home the best papers have commented upon it, until it might almost be said to have perverted its own purpose. After all, the final judgment upon this preface may be summed up: Is it in good taste? There are not a few that will answer boldly and immediately that it is not.

—It is stated, although the authority seems to be lost in obscurity, that the different nations of the world will be represented at the forthcoming centenary celebration of Victor Hugo's birth. Even names of representatives are given: Kipling is of course to be the English envoy, Gorki the Russian, Hauptmann the German. No one has as yet been mentioned as an American representative. Here is a chance for our popular novelist to become literary.

—The really enormous numbers into which books run nowadays startle even the sophisticated. In six months 375,000 copies of *The Crisis* were sold, while of *David Harum* there have been eighty-six editions, aggregating over 500,000 copies.

—For some time there has been a great deal of curiosity concerning a certain document in the Carnavelet Museum bearing the signature of Count d'Artagnan. The temptation naturally was to connect the writer with Dumas's famous hero. This has been squashed by the fact that the above document is dated September 20th, 1714, while Dumas's hero died in 1673.

—Rudyard Kipling's *Story of the Gadsbys* has been prepared for the stage by the author and by Cosmo Hamilton. It will be seen in London this winter and also probably in New York.

—Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company promise a "variorum and definitive" edition of the work of Edward Fitzgerald. It is to be in seven volumes edited by George Bentham, with a preface by Edmund Gosse. The value of such a publication will be great, for heretofore the minor writings of this truly great poet have been little known owing to their inaccessibility. It may be said of

these minor writings that they are full of beauty and poetry. Some of the translations of Spanish plays and Greek tragedies are done with a grace and richness that in many cases surpass the original. Fitzgerald, though so famous for his rendition of the Rubaiyat, was in no sense a poet of a single poem.

—A rather queer little volume privately printed and anonymous has been brought out upon Book Titles chosen from Shakespeare. The author shows that Howells has taken the titles of thirteen of his books from Shakespearian plays. Edgar Fawcett has derived the names for three of his books, and Robert Barr the names for two of his, from the same source. In some, as for example *The Quality of Mercy* or *The Undiscovered Country*, the quotation is apparent; in some others it is so far-fetched that one is almost inclined to doubt.

—Both unique and exquisite is the new edition of *The New Life of Dante Alighieri*, translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and now published by R. H. Russell. The pictures of the translator have been selected to embellish the text, and the result is at once delightful and beautiful.

—*The Secret Orchard*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle, is having a stormy time and has taken refuge in the courts. It seems that the Delineator people contracted for the serial rights of the story. When, however, the story was presented to them, they refused to accept it, claiming that it was not according to contract, and not adaptable to their use. Afterward the story appeared in the *Cosmopolitan*, and has recently been dramatized and played in London by the Kendals.

—A Japanese translation of Ibsen's play, *An Enemy of the People*, has been printed in Tokio, and it is stated that native actors are soon to produce it. Each day seems to give new witness of the world-wise greatness of the Norwegian dramatist.

—The American invasion of England has taken a new and rather novel form. The Book Lover's Library, which in so short a time has gained a strong foothold here, is about to establish its branches in London. The foreign opinion upon the matter is somewhat divided.

—Madam Yvette Guilbert, the famous soubrette, has written a book upon her experiences which is soon to be published. It is entitled *La Vénette*. The reverse of the medal is to be found in Mr. Chevalier, the English coster artist who has just put in print his autobiography, entitled *Before I Forget*.

—There are certain themes which might be called universal. Of these one is the story of

Don Juan. A half dozen great writers have written plays and poems upon it. Another of these themes which seems only now to be reaching its full blossom is the story of Paola and Francesca. Lawrence Barrett for years played, and Otis Skinner is now playing a drama called *Francesca da Rimini*. Then Mr. Stephen Phillips wrote his exquisite poetic play *Paola and Francesca*; Marion Crawford has just written another for Madam Bernhardt; Gabriele d'Annunzio has added his; and now Rostand is to have his try. It is probable that all will prove successes, for the story is so dramatic and rich in beauty that granted any sort of treatment it will carry. As for pure beauty and simplicity and truth, it has never been nor probably never will be more vitally and eternally treated than it was by one of its first narrators, Dante.

—Thomas Hardy's new volume of verses, *Poems of the Past and the Present*, has been published by the Harpers. There was a rumor for a time that Mr. Hardy would henceforth devote himself entirely to poetry. It is with pleasure that we hear that this report has been denied.

—When Mr. Dooley gives his opinions and impressions of the typical inhabitants of our chief cities, we may each hie to our mirror and look and laugh. For if he be as true and pertinent in what he is to say as in what he has said, we may look for a good deal of sunny satire mixed with truth.

—The Henley-Stevenson muddle goes on apace and seems to grow no more fascinating nor charming with time. Here is a bit of the more recent Henley "criticisms":

Last week Mr. Greenwood asked me a question: Did the late R. L. S. (I cannot with the shrieks of the Bandar Log still shrilling to the Empyrean, I dare not be more particular) look as elfish in life as he looks in his portraits? There can be but one answer: He did not. In the photographs we have of him there is nothing perforce of the brilliancy, the color, the mobility, the impudence ('tis the sole word) which his features wore.

—Some one should write a book upon our child novelist and the genius of infancy. When we consider that Richardson, one of the greatest English novelists, was over fifty before he began to write, that few if any of the really great novelists are the product only of ripe maturity, it is startling to consider the youth of our modern novelists. It is in no derogatory sense at all, but rather with a feeling of wonderment, that we learn that Margaret H. Potter has just finished another book called *Istar of Babylon*, and that four volumes have already come from her pen. The fact becomes pointed when we con-

sider that this young lady is but twenty years of age.

—The production in this country by the eminent English actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, of Björnson's *Beyond Human Power*, on January 18th, brought to light the fact how little Björnson is known in this country. In his own land he is loved and admired second to no one, not even his famous compatriot. And there is scarcely a Scandinavian who would not rank him as the great poet of the race. The play which Mrs. Campbell produced shows a great deal of his poetic power and inspiration, and somewhat of his symbolism.

—A book upon the Boer War signed with the name "Linesman," has been attracting considerable attention abroad. There has been a great deal of discussion as to whom the author is. Some have suggested even Kipling. This has, however, proven false, and the author seems to be Captain Morris C. K. Grant, an officer serving in South Africa.

—Those who have a curiosity concerning the effect of reading upon the mind will be interested in this bit of testimony at a recent English trial:

Mr. Plowden: What books have you been reading lately?

Prisoner: Marie Corelli (Mr. Plowden: Ah!), Zola, Rider Haggard.

Mr. Plowden: Just the authors I should have guessed; at least some of them.

The father of the prisoner said that some years ago his son had the scarlet fever, and went out of his mind. Since then he had read very deeply.

Mr. Plowden: I don't know about that; he may have read widely.

—From *A Dictionary of Irrational Biography* we get this glowing description of Mr. Hall Caine:

Mr. Caine's resemblance to Shakespeare [say our biographers] is so striking that on his landing at New York, on a religious trip to America, the late Ignatius Donnelly, a total stranger, addressed him as "Lord Bacon, I presume." Mr. Caine, we take it, resembles Shakespeare no longer.

—Mr. William Allen White has been getting into trouble about his article upon Senator Platt, which recently appeared in McClure's Magazine. The article seems to have been "the straw which broke the camel's back," for Mr. Platt has ignored all the other hostile criticisms for the last ten years, but seems now to have been stung by Mr. White's article, which he viewed in the light of an attack. He threatens to sue Mr. White.

—The long and for the great part futile Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, which has gone on for years and years without any appreciable results one way or the other, has taken a turn which

is almost sensational. It is the supposed discovery by Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup of what is called the bi-literal cypher. To state as briefly as possible, Mrs. Gallup discovered that Bacon invented a cypher, not only invented it but even described it in an essay: that he used the cypher to convey matter which he otherwise could not have. The cypher is based upon the printing of the folio alone, and whether it be fanciful or not it is one of the most extraordinary literary discoveries of the century. The fundamental premise is of course that Bacon was a son of Queen Elizabeth. The following extract which Mrs. Gallup has read from the folio text gives some idea of the discovery:

SIR FRANCIS BACON'S EXTRAORDINARY CLAIM (1595).

As all eies have glanc'd but lightly on such a cypher in th' former poems put out in this name, our fear may rest for surely no eye is bente suspicioislie or with inquiry upon anie.

Often was worke, when in danger of too strict or careful note, divided, and put forth at a time, e.g. some latelie set forth in th' name of Greene and Peele, or in this, a few years ago. Marlow is also a pen name emploid ere taking Wm. Shakespeare's as our masque or vizard, that we should remayne unknowne, inasmuch as we having worked in drama, history that is most vig'rously suppress, have put ourselfe soe greatly in danger that a word unto Queene Elizabeth, without doubt, would give us a sodaine horrible end—an exit without re-entrance—for in truth she is author and preserver of this our being. We, by men call'd Bacon, are sonne of the sov-raigne, Queene Elizabeth, who when confined i' the Tow'r, ma ried Ro D.

FR. B.

—On February 15, the Book Lover's Weekly, which is issued by the Book Lover's Library, will assume a new form, new type and a new name. The dates of publication will be the first and the fifteen of each month with monthly numbers during the summer.

—Oscar Wilde's play, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, has been revived in London. Upon the program the authorship was couched, "by the author of *Lady Windemere's Fan*." This was in accordance with Wilde's own request that his name should not appear. The play, which is one of the sprightliest, full of satire and delightful illogicality, has been seen on the stage in this country several times, the last occasion of which we are aware being last summer by Mr. Henry Miller.

—Kipling's most recent poem, *The Islanders*, is calling forth a deal of comment owing to the spirit of pessimism and discontent which pervades it. It shows, however, that the author is not afraid to say what he feels and it also shows—what is most welcome—a return to his former excellence and power of verse.

C h i l d V e r s e

When Johnny Spends the Day *Century*

When Johhny spends the day with us, you never seen the beat
 O' all the things a-happenin' in this ole house an' street.
 Ma she begins by lockin' up the pantry door an' cellar
 An' ev'ry place that's like as not to interest a feller,
 An' all her chinny ornymnts a-stickin' round the wall
 She sets as high as she kin reach, fer fear they'll git a fall,
 An' then she gits the arnicky an' stickin' plaster out
 An' says, "When Johnny's visitin', they're good to have about."
 I tell you what, there's plenty fuss
 When Johhny spends the day with us!

When Johnny spends the day with us, pa puts his books away
 An' says, "How long, in thunder, is that noosance goin' to stay?"
 He brings the new lawn mower up an' locks it in the shed
 An' hides his strop an' razor 'tween the covers on the bed.
 He says, "Keep out that liberry, whatever else you do,
 Er I shall have a settlement with you an' Johnny, too!"
 Says he, "It makes a lot o' fuss
 To have him spend the day with us!"

The Tale of Miss Polly Wog Wog *Churchman*

This is the tale of Miss Polly Wog Wog,
 Who lived in the midst of the country of Bog.
 Of brothers she numbered one hundred and four;
 Of sisters, two hundred—or possibly more;
 No matter. Whatever the total might be,
 She never was lacking for playmates, you see.
 So hide-and-go-seek and pom-pom-pull-away
 She played in the mud and the water all day;
 For water and mud were the young Wogs'
 delights—
 They frolicked there, dined there, and slumbered
 there nights.

Miss Polly was vain—though we hardly would call
 Her face or her figure attractive at all.
 Like most of her family, be it here said,
 She was seven-twelfths tall and the rest of her
 head.
 Yes, Polly was truly exceedingly plain—
 But her tail was the thing that was making her
 vain!
 Her father cried: "Shame!" And her mother
 cried: "Fie!"
 Her brothers said: "Goose!" And her sisters
 said: "My!"
 And dreadful misfortune would happen, they vowed,
 To a girl who was acting so silly and proud.

But the more they entreated and threatened and
 warned,
 The more their advice and their efforts were
 scorned,
 And Polly went wiggling and wriggling about—
 Such airs! You would think she was some speckled
 trout!
 But oh! she encountered a terrible fate,
 Which, just as a moral, I'll briefly relate:
 She kept growing ugly! But that's not the worst—
 She swelled so that one day she suddenly burst!
 And, alas! she was changed to a common green
 frog.
 What an end to the tale of Miss Polly Wog Wog!

"The Moon! the Moon!" *Louise B. Edwards* *Independent*

O foolish baby! what,—“the moon?”
 Life's vainest longing waked so soon?
 Your ball is round, your bells are bright;
 Both close to touch as well as sight.
 The moon's a great cold, empty thing;
 It will not bounce, it will not ring.
 For ages it has hung on high,
 To tempt poor bye-low babes to cry.
 Go bye-low, baby; close your eye.
 What! whimpering to the same old tune—
 “The moon! the moon!”

O wisest babe, to want the moon!
 Lite's subtlest lesson learned so soon!
 When sawdust dolls and trampled toys
 Have shattered all our baby joys,—
 Unspoiled, unbroken, unattained,
 By feverish fingers unprofaned,
 The lovely moon still swings on high,
 That self-respecting babes may cry.
 It keeps us looking to the sky,
 When we have pricked our last balloon—
 The moon, the moon!

An Explanation *Valentine Adams* *St. Nicholas*
 There's a vine that runs fast 'neath our barn's
 drooping eaves,
 With dainty brown pipes hidden under its leaves;
 And Johnny said sadly, "It may be a joke,
 But much I do fear me, the vine fairies smoke."

Then lo, a small elf with a confident wink,
 Answered "Evil to him who of evil may think!"
 'Tis true, we have pipes, but I here do declare,
 We merely blow soap bubbles into the air.

"The largest and finest we use for balloons,
 To travel through sky unto far-away moons;
 And all the wee bubbles the fairy-folk blow
 Are only what mortals call dewdrops, you know!"

A Periodical of Puff

The paragraphs which follow are from a Periodical of Puff called "The Book Booster," edited by Mr. Criticus Flub-Dubbe and published by Josh, Gosh & Company, in Evanston, Ill. Its 32 pages are a running satire upon the literature of the day.

The purpose of the Book Booster is, as the name indicates, to boast books—our own and others. With this distinction: that the books published by Josh, Gosh & Co. will be boosted without reference to the number of pounds sold; while the publications of other houses will be boosted only when they have passed the dead line, which is 50,000 pounds. Books that fail to attain such a sale can be mentioned but briefly.

* * *

We take pleasure in introducing to our readers Miss Bertha Bosh, whose first long novel, *Faggots of Empire*, will be published shortly by Josh, Gosh & Co. Miss Bosh is only fifteen years old, but is extremely bright for her age. She is a Chicago girl, and has never traveled farther than Oconomowoc, which makes her literary feat all the more remarkable.

This is assuredly the Veal Age in literature. People no longer ask about an author, How old is he? but How young is he? Or she, as is usually the case. Of the writers on the staff of Josh, Gosh & Co. 85 per cent. are under the age of twenty-one, and 25 per cent. are under sixteen years. Sixty-eight per cent. of these write historical romances and 25 per cent. write in the colonial style.

* *

The cloth used in binding the first edition of *Faggots of Empire* would, if stretched end to end, reach from Chicago to Evanston. Placed side by side, the pages would reach from Chicago to Minneapolis. Smeared thinly, the ink used would cover four townships. Ten million cockroaches could subsist for six months on the binder's paste employed. Set up side by side, the individual letters in the text would reach from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands. And the hot air employed in boosting the book would float ten thousand balloons.

Library Table: *Glimpses of New Books*

The Historical Novel

Our gorge is apt to rise at the mere mention of another historical romance. Our nerves have become blunted and are no longer stirred by hair-breadth escapes or daring rescues, or fierce duels. As for France, did any one ever do anything in France except intrigue and fight duels? And here comes Stanley J. Weyman with a new historical novel,¹ its scene laid in France, and its background the gory night of the St. Bartholomew massacre. Moreover it is full of all that we have come to dread and be weary of. Nevertheless this story of Count Hannibal interests and absorbs; strange to say it does so because of its unusualness. After the first fifty or one hundred pages one ceases to care about the duels and adventures, but one becomes thoroughly engrossed in the two central characters—Count Hannibal and Mlle. de Vrillac. This book is something more than a mere historical tale: it is a good psychological study of two strong minds in rebellion with each other. It is just this study coupled with Mr. Weyman's style that lifts this

story from the commonplaceness of its kindred and makes it really—something.

The Cavalier¹ is by far the most exciting book that Mr. Cable has given us. It begins with such a sweep of action and adventure, that nothing short of most perfect workmanship could maintain the high pitch of intensity. Nor does Mr. Cable entirely succeed in doing this, for during the latter part of the story the interest tends to decline. Moreover, Mr. Cable's style seems to have changed since the days when he wrote Dr. Sevier and Madame Delphine. It has lost some of its simplicity and quaintness, and also some of its charm. The style of the Cavalier is verbose and ornate, reminding one vaguely of Maurice Hewlett. As for the story itself it is a thoroughly good romance of love and fight with the background of the Civil War.

Closely allied in genre to Mr. Cable's book is B. K. Benson's *A Friend With the Countersign*.² Here too the Civil War is the pretext for a story, the hero of which is a Union spy belong-

¹The Cavalier. By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

²A Friend with the Countersign. By B. K. Benson. The Macmillan Co., New York.

¹Count Hannibal. By Stanley J. Weyman. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

ing to General Meade's army. There are many thrilling adventures, some very good battle views, and an element of the sentimental. Mr. Benson holds the reader long interested and dismisses him with feelings of satisfaction.

Quite different is Basil King's *Let Not Man Put Asunder*,¹ a realistic novel with a purpose. The book has power, and it has force together with some degree of characterization. The attempt was apparently to view the divorce question from every possible angle. It is just a bit too serious, however, and therefore at time inclined to be a trifle grotesque. One gets a little mixed up in the series of marriages, divorces, and re-marriages. It is, however, more than worth while.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis

Mr. Richard Harding Davis is at bottom a journalist. Nearly all his work shows traces of newspaper training. Not that it is not done cleverly, but that it is done too cleverly. This is especially true of his most recent production, *In the Fog*.² In this hoax detective story with a "catch" ending, Mr. Davis has used all his powers to make a lot out of nothing, and, be it said, he has succeeded. He has done even more, for he has given us some very interesting characters, and a description of the famous Grill Club of London. Still this new volume will scarcely add anything to a reputation made by charming stories of child life, and those delightful South American sketches. It serves to pass a pleasurable hour.

Among the Poets There is a strong temptation to say harsh things about W. E. Henley's book of verses.³ The author has come into very great unpopularity by his recent attack upon Stevenson. Moreover, some of the poems in this new collection are not up to standard. But many, very many of them possess that exquisite beauty and rugged strength which characterize Henley's better verse. If he be a bit grotesque at times, he is also rich in rough melody, and he charms and holds by the rude power of his style. Tender pathos and real poetic inspiration linked with daring treatment belong to Henley at his best. He is at his best several times in his most recent production.

Simple, direct and beautiful are Richard Watson Gilder's most recent poems. There are no tricks of style, no forcing of meaning. The

¹*'Let' not Man put Asunder.* By Basil King. Harper & Bros., New York.

²*In the Fog.* By Richard Harding Davis. R. H. Russell, New York.

³*Hawthorn and Lavender; with Other Verses.* By W. E. Henley. Harper & Bros., New York.

beauty is inherent in the thought, in the directness, in the unaffected loftiness. These poems⁴ are naturally not as spontaneous as some of Mr Gilder's earlier work, but on the other hand they have a finer finish and many times a finer and broader conception. Affixed to the end of the book there is the series of inscriptions which were written for the Pan-American Exposition.

Among the volumes of promise and some merit are two little books of verse, one by Robert Kidson, titled *Town Ballads*,⁵ and the other *From Fair Hawaiiland*,⁶ by Maurice McMahon. We will, no doubt, hear more from these men in the future.

Enter Mr. Dooley

It is really remarkable how well Mr. Dooley wears. He is as bright and fresh and enjoyable to-day as when he first began to philosophize. It is safe to predict that in ten years from now he will still possess the same attributes; for he has the rare insight to get at the pith of a subject, seize upon the grotesque in it, and hold it up to ridicule in the sunniest, sweetest humor that makes its point without giving offense. Most of the chapters in his newest book⁷ have already appeared in newspapers, but they gain rather than lose by re-reading. We have selected and print elsewhere a few of the witty sayings from this new volume.

Of vaguely similar character is George Ade's new series of fables.⁸ They will appeal to those who found pleasure in his preceding work. They are made of the same timber and with the same decorations. They will probably go to the same readers, and call forth the same appreciation.

Out of Paris

The number of books upon the Quartier Latin steadily increases. For a time the Murger type with its romantic, pathetic character was the vogue. But recently we have been getting sketches, essays, and stories, which suggest the other side of the district. Of the latter kind, F. Berkeley Smith's book⁹ will be found most interesting and instructive both for its reading and for its illustrations by the author. It has a great deal of color and no little charm and grace.

¹Poems and Inscriptions. By Richard Watson Gilder. The Century Co., New York.

²*Town Ballads and Songs of Life.* By Robert Kidson. Published by the author, Brooklyn.

³*From Fair Hawaiiland.* By P. Maurice Mc-

Mahon. The Stanley-Taylor Co., San Francisco.

⁴Mr. Dooley's Opinions. By F. P. Dunne. R. H.

Russell, New York. \$1.50.

⁵Forty Modern Fables. By George Ade. R. H.

Russell, New York. \$1.50.

⁶The Real Latin Quarter. By F. Berkeley

Smith. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. \$1.20.

Notable Books

Strength and power, with a large element of gruesomeness, characterize the much-praised House with the Green Shutters.¹ There is nothing in modern fiction which possesses more terrible force and conviction than the last two chapters of this book. From cover to cover there is not a smile, not a shaft of light. And yet this book has unquestionable merit and tells its story with undoubted skill. It is in fact a beautiful study of the little provincial Scottish town, and of its big man, "the brute Gourlay." It traces step by step the fall of this same Gourlay and his house, from its summits unto its absolute ruin amid murder, death and suicide. There broods over the whole an inevitability not unlike a Nemesis, and one finds oneself absorbed watching an awful and yet fascinating disintegration. It recalls in many ways a Greek tragedy.

There is much that reminds of Zangwill's Children of the Ghetto in Martha Wolfenstein's Idyls of the Gass.² The similarity is not only in theme and treatment, but also in merit and charm. The book is full of humanity and pulsates with the life it depicts. Especially good are those pretty pictures of children which are so real in their pathos and poetry.

There is probably no writer of to-day who ranks higher from an artistic standpoint than does Mr. Maarten Maartens. Exquisite and skillful he is at all times. In Some Women I Have Known³ he has not failed to come up to standard. The sketches are done with perfect taste and perfect workmanship. Some of the subjects, it must be admitted, are none too appealing. Yet there is not a single story in this book which will not interest and call forth admiration, even though it does not charm; while many of them are full of what we would always wish to know and see in life and literature.

A Biography The new edition of Henrik Jaeger's work on Ibsen⁴ offers an opportunity of pointing out that this is the standard biography of the great Norwegian whose fame has circled the globe. Mr. Morton Payne has written a supplementary chapter, which gives an analysis of the six plays written since the

¹The House with the Green Shutters. By George Douglas. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

²Idyls of the Gass. By Martha Wolfenstein. Jewish Pub. Co. of America, Philadelphia.

³Some Women I Have Known. By Maarten Maartens. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

⁴Henrik Ibsen. A Critical Biography. By Henrik Jaeger. From the Norwegian, by William Morton Payne. A C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

book first appeared. All who are in the slightest interested in the greatest literary figure of our time will find this a most enjoyable work to read and to possess. It is especially timely just at present when ill health presages the ending of the labors of the great dramatist.

In collecting the stray and hitherto unpublished papers of Thackeray,¹ Mr. Melville has earned the gratitude of all the admirers of the author of *Vanity Fair*. These random selections are really a great sidelight upon Thackeray's character. Many of them are of course apprentice work, and are consequently commonplace or even worse. But throughout all, good or poor, there permeates the author's wonderful personality and fascination. Beyond this one has a natural curiosity about these essays, stories, verse, criticism, etc. They promise very many delightful hours of profitable and enjoyable reading.

The Anonymous Book Could anything be more sure of a literary success to-day than a book having the name of Elizabeth in its title, and written by an anonymous author? Such is The Ordeal of Elizabeth.² Its writing has manifestly been urged by a book of similar title. That the reader may have no doubt upon the matter, he is told that it is The Story of an American Elizabeth. It is rather a pity that this method of advertising has been resorted to, for the book is, as books go nowadays, really good enough to stand alone.

Trees in Winter The winter aspect of trees is in such sad contrast to their fullness and beauty when leaves are on, that one is apt to consider them characterless at that season of the year. On the contrary they are then quite as distinctive in their differences, but in a smaller and more intimate way—the bark, the buds and the growth of branches furnishing the student with abundant material for classification and observation. A volume³ has just been written upon their characteristics, and will prove to be highly valuable to students, as it deals only with the peculiarities of the life after the leaves have fallen. The book is well and profusely illustrated.

Following is a list of books received at this office between the tenth of December and the tenth of January:

¹Stray Papers. By William Makepeace Thackeray. (Short stories, reviews, verse, sketches, 1821-1842). Edited by Lewis Melville. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.

²The Ordeal of Elizabeth. J. F. Taylor & Co., New York. \$1.50.

³Studies of Trees in Winter. By Annie Oakes Huntington. Knight & Millet, Boston.

Book List: What to Read—Where to Find It

Essays and Miscellany.

Dominion and Power: Studies in Spiritual Science: Patterson, Charles Brodie; N. Y., The Alliance Pub. Co.....	\$1 00
Floating Treasure, The: Harry Castlemon: Phila., Henry T. Coates & Co.....	
Forty Modern Fables: George Ade: N. Y., R. H. Russell	1 50
Freytag's Rie Jurnalisten: Gustave Freytag: N. Y., Appleton & Co.....	45
Greek Art: T. W. Heermance, Ph. D.: Boston, Elson & Co.....	
Kemble's Pickaninnes: A Collection of Southern Sketches: Edward W. Kemble: N. Y., R. H. Russell.....	
Les Forceurs de Blocus: Jules Verne: N. Y., Appleton & Co.....	30
Mr. Dooley's Opinions: F. P. Dunne: N. Y., R. H. Russell.....	1 50
New England Society Orations, The: 2 vols.: Brainerd, Cephas and Brainerd, Eveline Warner: N. Y., The Century Co.....	5 00
Old Farm, The: Pictured by Rudolph Eicke-meyer, Jr.: N. Y., R. H. Russell.....	
Our Accursed Spelling: What to Do With It: Max Müller: Chic., E. O. Vaile.....	25
Prozess-Bendix, Der: M. B. Lambert: N. Y., American Book Co.....	
Short Talks with Young Mothers: Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D.: N. Y., Putnam's Sons	
Washington: The Capital City: Rufus Rock-well Wilson: Illustrated: In two volumes: Phila., Lippincott Co.....	3 50
World Beautiful in Books, The: Lillian Whiting: Boston, Little, Brown & Co... .	1 00

Fiction.

In the Crucible: Laura M. Daké: Illustrated by the Author: N. Y., The Alliance Pub. Co.....	
In the Fog: Richard Harding Davis: Illus-trated: N. Y., R. H. Russell.....	1 50
King and the Cross, The: A Tale of Old and New France: George Alfred Stringer and Eliza C. Walker Stringer: Boston, Eastern Pub. Co.....	
Mather, Esther: Emma Louise Orcutt: N. Y., The Grafton Press.....	
Pandora: Mrs. Salzscheider: San Francisco, Whitaker & Ray Co.....	
Red Eagle: A Tale of the Frontier: Edward S. Ellis: Phila., Coates & Co.....	
Schüller's Die Jungfrau von Orleans: N. Y., Appleton & Co.....	60
Selected Stories: Alphonse Daudet: N. Y., American Book Co.....	50

Historical.

Egypt, The Holy Land and Other Countries: Vincent Brunner: Mishawaka, Ind., Vincent Brunner	1 00
Gibson, William Hamilton: Artist—Naturalist —Author: John Coleman Adams: N. Y., Putnam's Sons.....	2 00
Scotland: 2 vols.: Maria Hornor Lansdale: Il-lustrated: Phila., Coates & Co.....	

Juvenile.

A-B-C Book of Birds, The: Mary Catherine Judd: N. Y., Mumford.....	\$1 00
Big Books of Horses and Goats, The: Draw-ings by Edward Penfield: N. Y., R. H. Russell	
Birds of Lakeside and Prairie: Edward B. Clark: With sixteen illustrations in color: N. Y., Mumford.....	
Goosenbury Pilgrims, The: A Child's Drama: Ellen Rolph Veblen: Chic., The Univ. of Chic. Press	
Idol of Bronze, An: Louise Palmer Heaven: N. Y., The Grafton Press.....	
Jingle Book of Birds, The: Edward B. Clark: Chic., Mumford.....	60
Nightmare Land: G. Orr Clark: Pictures by Caroline Love Goodwin: N. Y., R. H. Rus-sell	
Ten Common Trees: Susan Stokes: N. Y., American Book Co.....	40

Poetry.

Fireside Chimes in New-Thought Rhymes: Martha I. Foster: N. Y., The Alliance Pub. Co	
From Fair Hawaiiland: Maurice P. McMahon: San Francisco, The Stanley-Taylor Co...	
Pebbles and Pearls: A Collection of Poems in Patches: Cleland Kernestaffe: N. Y., F. Tennyson Neely Co.....	1 50
Poems and Inscriptions: Richard Watson Gil-der: N. Y., The Century Co.....	
Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes: Col. D. Streamer: N. Y., R. H. Russell.....	1 25
Town Ballads and Songs of Life: Robert Kid-ton: N. Y., Pub. by the Author.....	50
Wolves of the Sea, The: And Other Poems: Herbert Bashford: San Francisco, Whitaker & Ray Co.....	1 00

Religion.

Constructive Studies in the Priestly Element in the Old Testament: Wm. R. Harper: Chic., The Univ. of Chic. Press	
Esoteric Christianity; or, The Lesser Mysteries: Annie Besant: N. Y., John Lane: The Bodley-Head	
Spiritual and Material Attraction: A Concep-tion of Unity: Eugene Del Mar: Denver, The Smith-Brook Printing Co.....	
What is Christianity? Adolph Harnack: Translated into English by Thomas Bailey Saunders: N. Y., Putnam's Sons.....	

Travel and Out-of-Doors.

Forest Trees and Forest Scenery: Frederick G. Schwarz: N. Y., The Grafton Press....	
Four-Footed Folk: Raymond Fuller Ayers: Illustriated by J. M. Conde: N. Y., R. H. Russell	
Studies of Trees in Winter: Annie Oakes Huntington: Illustrated by Mary S. Morse: Boston, Knight & Millet.....	

Among the February Magazines

—Harper's has peculiar interest this month on account of the drawings by Edwin A. Abbey, illustrating Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*. As for reading there is indeed a choice quantity of matter—verse, essay, and fiction. It makes little difference where one turns, one is sure to find something more than worth while. The following bit from Maurice Maeterlinck's *Motor-Car Impressions* is rather typical:

Space and Time, its invincible brother, are perhaps the greatest enemies of man. Could we triumph over these, we should become like unto the gods. Time, that has neither body, nor form, nor organs that we can grasp, must of necessity appear unconquerable. It passes, and in the traces it leaves there will almost always be sorrow, as in the baleful shadow of some inevitable being we have never seen face to face. In itself, doubtless, it has no existence, but is only in relation to us; nor shall we ever succeed in bending to our will this necessary phantom of our organically false imagination. But Space, its magnificent brother, Space that decks itself with the green robe of the palms, the yellow veil of the desert, the blue mantle of the sea, and spreads over all the azure of the ether and the gold of the stars—Space must already have known many a defeat; but as yet man has never seized it, as it were, round the body, wrestled with it alone face to face.

Mr. Edward S. Martin always writes felicitously; but he has done nothing better than his small paper, titled, *Strong Points of Infancy*. Mr. Martin says in part:

Childhood is an enormous expense to humanity, but not one minute of it, if we take the large view, is wasted. The expenditure on account of it is money invested, not squandered; time and pains put out at interest for the future maintenance of humanity. Which are the strong nations of earth? Invariably those whose sons and daughters come slowest to maturity, and are best carried through the longest periods of infancy, childhood, and youth.

Not but that precocity is excusable in individuals. In the development of a race heredity will play many tricks, now and then putting an old head on young shoulders, and equipping some children with faculties so unusual that some of them must ripen early to make way for the development of the rest. By all means bring along the precocious children as rapidly as prudence permits, for no rule holds in all individual cases, and there is no certainty that the light that burns brightest at the start may not endure radiant to an end duly remote. But be thankful that all children are not precocious, for in races the rule holds, and quick development means a shallow soil, an early crop, and then sterility.

So childhood is not man's disability, but his opportunity, glorious and unmatched in all creation. It is that that we need to realize and act upon.

There is a great deal of good poetry in the number, that from the pen of Henry van Dyke,

Josephine Preston Peabody and Clinton Scollard being especially noteworthy. The roster of novelists includes Mark Twain, Owen Wister, and Virginia Woodward Cloud.

—It was with much anxiety and no little fear that we heard three months ago of President Roosevelt's accession to office. It is true that a deep grief tempered the natural feelings, but, nevertheless, the question of "What will he do?" was upon our lips. Henry Loomis Nelson, in the *Atlantic*, has an account of the President's first three months of office tenure. Mr. Nelson is very enthusiastic, as may be judged by his opening words:

Not so many weeks ago, a person of some importance, with a punctilious disrelish for generous commendation, said, "The only political capital which Theodore Roosevelt possesses is courage." It is permitted to us to doubt if one who uttered so foundationless an aphorism even suspects the high character of the endowment with which he credited President Roosevelt. There is the courage which all normal men have in actual danger—the courage which holds them fast under fire; there is also the courage which endures after the imagination has pictured horrors whose images drive many into panic; there is the courage which takes large responsibilities—the courage essential to commanders-in-chief; there is, in civic life, the courage of first thoughts, as well as the courage of convictions. The man who has the courage to subdue his imagination and to stay the panic of others is certainly fit to command divisions and squadrons, and may go higher; the man who reasons out his way to an object, and, with the responsibilities of life and death and of the honor and safety of the country upon him, goes directly to his end, possesses the serene soul of a great commander. The political leader who is ready for a fray at the drop of the first word, and has the courage to oppose without the tact to make gain by persuasion, goes nowhere; but he who contends for a well-reasoned principle, stands by it amid all dangers, wins support for it from whom he may, fighting only when persuasion fails, though then fighting with his fortunes for the stake, has the kind of courage which he must possess who attains to the heights on which a President stands. If Theodore Roosevelt's capital be courage, it must be this kind of courage—a courage which is an element of a well-rounded character, in which large intelligence, prudence, forethought, and patience are found in abundance.

It is rather a pity that Whitman is not better appreciated here, in his home country. In his work he is a man of undoubted genius and greatness. In his life he is a man of simplicity, honor, and loftiness. A combination of all these attributes may be seen in this anecdote by John Townsend Trowbridge:

We found a large, gray-haired and gray-bearded, plainly dressed man, reading proof-sheets at a desk

in a little dingy office, with a lank, unwholesome-looking lad at his elbow, listlessly watching him. The man was Whitman, and the proofs were those of his new edition. There was a scarcity of chairs, and Whitman, rising to receive us, offered me his; but we all remained standing except the sickly-looking lad, who kept his seat until Whitman turned to him and said, "You'd better go now; I'll see you this evening." After he had gone out, Whitman explained: "He is a friendless boy I found at my boarding-place. I am trying to cheer him up and strengthen him with my magnetism." A practical but curiously prosaic illustration of these powerful lines in the early poems:

"To any one dying, thither I speed and twist the knob of the door.

* * * * *

I seize the descending man, I raise him with relentless will.

* * * * *

Every room of the house do I fill with an armed force, lovers of me, bafflers of graves."

The difference between the prosaic fact and the poetic expression was not greater than the contrast between Whitman as I had imagined him and the simple, well-mannered man who stood and talked with us. From his own descriptions of himself, and from the swing and impetus of his lines, I had pictured him proud, alert, grandiose, defiant of the usages of society; and I found him the quietest of men. I really remember but one thing he said, after sending away the boy; the talk turning on his proof-sheets, I asked how the first poems impressed him, at this re-reading; to which he replied, "I am astonished to find myself capable of feeling so much." The conversation was all very quiet, pitched in a low key, and I went away somewhat disappointed that he did not say or do something extraordinary and admirable; one of the noticeable things about him being an absence of all effort to make a good impression.

Daniel Gregory in a thoroughly scholarly treatment of modern music finds two latter-day tendencies. These he summarizes:

To attempt a rough provisional definition, we may say that there is noticeable in modern music, first, an effort to express emotions more directly, more poignantly, and with less of the restraint imposed by non-emotional considerations than ever before. Music becomes, above all, the language of mood, an utterance passionate and wayward. But, secondly, this tendency is opposed by another, which seeks, not a more intense expression of feeling, but a more highly organized type of beauty. Music, it says, in order to progress, must seek no outer bond, no power dependent on association; it must aim rather at a greater perfection, increasing differentiation of inner means and effects, a unity built upon wider variety, a symmetry more many-sided and complex. In brief, one ideal of music is emotional expression; another is plastic beauty. Let us add at once that these are the ideals of the two greatest composers of our time, Tschaikowski and Brahms, in whose works the two phases of art can be best exemplified and interpreted.

Other articles worthy of more extended notices than space will permit are Edward Thomas's description of England in February, William Garrott Brown's account of Douglas, Lincoln's rival, and George McLean Harper's critique upon the fame of Victor Hugo.

—Sir Harry H. Johnston, the discoverer of the Okapi, has a most interesting article in this month's McClure's upon the pygmies of the Great Congo forests. In describing this semi-animal race, Sir Johnston says:

The Congo pygmies appear to be divisible into two types, according to my own observations and to those of preceding travelers—one with a reddish or yellowish-brown skin and a tendency to red in the head-hair, and the other a black-skinned type with entirely black head-hair. It is possible that the original type of dwarf had a dirty brown skin, and a tendency to red both in the body and head-hair, and that this type mingled anciently with the first true negro invaders of the forest—a people was decidedly black skins—and produced a black type of dwarf, which now seems to exist conjointly with the red or yellow pygmy; that is to say, in the same family of pygmies there may be both types. In stature, perhaps, the black type tends to be slightly taller than the other. The tallest specimen of pygmy measured by me or by my assistants was about five feet in height; but the average altitude for men was four feet seven inches, and for women four feet two inches. Several of the men measured by me were only four feet two inches in height. One adult woman was just under four feet. There are two features which markedly distinguish these dwarfs from other negroes—the shape of the nose, and the long upper lip. The nose has a very low bridge, and is exceedingly broad. The upper lip, besides being long and prognathous, is not so much everted as in the ordinary negro. The chin is very weak and receding. The neck is short, and the head is sunk rather between the shoulders, though not so markedly as in the ape-like types referred to in the first part of this article. The legs are short in proportion to the body, though they are usually sturdy little limbs. The feet are rather large, and much inclined to turn in, with the big toes pointing inward when they are brought together in a standing attitude. Hair on the face is present in many of the dwarfs. Some of the dwarfs have distinctly long beards, but I have myself seen only one with a beard of six inches in length.

The dwarfs seldom wear anything in the way of ornament, and go about in their forests quite naked; but when in contact with negroes who wear a certain amount of clothing, the dwarfs will put on an apron of leaves or bark-cloth sufficient to serve the purposes of decency. Their ears are not pierced. The only aesthetic adornment which they appear to adopt is the piercing of two holes in the upper lip. Into the punctures they insert flowers, teeth, or porcupine quills.

Of unusual appeal just at present is Ray Stannard Baker's paper upon Marconi. Some idea of the great inventor's wonderful work may be had from the following excerpt:

In its bare outlines, Marconi's system of telegraphy consists in setting in motion, by means of his transmitter, certain electric waves which, passing through the ether, are received on a distant wire suspended from a kite or mast, and registered on his receiving apparatus. The ether is a mysterious, unseen, colorless, odorless, inconceivably rarefied something which is supposed to fill all space. It has been compared to a jelly in which the stars and planets are set like cherries. About all we know of it is that it has waves—that the jelly may be made to vibrate in various ways. Etheric vibrations of certain kinds give light; other kinds give heat; others electricity. Electricity is, indeed, only another name for certain vibrations in the ether. We say that electricity "flows" in a wire, but nothing really passes except an etheric wave, for the atoms composing the wire, as well as the air and the earth, and even the hardest substances, are all afloat in ether.

Electrical waves have long been harnessed by the use of wires for sending communications; in other words, we have had wire telegraphy. But the ether exists outside of the wire as well as within; therefore, having the ether everywhere, it must be possible to produce waves in it which will pass anywhere, as well through mountains as over seas, and if these waves can be controlled, they will evidently convey messages as easily and as certainly as the ether within wires. So argued Mr. Marconi. The difficulty lay in making an instrument which would produce a peculiar kind of wave, and in receiving and registering this wave in a second apparatus located at a distance from the first.

The most important part of Mr. Marconi's work, the part least known even to science, and the field of almost illimitable future development, is the system of "tuning," as the inventor calls it, the construction of a certain receiver so that it will respond only to the message sent by a certain transmitter. When Marconi's discoveries were first announced in 1896, there existed no method of tuning, though the inventor had its necessity clearly in mind. Accordingly the public inquired "How are you going to keep your messages secret? Supposing a warship wishes to communicate with another of the fleet, what is to prevent the enemy from reading your message? How are private business despatches to be secured against publicity?" Here, indeed, was a problem.

Mr. Marconi so constructed a receiver that it responds only to a certain transmitter. That is, if the transmitter is radiating 800,000 vibrations a second, the corresponding receiver will take only 800,000 vibrations. In exactly the same way a familiar tuning fork will respond only to another tuning fork having exactly the same "tune," or number of vibrations per second. And Mr. Marconi has now succeeded in bringing this tuning system to some degree of perfection, though very much work yet remains to be done.

John La Farge has a critical essay upon Raphael, written in his usual charming style and illustrated by pictures of the famous Italian artist. Mr. William Allen White writes of Grover Cleveland. In fiction there are short stories by Alfred Ollivant and Josephine Dodge Daskam.

—Louisiana is the chapter in *The Story of*

the States in this month's Pearson's. Earl Mayo treats the subject exhaustively and interestingly. Very exciting indeed is that description of a hundred-mile steep coast on the Oroya Railway in Peru:

Our sober little car becomes suddenly possessed of all the seven spirits of the tempest. It takes unto itself the wings of Eurus, and literally annihilates the distance that lies before it. It crashes into tunnels, it thunders over bridges, it races headlong at the blindest corners. It hurls itself down the slope as though the very demon of the swine were in its wheels.

The outraged air shrieks and whistles in our ears. Through veils and blue spectacles it finds our watering eyes and blinds them. We cling to the hand-rail like monkeys on a shaken branch. The passing 'scape is no more than a sheet of blurred lines that walls us in.

We see nothing clearly but the river far below, springing up with mighty bounds to meet us. We are mad for the moment, mad with the wild delirium of motion. A fig for dead niggers, for unattached limbs, or any such trumpery tolls! That nigger was an enviable man. He stole the soul of gods for Heaven knows how many glorious minutes before their petty Nemesis overtook him.

There are several weird tales, the most noticeable of which is, probably, *The Dead Hand*, by L. J. Meade and Robert Eustace.

—It is good to see the magazines devoting so much space and attention to poetry. This is brought to mind by a large number of delightful poems in this month's Criterion. Of the heavier and more serious material, General Wilson's Recollections of Sherman is probably the most prominent. An idea of the spirit and scope of General Wilson's description is seen in the following:

It was May 24, 1865, that Sherman's famous Army of the West, whose drums had been heard from the Ohio to the sea, and back again to the Potomac, passed before the President, the Cabinet, and hundreds of thousands of spectators drawn to Washington to witness the reviews of the Armies of the Potomac, and of the West—the most magnificent military spectacle ever seen on the American continent. What a glorious pageant! What cheers filled the air when the "First Soldier of the Union," as Sherman was frequently styled, rode along Pennsylvania Avenue, at the head of those invincible veterans who had marched victoriously through seven of the seceding States! With what an easy, careless, accurate swing, the gaunt veterans moved forward. How weather-beaten and bronzed, and how dingy, as if the smoke of numberless battle-fields had dyed their garments, and the soil of Southern States had adhered to them! And the flags they carried! Terrible is an army with banners—if those banners are torn by the shot and shell of a hundred well-fought fields. Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh, Jackson, Vicksburg, Corinth, Chattanooga, Resaca, Kenesaw, Atlanta, Averyborough, and Bentonville, were some of the names written, not in letters, but in bullet-holes, in the

dear old tattered and worn banners. But no standards, however gay and gorgeous with new beauty, could be half so interesting to the thoughtful eye, and it was not surprising that the usually calm countenance of General Grant should have glowed with enthusiasm, and that he bent his uncovered head with reverence and deep feeling, as the grand old historic colors were borne past the reviewing stand by the sturdy and stalwart Western campaigners who had followed his victorious course from Cairo to Vicksburg, and from Vicksburg had marched with Sherman to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to the sea.

—The building in this city of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights is explained and described by Roger Riordan in the Century. As is generally known this is the greatest undertaking of its kind in America. As yet but a suggestive row of immense arches denote vaguely the immensity of this building, which will require years of time and millions of dollars to complete. In discussing the uses of a cathedral Bishop Potter, after giving many benefits to be derived, completes his article as follows:

There has been provided in connection with the Cathedral of St. John the Divine the one feature which it is believed is absolutely unique. Surrounding the great choir the design provides for seven Chapels of Tongues. In New York to-day the Episcopal Church provides services in nine different languages. In the cathedral the seven Chapels of Tongues will stand for seven of them—German, Spanish, French, Swedish, Italian, Armenian, and Chinese—with services in these languages on every Lord's day. These Chapels of Tongues will open directly into the cathedral, and as they become familiar with the tongue of their adopted country, those who had worshipped in them will pass from the services in the chapels to that of the great mother church itself. One's mind turns back at such a picture and recalls, with a strange sense of its new and wider meaning, that cry that broke from the lips of the multitude in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost: "How hear we every man in our own language, wherein we were born, . . . the mighty works of God?"

There are twenty or thirty vivid, intensely characteristic anecdotes in Katherine de Kay Bronson's *Browning in Venice*.

It was curious to see that, on each one of his arrivals in Venice, he took up his life precisely as he had left it. On Sunday morning he always went with his sister to the same Waldensian chapel, in which they seemed to take great interest. On the return from the brisk morning walk he read his newspapers and letters, answering each day a few among the many received from friends and admirers. He was amused, but never impatient, with the innumerable requests for autographs, some of which were written in illiterate and inelegant handwriting, many of them from the western States and far California. When his instinct told him these were genuinely asked for, and not from the idly curious, he would answer them, unless, indeed, the number of important private letters took up too much of his precious time. When people asked

him *viva voce* for an autograph, he looked puzzled, and said:

"I don't like to write always the same verse, yet I can remember only one."

Of course the person addressed repined: "I am grateful for anything whatever that comes to your mind." Then he would take up his pen at once and write:

All that I know of a certain star, etc.

Sometimes, when in a merry mood, he wrote this verse in so fine a handwriting that only such extraordinary eyesight as his own could decipher it, and on one occasion, in the same microscopic calligraphy, he wrote Mrs. Barbauld's lines,

Life! we've been long together, etc.,

saying, after he had read it aloud, "If she had never written aught but that one verse she would deserve to be forever remembered."

—Among the contributors this month to the "Year of American Humor" are Albert Bigelow Paine, Beatrice Herford, Guy Wetmore Carryl and Charles Battell Loomis. Frederick Remington has pictured one of his own Western stories in his inimitable style, and Martin Justice has some clever characteristic illustrations for J. W. Piercy's story, *A Government of the People*. There are several good treatises upon diverse subjects, of which the more noticeable are *The Salon of the Princess Mathilde* by Victor du Bled, and *A Visit to Mount Vernon a Century Ago* by W. M. Kozlowski.

—Carl Hovey finds a rather unique subject for his pen in Frank Leslie's in the lives of longshoremen and stevedores. He gives several graphic pictures of these men at work, and garnishes his descriptions with small anecdotes such as this:

Stories of brute toughness and Homeric endurance are tenderly preserved in the folk lore of the water front. How, for another instance, Scipio Flanagan, "the biggest nigger in the business," supported the entire weight of an immense packing case, weighing upwards of eighteen hundred, on his prostrate body. The negro held the hand truck to receive the case, which, in the hands of half a dozen men, was being balanced at just the right angle to slip into place. But it hit the edge of the truck and knocked it away, and the negro unluckily lost his footing and fell flat with the great box on top of him. He shrieked in terror and groaned, it was said, like a siren whistle; but when a gang of fifteen men lifted the thing bodily and pulled him out, all he did was to screw his fists into his eyes like a big child, stretch his long limbs grotesquely and return to work. Of course he talked about this feat for many a day.

It is good to find Onoto Watanna again writing her Japanese stories and again having them illustrated by Yeto. This combination of artist and writer is most felicitous, and the result in this little narrative, *The Pot of Paint*, is exquisite. Robert Barr has a romance, *The Curse of Posi-*

tano, written in his usual brilliant fashion. Norman Hapgood relates a little-known historical event, How Arnold was almost Captured. A. Hyatt Verril describes the Cicada.

—The principal story in Lippincott's is by John Strange Winter and is in that author's best style. There are other stories of merit by Percie W. Hart and Charles H. Coffin. The second part of Sidney Lanier's essay upon Music in Shakespeare's Time also appears.

—Mr. Arthur Goodrich contributes another of his interesting papers in this month's World's Work. Mr. Goodrich has chosen a rather out of the way subject—but one that is important and one that has interest. Writing of the growing of tobacco under cover in Connecticut, Mr. Goodrich gives a brief history of the industry.

It was on a trip in the South that Joseph Mitchell saw the experiments which were being made on limited areas in Florida of growing Sumatra tobacco under both cloth and lath shade. The results had been satisfactory. The Government was interested, and M. L. Floyd, an expert in the Bureau of Soils, was directing the experiments. The Paris Exposition had awarded to this Florida-grown Sumatra tobacco two points over that grown in Sumatra and imported. The soil and climate of Connecticut were made expressly for tobacco raising. There was no reason why Connecticut tobacco raised under cover should not be as fine as the best Sumatra, and finer. Ariel Mitchelson, who was a progressive farmer at Tariffville, was the man to try it. As a result, early last spring they began to place posts nine feet high above ground and a rod apart on four different tracts of land, amounting in the aggregate to eighteen acres. Over these posts, on stringers and galvanized wire, they stretched the cheese-cloth covering, closing in the field above and on every side. When the entire cumbersome structure, with its 196 posts to an acre, its stringers, wire cloth, snap-hooks, and rings was erected it cost about \$250 an acre. The long rows of plants—all of Sumatra seed which had one year's growth in Florida—were set at different times on the several fields, that the harvesting of each might follow in quick succession. Mr. Floyd had come to Connecticut to direct the work of the little plantation.

As the plants grew, the advantages of raising under shade became easily evident. Most patent of all was the fact that the many insects which prey upon the leaves were kept out by the covering. So strongly was the tight tent of cloth built, moreover, that the roughest winds necessitated but few repairs, and the plants, usually lashed and torn by the storms, were entirely protected. Under the cloth, also, a uniform temperature was possible, varying from three to five degrees warmer than that of the open field. The cold nights of the spring, which deter the growth of the plants in the open, did not influence the growing under cover. Within the tents a continuous tropical climate existed. The hot sun that bakes the soil was tempered, and a considerably larger percentage of humidity was kept under the cloth than was possible in the fields. The effects of heavy rains were

also modified. The leaves were not harmed by the swift drops, nor did the soil become packed and hardened into a crust. Instead, the water, beating upon the cloth, sifted through and fell in a fine, warm mist upon the plants. The growth seemed to have the advantages of both the open air and the hothouse, gaining the health of one and the protected fineness of the other. With the idea of getting the finest possible leaf, the plants were not topped. In the early summer, the long stalks, standing up like rows of sturdy poles, and bearing thin, broad leaves of vivid green were touching the roof of their house of cloth.

Probably one of the most unique figures in American politics to-day is Mayor Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Frederic C. Howe gives a good sketch of his interesting personality.

Mr. Johnson is a strong man, and he has overcome the greatest obstacles to success. To him the struggle for existence is natural, and it seems easy. The means of relief is greater freedom in the operation of nature's laws. And by conviction he has become the foremost exponent in America of the teachings of Henry George. Because of his belief, his life to many is a paradox. Identified by tradition and class instincts with wealth and conservatism (for he was born of an old Kentucky family), his political views have always been opposed to the means by which his wealth was created. In his youth he was employed in a subordinate capacity by a street railway company in Louisville. From that position he became an operator in similar properties in Indianapolis; and while still a very young man became an important factor in the Cleveland Street Railway situation. There he acquired a controlling interest in railways of apparently little value, which he developed by shrewd maneuvering into a system of commanding importance to the other urban lines. When the time for consolidation arrived, he was so fortified as to secure a large interest in the consolidated properties, and to be an influence in the management of what is known as the Big Consolidated Railway. Since that time, with his brother Albert, he has operated railways on a large scale in the city of Brooklyn and the city of Detroit, and through the reorganization of street railways in these cities he has become a rich man. It is with this intimate knowledge of the street railway situation that he became Mayor of Cleveland upon a platform of lower fares and ultimate municipal ownership. Even on the basis of private management, Mr. Johnson is a believer in low fares; and he says that he demonstrated while operating the railroads in Detroit that as much money can be made out of three-cent as out of five-cent fares: for a corresponding increase in traffic follows any reduction in rates, and any loss is made up by the great increase of short hauls and the wider dispersion of that portion of the population which now either walks to its work, or lives, through necessity, in the neighborhood of its employment.

Cleveland has always been a storm center in political matters. Probably no city in America contains a constituency more radical on industrial lines. The voting population is inclined to be independent, and a long agitation of franchise management has awakened the public to a full appreciation

of the values of such properties. When Mr. Johnson declared in favor of municipal ownership, he adopted a platform with which the public were already familiar and which sounded in no sense revolutionary to the less conservative members of the community. By that he does not mean the acquisition of these properties at their present market value which is many times the figures represented by the actual investment or the physical property. Ohio is fortunate in having limited franchises, and those of the street railways in Cleveland have but from three to thirteen years to run, some of them maturing in 1904. The immense volume of "water" in the stock of these companies must first be reduced by taxation and a lowering of fares. When that is done, or on the expiration of the franchises, the city can step in and take possession of the property at a fair valuation. Ultimately, Mr. Johnson thinks the street railway service should be free.

—Niagara has been the scene of many perilous and foolhardy feats. Mr. Orrin in the *Cosmopolitan* tells of many rash and daring things done at the falls. One of the most courageous was by Blondin, a tight-rope walker.

Blondin's second performance was given on July 4 of the same year in the presence of a still larger crowd, and this time he walked with a sack over his legs and feet being free. On July 14, 1859, the Hon. Millard Fillmore witnessed his performance. On

this occasion Blondin stopped in the center of the cable, and at a signal from the steamer *Maid of the Mist* in the river below, he held out his hat, and Captain Travis, a famous pistol-shot, sent a bullet through the rim of it, after which the hat was lowered to the steamer's deck. After crossing to Canada, Blondin returned, dressed as a monkey, and trundled a wheelbarrow over the rope. On Wednesday, August 3, 1859, Blondin, before the largest crowd of that year, made a trip over the rope in less than six minutes, taking time to stand on his head. On his fifth trip Blondin carried Harry Colcord on his back. Colcord weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds, and that portion of the trip over the center where there were no guys was especially thrilling. On landing, both Blondin and Colcord were carried on the shoulders of the crowd to a carriage. On August 31, 1859, Blondin gave his first night performance. At each end of the rope locomotive headlights were placed to give illumination. On his pole he carried colored lights, and when in the center these light gave out, leaving him in darkness. Those close by the cable felt for vibration, which told them he was safe as they felt his careful tread. Blondin closed the season by crossing with baskets on his feet and shackles on his body.

There are several articles of interest and character, such as Sir Charles Dilke's, *The Naval Strength of the Nations*, and John Brisbane Walker's *Capital and Labor Commission*.

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Over the Wine and Walnuts

When the "spencer" came in fashion, the first specimens attracted attention, because it was shorter than the coat over which it was worn. Seeing Professor Follen crossing the yard at Harvard College with a new spencer, Dr. Popkins cried out, "Say, Follen, isn't that a pretty short coat?" to which Prof. Follen replied, "Yes, but it will be long enough before I get another." Dr. Popkins went home, chuckling, to his sister Elizabeth, to whom he said, "Prof. Follen made a good joke just now," and then reported the dialogue thus: "Isn't that a pretty short coat?" "Yes, but it will be a long time before I get another." Elizabeth replied, "But that doesn't seem funny to me." Dr. Popkins replied slowly and thoughtfully, "It doesn't seem funny to me now, but it did when he said it."

In County Sligo, among the hills, there is a small lake renowned in that region for its fabulous depth. A professor happened to be in that part of Ireland last summer, and started out one day for a ramble among the mountains, accompanied by a native guide. As they climbed, Pat asked him if he would like to see this lake, "for it's no bottom at all, sorr." "But how do you know that, Pat?" asked the professor. "Well, sorr, I'll tell ye; me own cousin was showin' the pond to a gentleman one day, sorr, who looked incredulous like, just as you do, and me cousin couldn't stand it for him to doubt his worrd, sorr, and so he said, 'Begorra, I'll prove the truth of me words,' and off with his clothes and in he jumped." The professor's face wore an amused and quizzical expression.

"Yes, sorr; in he jumped, and didn't come up again, at all, at all." "But," said the professor, "I don't see that your cousin proved his point by recklessly drowning himself." "Sure, sorr, it wasn't drowned at all he was. The next day comes a cable from him in Australia askin' to send on his clothes."

Stories of Father Taylor, the sailors' friend, are perennial in their warm human interest. He was a man who at all times spoke with an engaging frankness which sometimes became more brusque than was desirable. A banker from the West End of Boston once visited Father Taylor's church during a fervid revival, and varied the usual character of the meeting by a rather pompous address, the purport of which was that the merchant princes of Boston were a very beneficent

set of men, whose wealth and enterprise gave employment to thousands of sailors, and that it was, above all, the duty of seamen to show their gratitude to the merchants. At the close of his speech the banker was somewhat taken aback when Father Taylor rose and asked simply: "Is there any other sinner from uptown who would like to say a word?"

The Bold Commissioner.—When the Transvaal war was at its height, Paul Krüger sent a commissioner to England to find out if there were any more men left there. The commissioner wired from London to say that there were four million men and women "knocking about the town," that there was no excitement, and that men were begging to be sent to fight the Boers. Krüger wired back, "Go north." The commissioner found himself in Newcastle eventually, and wired to Krüger: "For God's sake, stop that war! England is bringing up men from hell, eight at a time, in cages!" He had seen a coal mine.

A neighbor said to a Scotch woman one day, "Effie, I wonder hoo ye can sleep wi' sae muckle debt on your head," to which Effie quietly answered, "I can sleep fu' weel; but I wonder they can sleep that trust me."

A Bold Leader.—Once a captain in the army was cornered by the enemy and he addressed his men as follows: "My men, fight like demons until your powder gives out, then run. I'm a little lame, I'll start now."

Why He Wanted It Kept Quiet.—One of the officers in a certain volunteer regiment is much disliked by his men. One evening as he was returning home he slipped into some deep water. A private in his regiment, however, happened to see him, and after some trouble succeeded in pulling him out.

The officer was very profuse in his thanks and asked his rescuer the best way he could reward him.

"The best way you can reward me," said the soldier, "is to say nothing about it."

"Why, my dear fellow," said the astonished officer, "why do you wish me to say nothing about it?"

"Because if the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out they'd chuck me in!"

Wit and Humor of the Press

—“Faith,” said the Irish policeman, examining a broken window, “this is more sayrious thin Oi thought it was! It’s broke on both sooides!”

—First Artist—Congratulate me, old man. I’ve just sold my masterpiece to Banker Parvenu for £1,000. Second Artist—Glad to hear it; the miserable skinflint deserves to be swindled.

—He—They differ as to religion. She—Why, I didn’t suppose that either of them cared a rap about religion! He—Well, they didn’t until they found out that they differed as to it!

—And how are you off for police-protection over here?” asked the New Yorker. “Oh, our policemen are pretty decent,” replied the Philadelphian. “We don’t need much protection from them.”

—Mrs. A.—Are you troubled very much in your neighborhood with borrowing? Mrs. B. (innocently)—Yes, a good deal. My neighbors don’t seem to have anything I want.

—They say,” began Miss Twitters, “that there is a fool in every family. Do you believe it, Mr. Saunders?” “Well, er—I hardly know,” stammered Saunders. “You see, I am the only member of our family.”

—“I was getting measured for a suit of clothes this mawning,” said young Mr. Sissy to his pretty cousin; “and just for a joke, y’ know, I awsked Snipem if it weally took nine tailors to make a man. He said it would take more than nine tailors to make a man of some people. I thought it was quite clevah.”

—She—I’m sure, Mr. Goodby, there are many girls who could make you far happier than I could. He (dolefully)—That’s the trouble; they could—but they won’t.

—Lawyer—I really hope I don’t annoy you with all these questions? Fair Client—Not at all. I’m used to it. I have a six-year-old son.

—He had just returned from the city and he was strangely uncommunicative concerning his adventures. “Did you buy anything while you were gone, Hiram?” she asked. “Yep,” he answered, shortly. “Pay much for it?” she persisted, for she rather expected the material for a new gown. “Yep.” “What was it?” “Experience.” “I thought you loaded up with that last time,” she said, bitterly. “Well, this was another kind,” he explained.

—It is related that a parrot and a dog being brought together in a room, the parrot for the fun of the thing said to the dog, “Sic him,” the result being that the dog, seeing nothing else

to attack, went for the parrot, which lost a good share of its tail feathers before it escaped to the perch. It is related that the parrot, after inspecting damages, said to himself, “Poll, you talk too much!”

—“De reason some of us doesn’t git along,” said Uncle Eben, “is dat we sits down dreamin’ of automobiles when we orter be pushin’ a wheelbarrow.”

—“Could you do the landlord in the ‘Lady of Lyons?’” asked the manager of a seedy actor. “Well, I should think I might; I have done a good many landlords.”

—“Who is that man who keeps saying it is always the unexpected that happens?” “I’m not sure. Probably an attaché of the Weather Bureau.”

—Foreigner—I think I may say now that after two years of constant study I understand the English language. Native—Nonsense! Have you ever tried to grasp the meaning of an insurance policy?

—Stylish Lady Visitor (to small boy, while waiting for hostess to come down)—What is the matter with Fido, that you are watching him so closely? Small Boy—Mamma said that your hat was enough to make a dog laugh, and I wanted to see him do it.

—“If I stand on my head, the blood all rushes to my head, doesn’t it?” No one ventured to contradict him. “Now,” he continued triumphantly, “when I stand on my feet, why doesn’t the blood all rush into my feet?” “Because,” replied Hostetter McGinnis, “your feet are not empty.”

—Printer—How many copies of that book do you want me to print? Publisher—Let’s see. We are advertising advance orders for one hundred thousand, aren’t we? “Yes.” “Well, print six hundred. Let’s see how it goes.”

—The letter carrier had just handed to the woman who came to the door to answer his knock a missive bearing an inscription that looked something like this:

Mnn Zgkinnlhg Yqjqqjkfhh,
Rs Ghhhuhuhuju ff
Gscsbsv,
JJJ.

“How do ye know this is f’r me?” asked the woman. “The expert at the dead letter office in Washington made it out,” responded the letter carrier, “and she says this is the right name and address.” She opened it and cast her eye over the contents. “I wish yez’d tell the expair at Wash’n’tn to come an’ r-read it f’r me,” she said.

Open Questions: Talks With Correspondents

Correspondents are invited to make use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

809. *Our Own:* Can you tell me in Open Questions where I can find the poem in which the following lines occur, as near as I remember them?

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
A smile for the sometimes guest;
But we vex our own with look and tone,
Though we love our own the best.

—Mrs. E. A. Jordan, Watertown, So. Dakota.

[With some slight changes, you have quoted part of the last stanza of Margaret Elizabeth Sangster's justly popular poem, *Our Own*. It may be found entire in many collections of American verse and in Mrs. Sangster's volume, *Poems of the Household*: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.]

810. I am very anxious to recover a poem beginning,

No time for a last farewell.

Can you or any one in Open Questions assist me?—Mrs. P. G. Barrett, Buffalo, N. Y.

811. Can you tell me when Will Carleton's writings were first published. Also what were two or three of his poems that appeared first. I will be very thankful for the information.—H. E. Phillips, Poplar, Mont.

[Will Carleton's first published poems appeared in the early 70's, in the Toledo Blade, of which paper he subsequently became associate editor. *Betsey and I Are Out* was followed by *How Betsey and I Made Up, Out of the Old House, Nancy, and others*.]

812. There was published in Littell's Living Age, in the early sixties, a poem which I should like to see published or to be informed as to where I can find it. As nearly as I can remember, one verse ran as follows:

Dim tracts of time divide those golden hours from
me;
Thy voice comes strange through years of change.
How can I follow thee?
—D. O. C., Oxford, O.

813. *Annie and Willie's Prayer:* Can you tell me where the poem, of which the following are a few lines, can be found or by whom written? I heard the poem quite a number of years ago and would like to obtain a copy of it:

'Twas the eve before Christmas, good night had
been said,
And Annie and Willie were tucked into bed,
There were tears on their pillows and tears in their
eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs.

I think the name of the poem is *Annie and Willie's Prayer*.—Mrs. A. H. Kayser, San Diego, Cal.

[*Annie and Willie's Prayer* was written by Mrs. Sophia P. Snow. It was printed in Current Literature's issue for December, 1888. Back numbers of the magazine can be had at this office.]

814. Would you be kind enough to republish or to inform me through your Enquirers' Column where I can find the poem in which each verse ends, "Then you'll remember me, sweetheart, then you'll remember me." There are a few other lines I remember of it, "When ships meet ships at sea, Then clear for action, man the guns, etc." I think it was published by you (a newspaper clipping) about July or August of 1900—E. E. Burson, Los Angeles, Cal.

815. Can you tell me who wrote an old poem beginning:

Holy Bible, Book Divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.

—A Reader, New York City.

[The English John Burton, friend of the famous Baptist, Robert Hall. The poem in question was published in the Youth's Monitor, about 1800. Burton died in 1822.]

816. Will you please kindly tell me if Mrs. Piper, the noted psychic, is a professional and give me her address? If you are willing to tell me more of * * * than you would like to do through the magazine, I should be most thankful to have you add it to a later answer to this address.—Miss Maggie Walker, Fort Smith, Ark.

[We have not the pleasure of Mrs. Piper's acquaintance. With regard to your other query, we must again reiterate what we have so often stated here, that answers to correspondents are made through the medium of this page only. The enclosure of stamps can in no wise affect this decision.]

817. Would you kindly inform me through the question department of your magazine, whether Angel's Wickedness, by Marie Corelli, is one of her short stories, or simply a cutting. Could you also tell me the author of the poem, each stanza of which contains the line "For Home is where the heart is."—Eleanor M. Jones, Newburyport, Mass.

818. Will you please tell me the author of a poem beginning, "Not as a coward shall I meet my fate." Also the author of the poem of which these are the first lines:

The camel at the close of day
Kneels down upon the sandy plain
To have his burden lifted off
And rest again.
My soul, thou too shouldst to thy knees—

Another question I would like to ask. I enclose two poems cut out of Current Literature. Please tell me the correct version.—Jean Tilghman Canby, Wilmington, Del.

[Your quotations we do not recognize. Concerning the two clippings, the following, taken from this department in Current Literature for April, 1898, answering Query 398, will answer your question also:

Each of our correspondents is justified in objecting to the two concluding lines of Mrs. Spaulding's fine poem, *Fate*, as they appeared in our February number; but neither one supplies the correct version. It is:

They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied; and this is Fate!

—and would so have read in the magazine, but for a printer's blunder.]

819. I have been watching your Open Question Department for some time, hoping either there or in the many pages of choice verse to find some of the poems of which I have only first lines or small scraps to guide me in searching for the whole. Failing to find them up to now I am going to give you a list, with the belief that though your efforts I can alone expect to recover the complete collection:

- (a.) What is to come we know not.
- (b.) Dear, in some larger life—
- (c.) I knelt apart—
- (d.) All the days and hours—
- (e.) If I could hold your hands to-night.
- (f.) Do I love you? I only know
Your person fills my heart with sweet
content.
- (g.) I know myself to be the best beloved of all
The many dear to him.
- (h.) Refrain—"We ought to be together, you
and I."
- (i.) If only you were here to-night.
- (j.) O friend of mine—

I shall be greatly indebted to you if any success attends this plan.—J. C. W., Jackson, Mich.

820. Will some of the readers of Current Literature kindly furnish me some information about the authorship of the following beautiful lines:

You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.
—M. P. S. B., Santa Rosa, Cal.

[These are the concluding lines of the last stanza of Moore's "Farewell!—but whenever you welcome the hour."]

821. *Lost on the Lady Elgine*: Would you please print—if possible—through your Correspondence Column the poem or song entitled *Lost on the Lady Elgine*? I would also be pleased to know the author and origin of it.—Bert Anderson, Jeffersonville, Ind.

822. Could you give the name of the publishers

of Richard Harding Davis's books? Can you tell me where I could get a sketch of his life? I know nothing about his early life. Any information will be thankfully received.—Mrs. G. R. Krause, Dell Rapids, S. D.

[Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons, 153-157 Fifth Avenue, and Harper Brothers, Franklin Square, New York City, are the publishers of Mr. Davis's books. A brief sketch of his life and earlier work appeared in Current Literature for March, 1891. Back numbers can be had at this office.]

823. *Gounod's Confession of Faith*: Can you kindly publish Gounod's *Confession of Faith*, translated from the French—about a dozen lines. I had it, but have mislaid it. It is very beautiful. It begins "At my feet place this cross—Under my head my Bible."—E. P. Hill, Fort Davis, Tex.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

770. *Affinity or Love's Own*: I find in the October number an inquiry for a poem called *Affinity*, of which the first and fifth verses are quoted. It so nearly resembles a poem called *Love's Own* in the first and sixth verses that I send a copy of the poem. *Love's Own* was cut from a newspaper more than twenty years ago—where it appeared anonymously. I would be glad to learn the name of the author. If you have space will you kindly print *Love's Own* in full? It is too beautiful not to be widely known.—S. E. E. Foote, Santa Cruz, Cal.

[We take pleasure in printing the poem in Treasure Trove this month, and should be glad to learn something of the author.]

787. *The Old House at Home*: In the December number of Current Literature, Mrs. B. F. Barker, of Onondaga Valley, N. Y., asks for the poem *Old House at Home*. This song can be found in Number 3 of the Franklin Square Song Collections. I enclose it.—Mrs. W. P. Mitchell, Lock Haven, Pa.

[Answers, also enclosing copies of this old song, are received from Mrs. E. J. Bonner, Sandy Valley, Pa.; Miss Mollie Dyer, Prairie Grove, Ark., and Beatrice Bretney Smith, Asheville, N. C. Thanks to all these. We are using the selection in this month's Treasure Trove. Perhaps some reader can supply the author's name.]

789. In reply to the question of E. J. Berman, Newport, Ark., in the December number of Current Literature, I should like to inform him that the verse he quotes is by Michael Field. This is the Parnassian name of two unmarried English women, aunt and niece, whose reserve is properly held in respect by the Editorial Guild. They wrote a number of poetic dramas as well as the lyrical volumes entitled *Long Ago*, *Sight and Song*, and *Under the Bough*.—Kathleen Clayton, City of Mexico.

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MARY JOHNSTON

Author of *Audrey* (see Gossip of Authors)